Feb. 4, 1985

THE NEW YORKER

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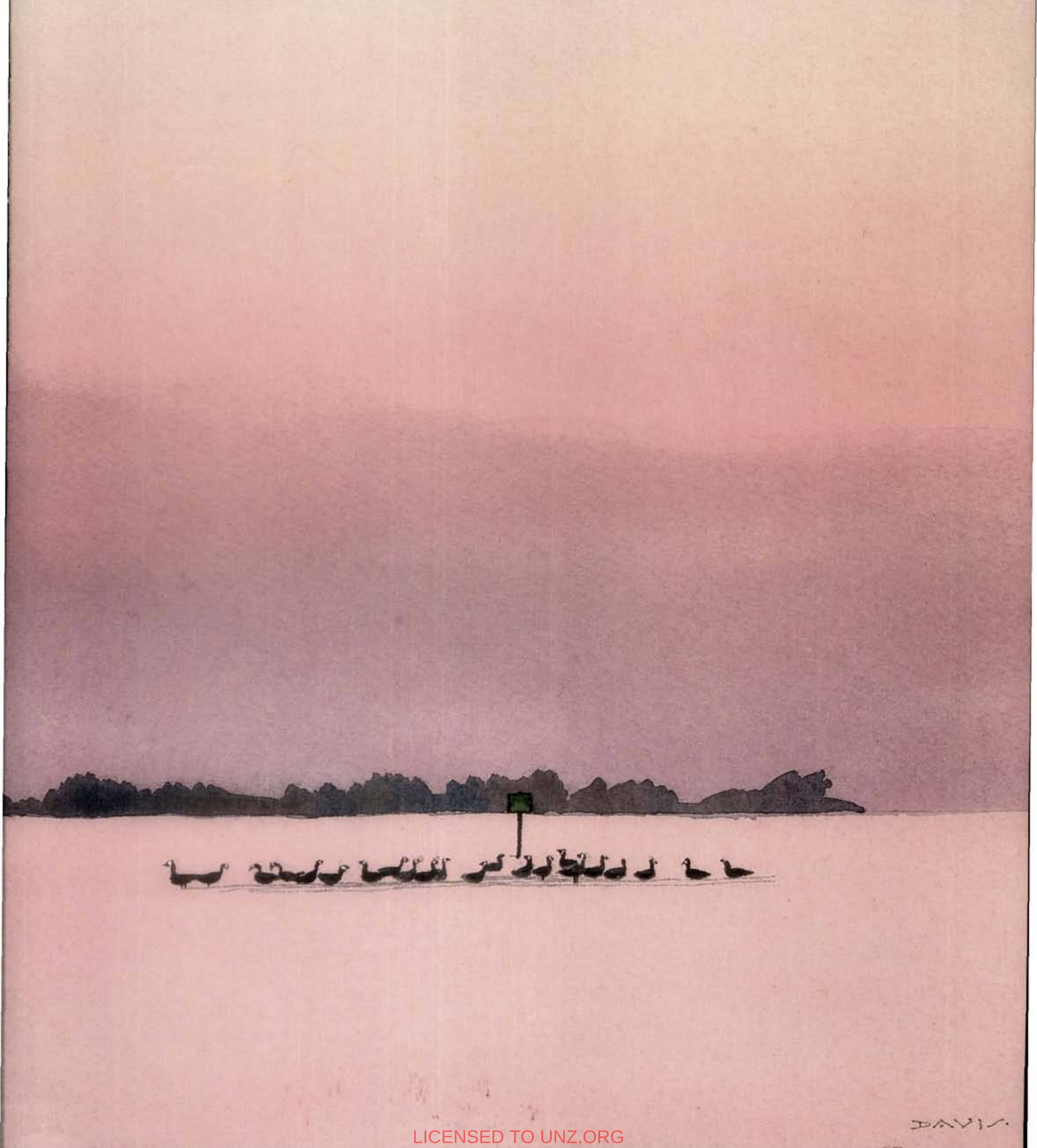

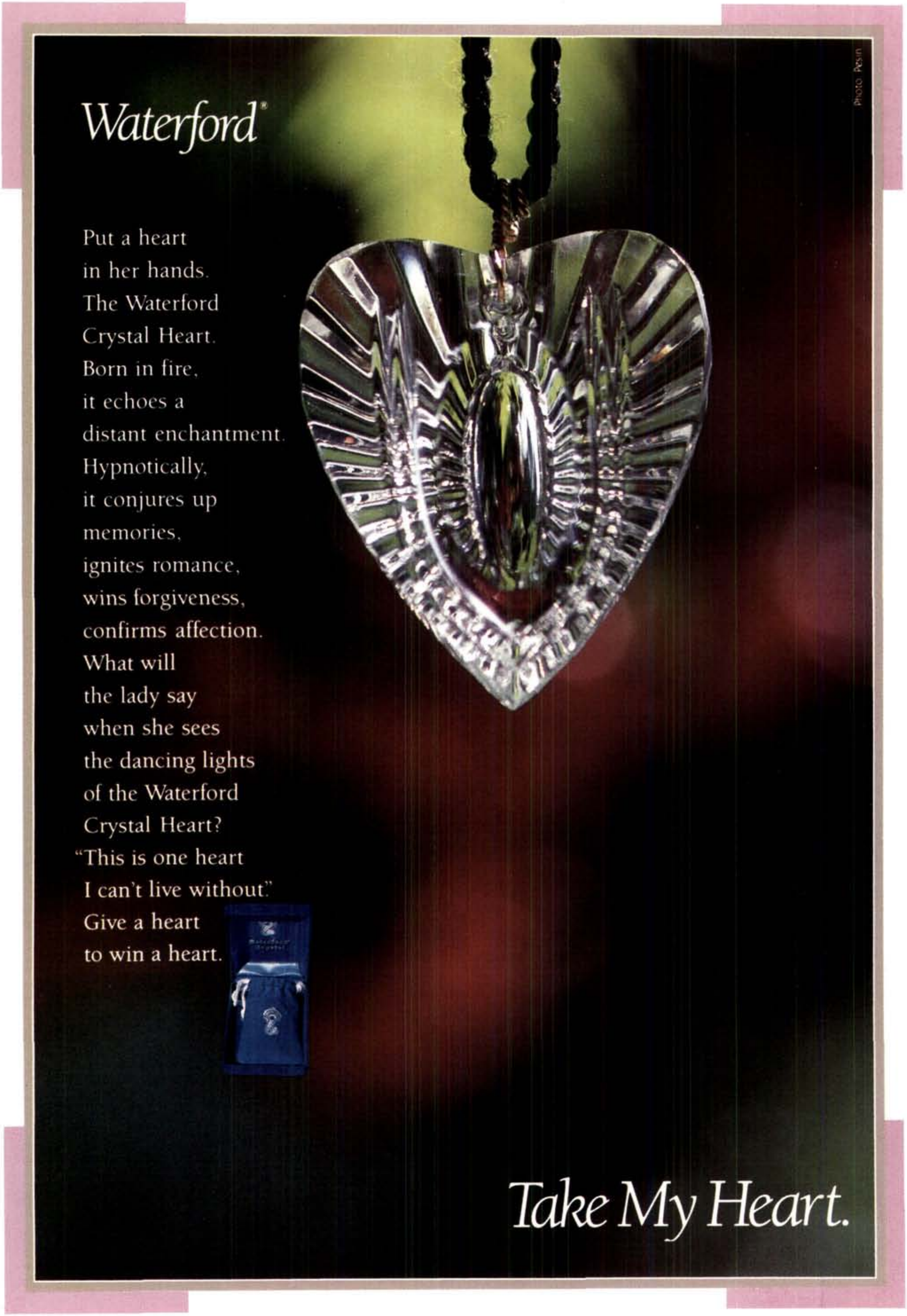

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Avner the Eccentric—Avner Eisenberg is a merry, good-natured clown with the knack of making split-second feats of juggling and acrobatics look easy. A one-man show. (Samuel Beckett, 410 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Charley Bacon and His Family—Jonathan Hadary has the title role in this play by Arthur Giron. (Ark Theatre Company, 131 Spring St. 226-7682. Thursdays and Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Diamonds—The theme of this little revue is baseball, and it takes place in a stunning environmental setting by Tony Straiges (the audience is, in effect, sitting in the bleachers). The show, which was directed by Harold Prince and written and composed by a *number of hands, is entertaining more often* than not. With, among others, Larry Riley, Chip Zien, Loni Ackerman, and a splendid woman singer named Jackee Harry. (12/31/84) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Foreigner—A very funny play by (and with) Larry Shue, with a super performance by Anthony Heald and good performances by every single member of the company, most notably by Kevin Geer, as a lovable half-wit. *Jerry Zaks was the admirable director.* (11/19/84) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Harrigan 'n Hart—A musical based on E. J. Kahn, Jr.,'s "The Merry Partners," about the late-nineteenth-century theatrical team of Edward Harrigan and Tony Hart. Michael Stewart wrote the book, Max Showalter the music, and Peter Walker the lyrics; additional songs of the period were written *by David Braham and Mr. Harrigan. The* director is Joe Layton. Previews Wednesday, Jan. 30. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 31. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Hurlyburly—David Rabe's wry, brilliant comedy about la vie de bohème in Hollywood is very well performed under Mike Nichols' dynamic direction. With Ron Silver, Christine Baranski, Susan Anton, and Jerry Stiller. (7/2/84) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Joe Egg—A superb performance of Peter Nichols' matchless, bleak comedy. Jim Dale and Stockard Channing are the parents of the hopelessly brain-damaged child, and they are supported by Gary Waldhorn, Margaret Hilton, Joanna Gleason, and Tenney Walsh. Arvin Brown was the director. A Roundabout production. (1/14/85) (Haft, 227 W. 27th St. 420-1883. Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 8; Thursday, Jan. 31, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 1, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 2, at 2 and 8; and final performances Sunday, Feb. 3, at 2 and 7:30.)

The King and I—Yul Brynner is as charming as ever, and so is the show that he has been starring in since the Civil War. Attendance is obligatory. (1/14/85) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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Kuni-Leml—A musical based on a Yiddish play written in 1880 by Avrom Goldfadn, with a book by Nahma Sandrow, lyrics by Richard Engquist, and music by Raphael Crystal. Performed in English. (Audrey Wood, 359 W. 48th St. 307-5452. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

A Kurt Weill Cabaret—A return engagement of a program of Weill songs, performed by Martha Schlamme and Alvin Epstein. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. No performances Saturday, Feb. 2, and Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 7-9.)

Life and Limb—This whimsical comedy by Keith Reddin tells the story of a young veteran who loses an arm in the Korean War and of his movie-struck wife. Much of the action takes place in Hell. With Robert Joy, Elizabeth Perkins, and Robin Bartlett. Thomas Babe directed. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Feb. 10: Gilbert and Sullivan's **H.M.S. Pinafore.** (334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Long Time Since Yesterday—A play by P. J. Gibson. Opens Thursday, Jan. 31, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 24. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays and Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 8; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 4 and Sundays at 3.)

Ma Rainey's Black Bottom—A first-rate play by August Wilson about some black performers of the blues in Chicago fifty-odd years ago—sometimes funny and, at the end, terrifying. Its well-drawn characters and eloquent street language provide an exceptionally robust and rewarding evening in the theatre. Lloyd Richards directed the fine cast. (10/22/84) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Mirror Repertory Company—Presenting Geraldine Page and Carrie Nye in Maurice Valency's adaptation of "The Madwoman of Chaillot," by Jean Giraudoux. The first in a series of four revivals performed in alternating repertory opens Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 6:30. The second production, Booth Tarkington's "Clarence," will begin previews on Thursday, Feb. 7. (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3. For tickets and information about play scheduling, call 223-6440.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Frances Foster—a

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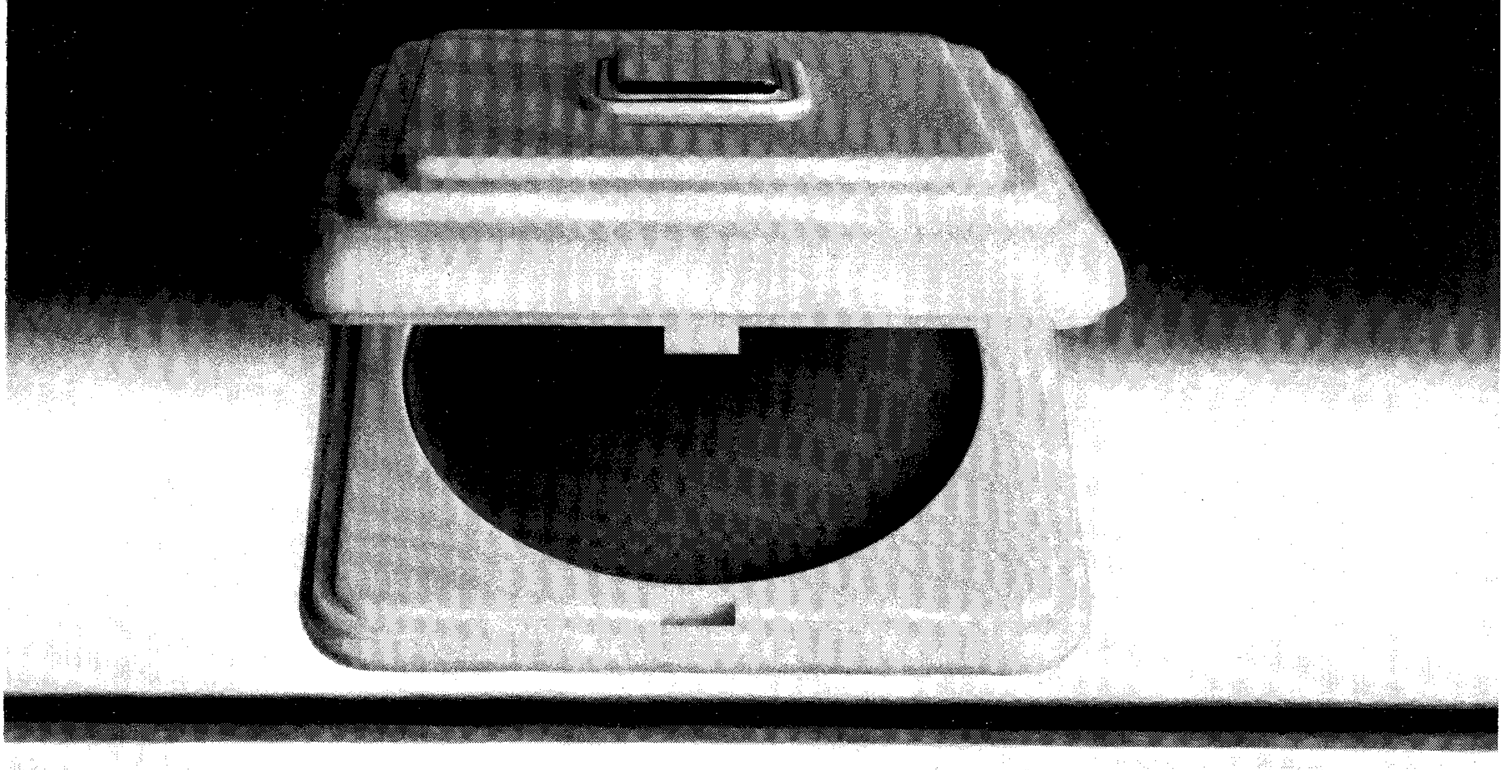

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charmer, if ever there was one—has the title role in **HENRIETTA**, and plays a somewhat addled old woman who spends much time sitting on a Harlem street, talking to herself, or tossing remarks to passersby. Elain Karen Jones-Meadows was the dramatist. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 10.)

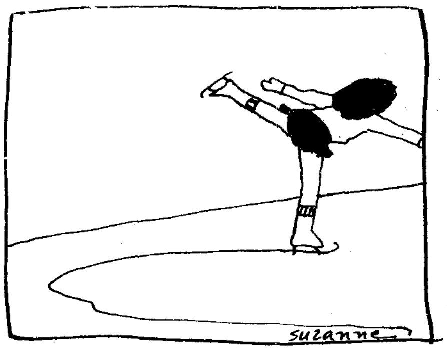
Orinoco—Miriam Colon and Ivonne Coll are a pair of seedy entertainers aboard a boat on the Orinoco River. The play, by Emilio Carballido, is lackadaisical, to say the least, but it has its lively moments. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 354-1293. Performances in English Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; in Spanish Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30 and 7:30.)

Thrombo—A comedy by Albert Bermel. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 3.)

Tracers—The eight good actors are Vietnam veterans, and the effective play is based on actual war experiences. It was conceived and directed by John DiFusco, and it is accompanied throughout by rock music. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Whoopi Goldberg—As a monologuist of uncertain intentions, both in respect to her writing and her performance, Miss Goldberg belongs in a night club and not on the stage of a big Broadway theatre. (11/5/84) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 8 and 11. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**A . . . MY NAME IS ALICE:** A musical revue conceived and directed by Joan Micklin Silver and Julianne Boyd. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5:30.) . . . **BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** Neil Simon's reputedly autobiographical comedy. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical, starring George Hearn and Van Johnson. The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense, but the music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. Everybody else in New York intends to see the show, so why not you? (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CATS:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Michael Bennett's whiz-bang and totally synthetic musical about show biz. The breeze is terrific. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,304 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOOL FOR LOVE:** Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Frances Fisher and David Andrews have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **GLENGARRY GLEN ROSS:** A play by David Mamet that says, in effect, that real-estate salesmen are rascals and so perhaps are all the other entrepreneurs in our contemporary society. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ISN'T IT ROMANTIC:** A spirited production of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **MY ONE AND ONLY:** Don Correia and Sandy Duncan are a pair of lovers in a musical whose book, by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer, succeeds in embracing half a dozen classic Gershwin songs. An irresistible show. On Tuesday, Feb. 5, Tommy Tune returns to the cast, taking over from Mr. Correia. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **NOISES OFF:** Michael Frayn has written a farce that ought to be capable of entertaining our great-great-grandchildren well into the twenty-first century. The subject . . . but who cares about the subject? Not to be missed. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE REAL THING:** A characteristically lively gavotte by Tom Stoppard, though intellectually much less interesting than usual. The author appears to believe he is writing about love, but he is really writing about selfishness, which proves epidemic in the playwriting and acting community that he examines. Jeremy Irons and Laila Robins head the cast. Mike Nichols is the director. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUNDAY IN THE PARK WITH GEORGE:** Robert Westenberg and Bernadette Peters as Georges Seurat and his model/mistress, as Seurat brings into existence his painting of Parisians taking the air on the island of La Grande Jatte. Music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, book and direction by James Lapine. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE TAP DANCE KID:** A charming, diligent cast can do little to bring life to this conventional examination of a black family's ambitions. The dancing is splendid. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by, and with, Harvey Fierstein. Philip Astor substitutes for Mr. Fierstein at the matinée performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)



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MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Ice Capades," with a company headed by Scott Hamilton, Kitty and Peter Carruthers, and Elaine Zayak. Opens Wednesday, Jan. 30, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 10. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesdays at 2 and 7:30; Thursday, Jan. 31, at 10:30 and 7:30; Friday, Feb. 1, at 7:30; Saturdays at 11, 3, and 7:30; Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30; Tuesday, Feb. 5, and Thursday, Feb. 7, at 7:30; and Friday, Feb. 8, at 2 and 7:30.)

Forbidden Broadway 1985—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

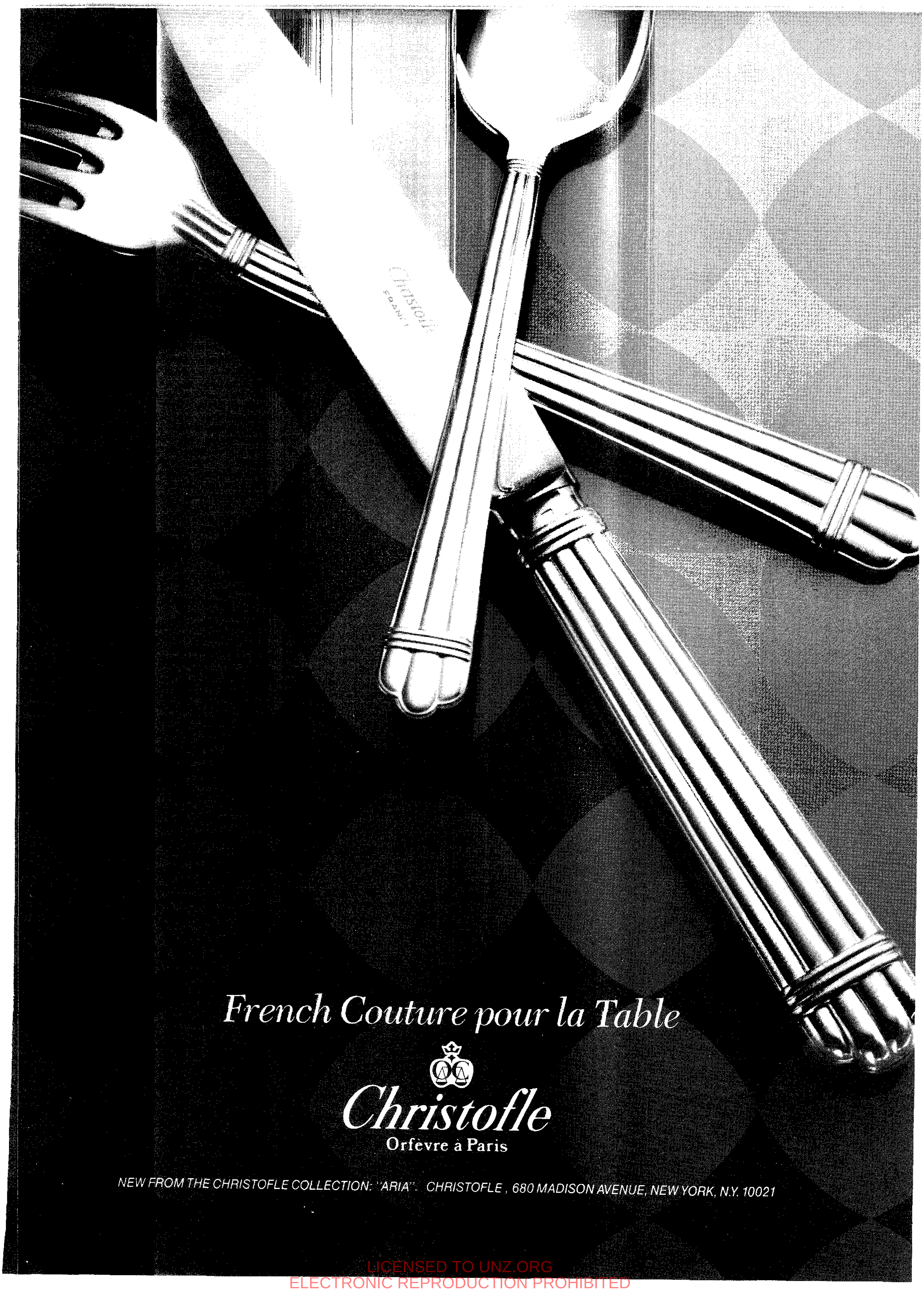
Issue? I Don't Even Know You—A satirical revue performed by the Acting Company. (Ballroom Theatre, 253 W. 28th St. 244-3005. Wednesdays, except Feb. 6, through Saturdays at 9.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, Jan. 30: "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Moves," "Poulenc Sonata," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 31: "Rossini Quartets," "Moves," and "Gounod Symphony." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 1: "Harlequinade" and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 2: "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Calcium Light Night," "Poulenc Sonata," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 2: "In the Night" and "Harlequinade." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Feb. 3: "Rossini Quartets," "Moves," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 5: "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Calcium Light Night," "Square Dance," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 6: "Concerto Barocco," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Gounod Symphony." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 7: "Allegro Brillante," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 8: "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Calcium Light Night," "In the Night," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 9: "Harlequinade" and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 9: "Rossini Quartets," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Moves," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Feb. 24.)

Ballet Antonio Gades—A three-week engagement of "Carmen" that will run through Sunday, Feb. 17. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Pilobolus—Opening performances of a four-week engagement that will run through Sunday, March 3. Tuesday, Feb. 5, at 7:30, and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 8-9, at 8: "Bonsai," "Stabat Mater," "Return to Maria La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Baja" (New York première), "Day Two," and either "Momix" or "Pseudopodia." . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 6-7, at 8: "Ciona," "Moonblind," two New York premières—"Tarleton's Resurrection" and "What Grows in Huygen's Window"—"Ocellus," and "Day Two." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

Sweet Saturday Night—A program that traces three hundred years of black dance in America, with tap dancer Bunny Briggs, vocalist Ruth Brown, and others. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Tuesday, Feb. 5, at 7; Wednesday through Friday, Feb. 6-8, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 9, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Feb. 10, at 2.)

Samul-Nori—A program of traditional Korean folk drumming and dance. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. 288-6400, Ext. 286. Friday through Sunday, Feb. 1-3, at 8.)

Ton Simons and Dancers—Presenting "Tally" and "Suite Ordinaire." With the Ordinaires. (Pineapple Dance Center, 599 Broadway, at Houston St. 219-8860. Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 2-3, at 8:30.)

New York Baroque Dance Company—With members of Concert Royal. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 7-9, at 8; Sunday, Feb. 10, at 3; and Monday, Feb. 11, at 8.)

Alvin Ailey Repertory Ensemble—A program of new and repertory works. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 31-Feb. 2, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 3, at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**ANNIE ROSS** has moved into the Oak Room to sing, with support from her pianist, Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Buck Buchholz presides over the Rose Room keyboard Sundays from five-thirty to eleven. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff and musicians. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 1-2, will belong to bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM**; Tuesday, Feb. 5, to violinist **BERNIE CHARLES**; and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 8-9, to singer **DAKOTA STATON**. Shows at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** has returned to this club to sing in her small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays at six-thirty.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A dark, large, carpeted club with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. Electronic keyboardist **BOB JAMES** leads an orchestra through Sunday, Feb. 3; on Tuesday, Feb. 5, singer **BOBBY MC FERRIN** will move in along with guitarist **JOHN SCOFIELD** and a trio. Sets begin after nine. And trumpeter **TED CURSON** leads after-hours (way past two in the morning) jam sessions every night but Monday. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied lineup: Thursday, Jan. 31, Barrence Whitfield & the Savages, **FOURTEEN KARAT SOUL**, and the Ben Vaughn Combo; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 1-2, comedian **MORT SAHL**; and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 8-9, rock-and-rollist **JONATHAN RICHMAN**. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A sophisticated New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and, right now, some very good piano-bass teams, each of them made up of bassist **RED MITCHELL** and one of the following pianists: **BILL MAYS** through Saturday, Feb. 2; **LEE ANN LEDGERWOOD** on Sunday, Feb. 3; and **HOD O'BRIEN**

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starting Monday, Feb. 4. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Pianist **GEORGE SHEARING**, always a melodist and sometimes a breathy vocalist, too, doles out at least one portion of "Lullaby of Birdland" per night in the Café Carlyle. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Sundays and Mondays from nine to one, **VINCE GIORDANO** & the Nighthawks provide dance music. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** sings at the piano over in the Bemelmans Bar. Her sets get going at ten Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

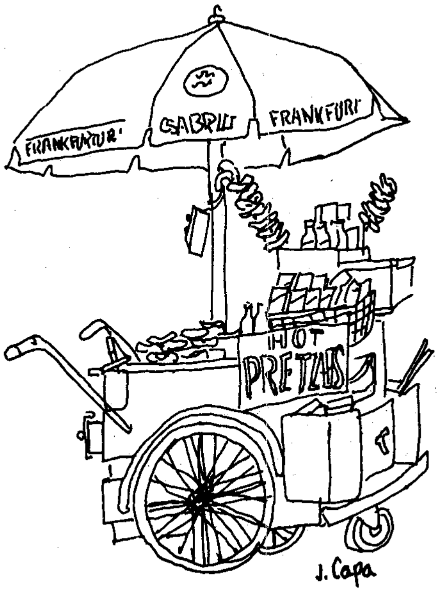
Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Saturday, Feb. 2, **FRANK WAKEFIELD**; Thursday, Feb. 7, Joe Val & the New England Bluegrass Boys; and Saturday, Feb. 9, the OK Bayou String Band. There is Irish music on Mondays and Fridays. Music from eight on Wednesdays and Thursdays and from nine Mondays, Fridays, and Saturdays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Traditional, authentic (especially when the temperature outside drops to −2°) Chicago-style jazz most nights. Music from about eight-thirty. Dining.

Edwardian Room, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (759-3000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, who occasionally lets loose with hot-chord solos on his resonant seven-string guitar, guides a trio Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty until one-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled below-stairs jazz stars' room. Almost any night a jazz guitarist performs, it's tribute to Charlie Christian, the great guitar-solo innovator of forty-some years ago. Guitarists **TAL FARLOW**, **BARNEY KESSEL**, and young **EMILY REMLER** are making a point of paying tribute to him through Sunday, Feb. 3. On Tuesday, Feb. 5, pianist **AHMAD JAMAL** will take over. Mondays are the property of guitarist **LES PAUL** and his trio. Sets begin after nine. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Alicia Sherman sings with a backup crew Wednesdays through Sundays; on Mondays singer and pianist **BROOKS KERR** and bassist John Belzaguy team up; and Tuesdays **CHUCK WAYNE**, a Swing Street–veteran guitar soloist, leads a trio. All these groups begin at about ten. Sundays from five to ten, **BROOKS KERR** takes over.



Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) Stride-piano whiz **JUDY CARMICHAEL** performs through Saturday, Feb. 2, and on Tuesday, Feb. 5, **ROLAND HANNA** will claim the piano bench. Pianist Jane Jarvis works on Sundays, and **DICK HYMAN** is in charge of the keyboard on Mondays. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—No, this isn't the Department of Rockabilly at the New School. It's a degentrified Schrafft's where the authentic Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. Wednesday, Jan. 30, **JORMA KAUKONEN** and the Bones; Thursday, Jan. 31, Link Wray and Preacher Jack; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 1-2, Bud Moffett and Mindy J.; Sunday and Monday, Feb. 3-4, Kingfish; and Tuesday, Feb. 5, **VASSAR CLEMENTS** and **CLARENCE (GATEMOUTH) BROWN**. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A nice, comfortable, unpretentious jazz club. Super bassist **RON CARTER** leads a quartet through Sunday, Feb. 3; on Tuesday, Feb. 5, trombonist **GROVER MITCHELL** and his satisfyingly Basie-esque big band will move in. Monday nights are devoted to **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI'S NEW YORK JAZZ ORCHESTRA**, featuring **LEW TABACKIN** on tenor sax. Sets begin at eight-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. Music from ten until two. Dining.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**BOB WILBER'S** orchestra and singer Joanne Horton are on hand through Sunday, Feb. 3. On Tuesday, Feb. 5, drummer **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN** will arrive with his orchestra. Music Mondays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—The mostly rock-and-roll roster: Thursday, Jan. 31, Billy Ocean; Friday, Feb. 1, the **FLESHTONES** and Eastern Bloc; Saturday, Feb. 2, Let's Active, Tommy Keene, and Me & Dixon; Friday, Feb. 8, the Pe-dant-iks and **FOURTEEN KARAT SOUL**; and Saturday, Feb. 9, Section 25. Shows usually begin after eleven. Dancing. Closed Wednesday, Jan. 30.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the King Cole Room, **WOODY HERMAN** and his Woodchoppers can be heard Mondays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—The jazz, jazz-rock, and R. & B. schedule: Friday and Saturday, Feb. 1-2, **WHO IT IS**, an R. & B. band, with **CORNELL DUPREE**, **RICHARD TEE**, **DAVE SANBORN**, and **WILL LEE**; Monday, Feb. 4, the New York Association Big Band; Thursday and Friday, Feb. 7-8, the **SEVENTH AVENUE ALL-STARS**, with **DAVE SANBORN**, **MIKE STERN**, **LARRY WILLIS**, and **BUDDY WILLIAMS**; and Saturday, Feb. 9, pianist **HARRY WHITTAKER**. Music from nine-thirty.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to mostly Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday, Jan. 30, Cuban percussionist **DANIEL PONCÉ**; Thursday, Jan. 31, Osibisa; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 1-2, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND**;

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Sunday, Feb. 3, Janet Grice & Brazilian Bassoon; Wednesday, Feb. 6, **MARIO RIVERA & THE SALSA REFUGEES**; Thursday, Feb. 7, **MIKATA**; Friday, Feb. 8, **PÉ-DE-BOI**; and Saturday, Feb. 9, the **AFRICAN CONNECTION**. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. Right now, there's a new-jazz festival on: Wednesday, Jan. 30, the **PETER KOWALD** quartet; Thursday, Jan. 31, the **JOHN CARTER** trio; Friday through Sunday, Feb. 1-3, the **WORLD SAXOPHONE QUARTET**; Monday, Feb. 4, **GUNTER HAMPEL'S GALAXY BIG BAND**; Tuesday, Feb. 5, the **TIM BERNE** quintet; Wednesday, Feb. 6, the **PETER BROETZMANN** trio; Thursday and Friday, Feb. 7-8, **LESTER BOWIE'S BRASS FANTASY**; and Saturday, Feb. 9, **OLU DARA & THE OKRA ORCHESTRA**. Shows from ten. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the big downstairs room, there's salsa after nine on Mondays: on Feb. 4, **HECTOR LAVOE**, **CONJUNTO CLASICO**, and alto saxophonist **SONNY FORTUNE**, the guest jazz soloist, will all be present. . . . ¶ Meanwhile, out on the Terrace, vibraharpist **TEDDY CHARLES** works with pianist **HAROLD DANKO** through Sunday, Feb. 3, and starting Tuesday, Feb. 5, pianist **RAY BRYANT** will take over. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** is also present on Tuesdays. Music from nine-thirty.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world. Alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA** and his stirring, macho Latin-jazz quintet perform through Sunday, Feb. 3; on Tuesday, Feb. 5, **ART FARMER** and **CLIFFORD JORDAN** will begin leading a hard-bop band. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** Blast-Off Nights. Music from ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-and-bebop admirers and players. Tenor saxophonist **HAROLD OUSLEY** is here through Saturday, Feb. 2; Sunday and Monday, Feb. 3-4, will belong to drummer Ronnie Cole; and on Tuesday, Feb. 5, pianist Ram Ramirez will bring in a quartet. Music from nine. Dining.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A speakeasy in the twenties, Reno Sweeney in the seventies, this ground-floor town-house space is now a SoHo-sleek and spacious bar and restaurant with a musical passageway between them. The musicians: bassist-hummer **MAJOR HOLLEY** and pianist Mike LeDonne through Saturday, Feb. 2; pianist Jane Jarvis and bassist **MILT HINTON** starting Tuesday, Feb. 5; guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** on Sundays; and pianist Jim Roberts and bassist Brian Torff on Mondays. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

PATTI LABELLE—Gershwin Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7 and 10:30; Saturdays at 8; and Sundays at 3 and 7. Through Sunday, Feb. 10.

ASHFORD & SIMPSON—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Friday, Feb. 1, at 8, and Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8 and midnight.

HENRY THREADGILL WINDSTRING ENSEMBLE—Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, Feb. 2, at 3, and Sunday, Feb. 3, at 7.

JIMMY OWEN PLUS—St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Sunday, Feb. 3, at 7. For information about tickets, call 722-8223.

DICK HYMAN—Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Tuesday, Feb. 5, at 8.

JOHNNY CASH AND WAYLON JENNINGS—With June Carter & Jessi Colter. (Radio City Music Hall. Friday through Sunday, Feb. 8-10, at 8.)

GRUPO BATUCADA—Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. 249-8950, Ext. 551. Friday, Feb. 8, at 8.

CRAIG HARRIS QUINTET—Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7800. Saturday, Feb. 9, at 8:30.

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IRVING PLAZA—Saturday, Feb. 2: Roomful of Blues. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 7: Albert Collins. (17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728. Shows start about 10.)

JAZZ CENTER OF NEW YORK—Saturday, Feb. 2, at 9:30 and 11: George Coleman quartet. . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 4, at 9: Tom Pierson big band. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 8, at 9 and 10:30: Horacee Arnold quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 9, at 9 and 10:30: Ricky Ford sextet. (380 Lafayette St. 505-5660.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

EDWARD AVEDISIAN—Recent paintings and polychrome sculptures. Through Feb. 21. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

ROBERT CUMMING—Large works in acrylic, charcoal, and ink, depicting, for example, a group of geometric forms, a landscape, and thick slices of watermelon. Through Feb. 16. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

DOUG HILSON—Works in erased graphite on canvas. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Steinbaum, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

MARCEL JEAN—Paintings and works on paper by a French Surrealist who is now eighty-four and still at work, using a technique called "flottage," in which pigments suspended in gasoline are applied to paper and left stranded there when the gasoline evaporates. Through Feb. 16. (Lessing, 130 E. 82nd St.)

YASUHIDE KOBASHI—Recent polished-steel sculptures. Through Tuesday, Feb. 5. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

SANDRA MACKINTOSH—Sculptures made with wood molds once used in shipbuilding at the Charlestown Navy Yard, Boston, where the artist found them. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

J. J. SEMPÉ—Original drawings for covers that have appeared on *The New Yorker.* Through Feb. 15. (French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

FRANK STELLA—Relief paintings in mixed mediums on metal. Through Feb. 23. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

MARINA STERN—Precisionist works in pastel, oil, and graphite, of windows and things seen through them—the city skyline, for instance, or a colorful barn. Through Wednesday, Feb. 6. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ANDREW STEVOVICH—Sleek, mannered paintings and pastels of people socializing—gambling, dancing, dining—and for some reason looking out of the corners of their eyes. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Coe Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St.)

JAMES WEEKS—Carefully stylized paintings of musicians rehearsing, and of such outdoor views as a lake in the Berkshires. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **GRAHAM**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: American still-life paintings by Thomas Hart Benton, George Cope, Helen Torr, and others. Through March 2. . . . **MATHES**, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Paintings and works on paper, mostly from the first half of the twentieth century, in an exhibit that compares European artists with American artists. Picasso is shown with John Marin, Gino Severini with Morgan Russell, and so on. Through March 9.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

JOHN ALEXANDER—Abstract paintings and works on paper, in some of which human figures and animals can be seen. Through Feb. 23. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

BARTON LIDICÉ BENEŠ—A new series in his usual vein. Through March 2. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

ISABEL BISHOP—Preliminary studies (on canvas, board, and paper) for paintings and drawings, plus two completed oils. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

STANLEY BOXER / WILLIAM CONLON—Figurative and still-life drawings in mixed mediums on handmade paper. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. / A series of nonobjective paintings, all of which incorporate a gray ground. Through Feb. 23. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

JAMES COIGNARD—Mostly works on crusty handmade paper, by a French artist who employs Roman numerals, Greek letters, and Persian script in his compositions. Through Saturday, Feb. 9. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

JOHN DUFF—Painted fibre-glass sculptures with organic and geometric shapes. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

BUDD HOPKINS—An altarlike structure of painted wood, accompanied by abstract wall pieces the artist calls "guardians." Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

JAMES LECHAY—Oils and works on paper: portraits, still-lifes, cityscapes, and figures. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

JIM MARTIN—Sculptures that look like great big jumping jacks, covered with gold lamé, patent leather, and other showy materials. Most are wall pieces, but a few stand on pedestals. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (French, 41 W. 57th St.)

GEORGE MCNEIL—This veteran Expressionist reels off paintings of disco action (for instance) with feverish colors and a vigor that belies his seventy-six years. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

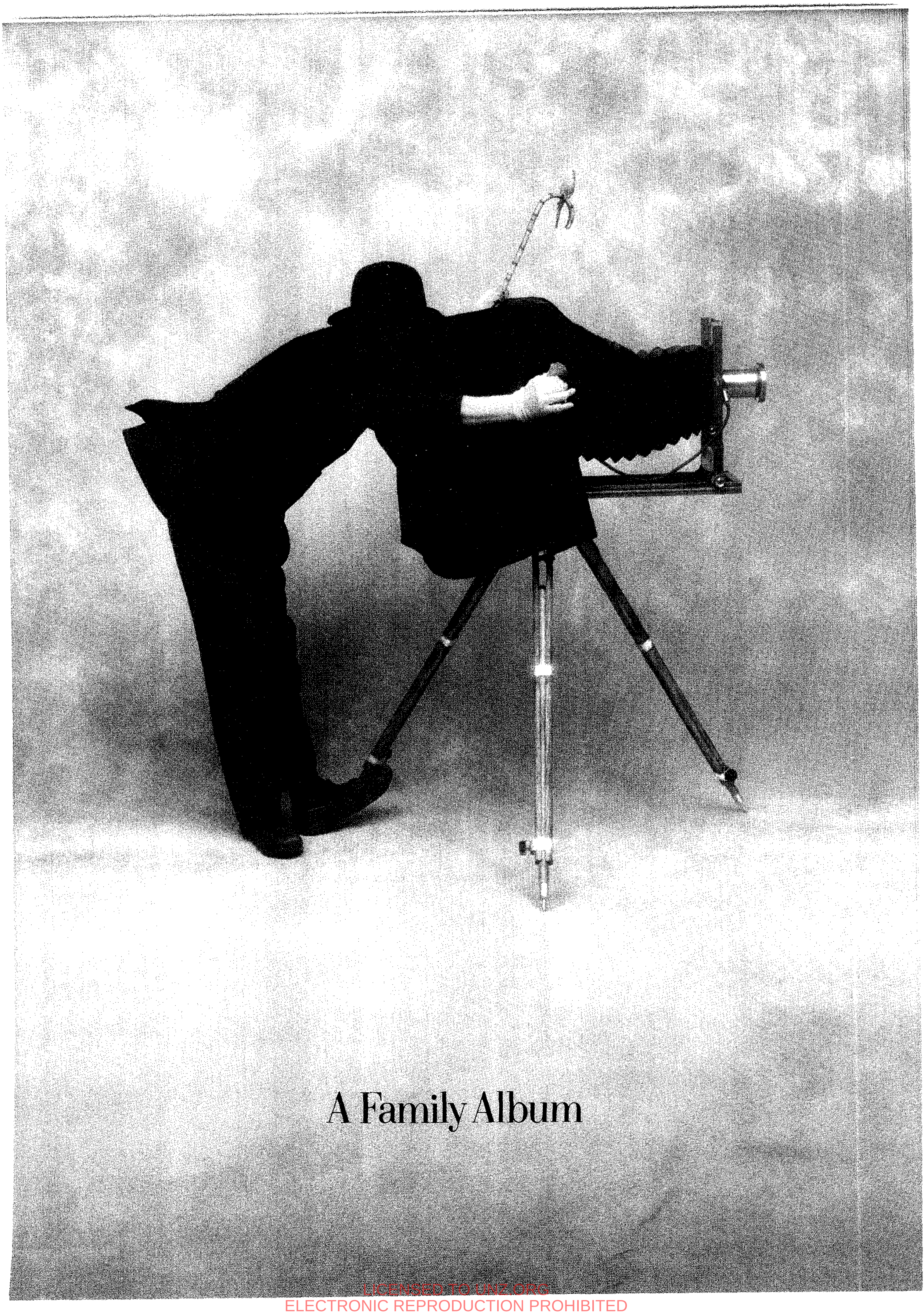
DONN MOULTON—Enlarged toy airplanes, boats, cap pistols, soldiers, and so on, cut out of plywood, painted, and mounted on the walls. Through Saturday, Feb. 9. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

MAN RAY (1890-1976)—A large exhibition of some of the manic treasures devised by this Dada artist—a spiked flatiron, for instance, or a mobile consisting of sixty-three coat hangers, or an electric lamp made from the head of a bass viol. Through Feb. 23. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

MILTON RESNICK / RALSTON CRAWFORD (1906-78)—Recent canvases solidly covered with various mixtures of dark oil paint thickly applied. / Photographs, mostly of industrial installations. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Robert Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

JUDY RIFKA / RICHARD MOCK—Paintings. / Four colorful oils, each made up of several panels. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

JOE SHANNON—Drawings, paintings, and a couple of sculptures, all based on the Actaeon legend. One additional drawing depicts John



A Family Album

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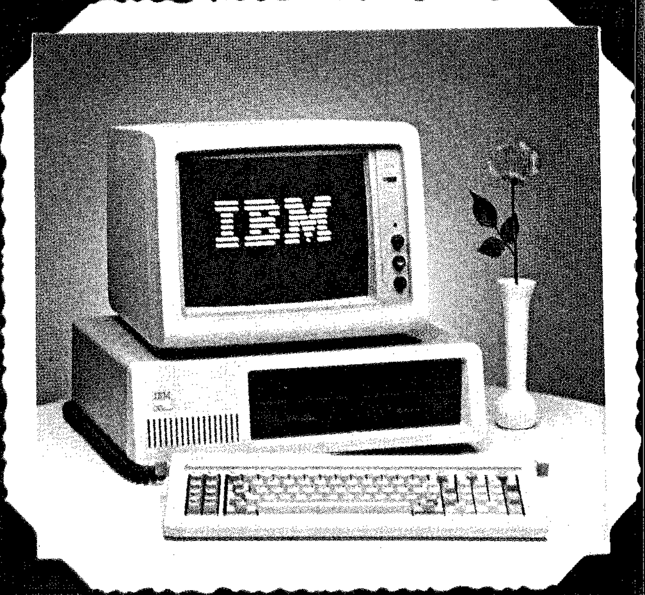

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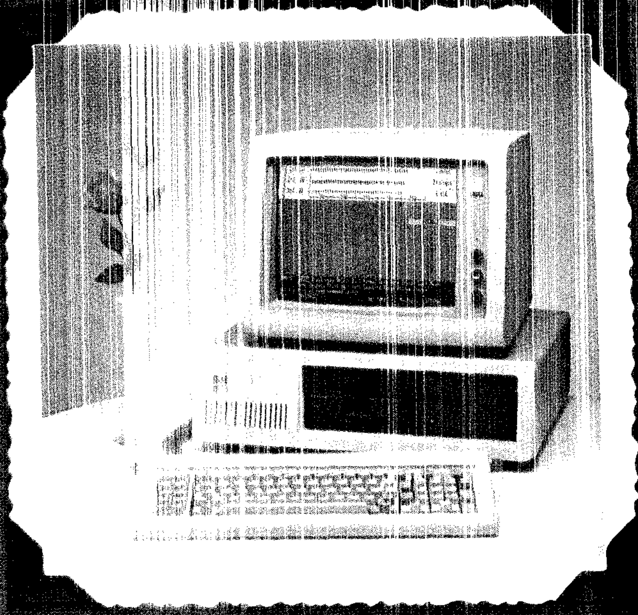

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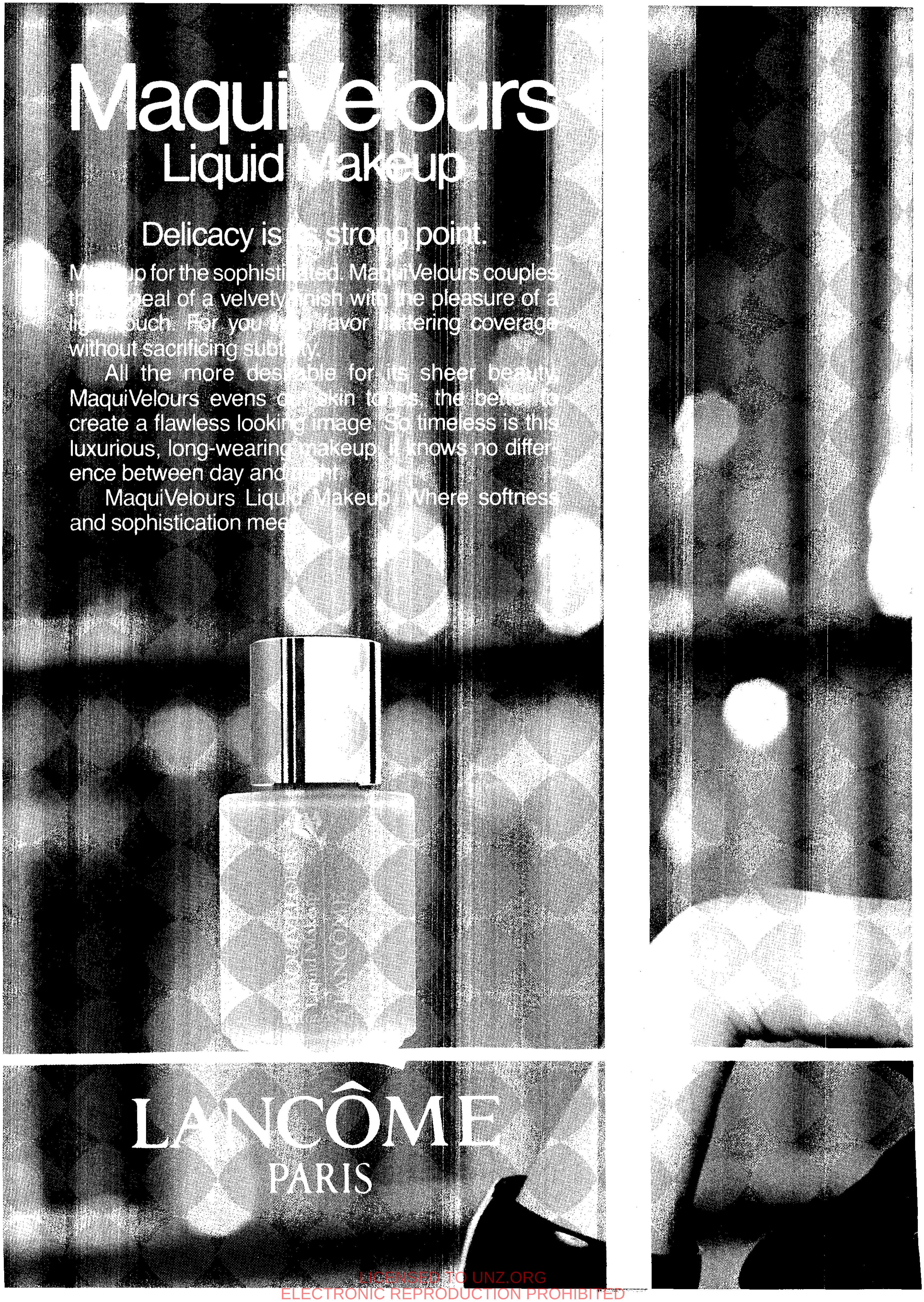

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Updike as a centaur. Through Feb. 14. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

Saul Steinberg / Agnes Martin—Etchings and handworked lithographs. Through Saturday, Feb. 9. / New oils, each measuring six feet by six, and watercolors. Through Feb. 16. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Carl Nicholas Titolo—Small drawings and paintings that are souvenirs of a recent prolonged trip through Italy; many of them are reminiscent of medieval illuminations. Through Friday, Feb. 1. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Joyce Weinstein—Recent abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Haber Theodore, 24 W. 57th St.)

Frank Lloyd Wright (1869-1959)—Forty-odd drawings for architectural projects, both realized and unrealized. Through Feb. 23. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Sculpture—Three-dimensional pieces by ten artists on the subject of microcosms, among them a city square by Saul Steinberg and an organic dwelling by Charles Simonds. There is also a drawing of the underworld by Robert Smithson. Through March 2. (Galerie Maeght Lelong, 9 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Harry Borgman—Acrylic paintings of rolling countryside in which certain areas are marked off, as if by an engineer with designs on the property. Through Feb. 16. (Allen-Wincor, 110 Greene St.)

Eugene Brodsky / Muriel Castanis—Large canvases combining Rhoplex, acrylic, and wood. / Stiffened, gauzy robes draped over, and delineating, human figures that aren't there. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Michael Chelminski—Landscapes of Maine, Connecticut, and Brittany in oils, watercolors, and pastels. Through Wednesday, Feb. 6. (Blue Mountain, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Denise Corley / Jeanette Fintz—Drawings and paintings of figures, some seen through a steel screen. / Abstract paintings centered on a spiral. Through Feb. 16. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Arturo Di Modica and Joan Sherman—Sculptures. Abstract pieces, mainly, in bronze with marble and stainless steel by the former; and rhythmic figures, also bronzes, by the latter. Through Feb. 23. (Concord, 451 Broome St.)

Natalie Edgar—Recent abstract paintings and etchings. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

Heidi Endemann—Painstaking and decorative renditions, in watercolor and gold leaf, of huckleberries, persimmons, lemons, anemones, chickens, sweet peas, and women in van Eyck turbans. Through Wednesday, Feb. 6. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Peter Flaccus—Abstract paintings in thick, rich colors, applied with both palette knife and brush. Through Wednesday, Feb. 6. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St.)

Les Frères Ripoulin—Seven Parisian *graffitistes* have banded together under this name, taken from a brand of paint, and are showing their billboard-size works, which bring Keith Haring to mind. Through Saturday, Feb. 9. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Don Hazlitt—Small wall pieces constructed of painted wood, in which ocean liners, factory chimneys, airplanes, houses, and other elements are clustered together. Through Wednesday, Feb. 6. (Esman, 121 Spring St.)

Aristodimos Kaldis (1899-1979)—A retrospective that highlights his larger, late-career paintings. Through Feb. 10. (Artists' Choice, 394 West Broadway. Open Sundays.)

Margaret Miller / Les LeVeque—"Rent a Forest" is the name of a portable installation of "trees" set in the frame of an antique carriage. / Sculptures of granite and marble embedded in cement or combined with hammered lead. Through Feb. 16. (14 Sculptors, 164 Mercer St. Open Sundays.)

Robert Smithson (1938-73)—Early paintings and drawings, dating from 1959 to 1962, in which the seeds of his later achievements are visible—for instance, the spiral jetty. Most of the pieces have been in private hands since they appeared in a gallery in Rome, in 1962. Through March 2. (Brown, 100 Greene St.)

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Ken Tisa—Paintings, works on paper, and bead-ed-and-sequinned wall hangings based on Haitian rituals and involving decorative creatures and human figures. Through Feb. 16. (Stellweg Séguy, 169 Mercer St.)

Susana Torre / Allan Wexler—An installation by an architect based on an idea for an African consulate and involving a large, semicircular red silk curtain and a row of structural columns which extends onto the sidewalk outside the Feldman Gallery. / Models by another architect for dozens of small buildings, useful as places to eat, change clothes, sleep, and so on, plus a full-scale portable bathhouse. Through Feb. 16. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Jay Weiss—Paintings in vivid acrylic colors and, in most cases, with a surrealist touch. Through Feb. 23. (Christian, 90 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

Group Shows—At **THE DRAWING CENTER,** 137 Greene St.: Charcoal landscapes seen in a dim light, by Elaine L. Smollin, are among the works by ten emerging artists. Through Feb. 16. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **GLADSTONE,** 152 Wooster St.: Drawings and paintings by Günther Brus, Arnulf Rainer, and Hermann Nitsch, as well as photographs by Mr. Nitsch. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. . . . **KIND,** 136 Greene St.: Seven artists showing paintings ranging in subject from tribal dancing (by Christof Kohlhofer) to a bird's-eye view of Battery Park (by Cham Hendon). Through Saturday, Feb. 2.

OTHER GALLERIES

Gary Kuehn—Drawings, 1963-64, for sculptures, some of which are also on view, and other works. Through Saturday, Feb. 9. (Art Galaxy, 262 Mott St., just south of Houston St. Closed Tuesdays.)

Jan Müller (1922-58)—Twenty-five paintings, including large figurative works and landscapes from the last two years of the artist's life, smaller canvases, and several mosaic abstractions from 1953. Through Feb. 23. (Oil & Steel, 157 Chambers St.)

George Peck—Abstract paintings, including diptychs contrasting the city and the country. Through Saturday, Feb. 9. (Stoler, 13 White St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Paul Caponigro—Two hundred prints spanning his thirty-year career, including photographs of New England woods, Southwestern deserts, and Stonehenge. Through Feb. 17. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Henri Cartier-Bresson—Older works recently printed, under the artist's supervision, from original negatives. Through March 2. (Laurence Miller, 38 E. 57th St.)

Chuck Close—This artist is having his first New York show of photographs, which are as mammoth as his paintings; two are seven feet by twenty-two. Through Feb. 16. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Irene Fay / Clarence John Laughlin (1905-84)—Black-and-white photographs, mostly landscapes. / Representative photographs. Through Saturday, Feb. 9. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Duane Michals—More than fifty works, including painted photographs and color prints. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St.)

Patricia Nolan / Jan Staller—Painted black-and-white photographs of cityscapes. / Prints of New York City, mostly at night. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway.)

Holly Roberts—Paintings on paper and painted photographs. Through Friday, Feb. 8. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

August Sander (1876-1964) / **Helmar Lerski** (1871-1956)—Photographs of hands from his series documenting German workers. / Of two series included, one, "Metamorphosis Through Light," consists of fifteen prints (out of an original hundred and seventy-five) of a single man photographed in Tel Aviv during a three-month period in 1936. Through Feb. 23. (Sander, 51 Greene St.)

Doris Ulmann (1882-1934)—Platinum portraits of Appalachian artisans, and of blacks on the Lang Syne Plantation in South Carolina. Through Feb. 16. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **LEDEL,** 168 Mercer St.: A hundred works by nineteen Cuban photographers who captured historical events and daily life in Cuba from 1959 to the present. Through Feb. 24. (Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.) . . . **LIGHT,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Portraits of couples by Diane Arbus, Brassaï, August Sander, and others. Through March 2.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The John M. Crawford, Jr., collection of Chinese paintings and calligraphy is being shown in two parts, this first part containing about eighty hand-scrolls, hanging scrolls, album leaves, and fans. Through Feb. 24. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute's show of equestrian attire and tack-room art consists of uniforms, sportswear, saddles, coaches, paintings, and sculptures. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of Abstract Expressionist paintings and collages by Lee Krasner, who died last June. Through Feb. 12. Complementary shows are at the Brooklyn Museum and at Cooper Union's Great Hall lobby, Third Ave. at 7th St. (The Modern is open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of paintings, collages, drawings, and prints by Robert Motherwell, one of the original Abstract Expressionists. Through Sunday, Feb. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Jonathan Borofsky's retrospective includes paintings, drawings (on walls and ceilings), motorized figures, and also a piece begun in 1969—a stack of numbered graph paper entitled "Counting from 1 to Infinity"—that partly explains his habit of using numbers as his signature. Through March 10. . . . ¶ A show of sculptures that were created when Abstract Expressionism flourished; among the twenty-two artists are David Smith, Louise Bourgeois, Isamu Noguchi, and Louise Nevelson. Through March 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Forty-two abstract geometric compositions by François Morellet, a French painter and sculptor. Through March 25. . . . ¶ An exhibit of thirty-plus works on paper by Lee Krasner which complements the retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art. Through Feb. 25. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Butler Library, Columbia University, Broadway at 114th St.—The opening of the Rare Book and Manuscript Library's newly built facility (on the sixth floor of Butler Library) is the occasion for its first big show, which contains more than a hundred and fifty of its most prized documents. Through Feb. 28. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A display of Javanese batiks, the epitome of Indonesian ornamental textiles. The motifs of these fabrics, completed between 1850 and 1940 and made into wall hangings, turbans, sarongs, and so forth, range from calligraphic notation to Art Nouveau designs, a reflection of Java's commerce with spice traders from the Middle East, Europe, and China. Through April 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—Four full-length portraits by James McNeill Whistler (1834-1903) and pastels and prints are included in an exhibit that marks the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the artist's birth. Through Sunday, Feb. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—More than seventy-five Italian illuminated manuscripts and single leaves (devotional and secular books) of the late Middle Ages and the Renaissance. Through Feb. 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671.—Bob Goldberg and Jennifer Monson (performance), Thursday, Feb. 7, at 8:30.

The Kitchen, 59 Wooster St. 925-3615.—Little Cedric and the Haley Singers (gospel singers), Thursday, Jan. 31, at 8:30; Butch Morris (improvised music), Friday, Feb. 1, at 8:30; Africana All-Stars (music), Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8:30; East-West Quartet and Puntilla and dancers (music), Sunday, Feb. 3, at 5:30. . . . ¶ Programs of feature-length videos: Michael Klier, Friday, Feb. 8, at 7:30; Alan & Susan Raymond, Friday, Feb. 8, at 9:30; Laura Mulvey and Peter Wollen, Saturday, Feb. 9, at 7:30; Ed Bowes, Saturday, Feb. 9, at 9:30; Annabella Miscuglio, Sunday, Feb. 10, at 7:30; and Vito Acconci, Sunday, Feb. 10, at 9.

P. S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.—Among the many shows: collaborative works between artists and writers (Toyce Anderson and Toni Morrison are one pair), and paintings by two artists (Joel Handorff and Marc Lida) who make night scenes their specialty. Through March 10.

P. S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.—Alien Comic, Dancenoise, Jo Andres, Mimi Goese, and others, Friday through Sunday, Feb. 1-3, at 9.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Jan. 30: "Wozzeck," with Hildegard Behrens, Robert Nagy, Ragnar Ulfung, and Christian Boesch; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 31: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Catherine Malfitano, Ariel Bybee, Alfredo Kraus, and James Morris; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 1: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Jessye Norman, Gianna Rolandi, Maria Ewing, and James King; Andrew Davis. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 2: "Otello," with Margaret Price, Jean Kraft, Plácido Domingo, and Sherrill Milnes; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 2: "Wozzeck," with Hildegard Behrens, Richard Cassilly, Ragnar Ulfung, and Victor Braun; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Feb. 4: "La Bohème," with Catherine Malfitano, Marilyn Zschau, Luis Lima, and Brian Schexnayder; Plácido Domingo. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 5: "Wozzeck," with June Card, Richard Cassilly, Ragnar Ulfung, and Victor Braun; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 6: The company's première of George Gershwin's "Porgy and Bess," with Grace Bumbry, Myra Merritt, Charles Williams, and Simon Estes; James Levine. (A benefit performance.) . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 7: "Otello," with Margaret Price, Jean Kraft, Plácido Domingo, and Sherrill Milnes; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 8: "Wozzeck," with Hildegard Behrens, Richard Cassilly, Ragnar Ulfung, and Christian Boesch; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 9: "La Bohème," with Catherine Malfitano, Marilyn Zschau, Luis Lima, and Brian Schexnayder; Plácido Domingo. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 9: "Porgy and Bess," with Grace Bumbry, Myra Merritt, Charles Williams, and Simon Estes; James Levine. (Evenings at 8; on Wednesday, Feb. 6, at 7:30. Matinées at 2.)

John Brownlee Opera Theatre—Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari's "The Inquisitive Women" (in English), conducted by Adrian Bryttan and staged by Lou Galterio. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. 749-2802, Ext. 504. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 1-2, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 3, at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Thursday, Jan. 31, at 8; Friday, Feb. 1, at 8, a nonsubscription concert; Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8; and Tuesday, Feb. 5, at 7:30: Performances of Act I of Wagner's "Die Walküre" in concert form, with Eva Marton, soprano; Peter Hofmann, tenor; and Marti Talvela, bass. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 7-9, at 8: A Mozart-Berg program, with Jessye Norman, soprano.

Boston Symphony—Seiji Ozawa conducting a Haydn-Berg-Beethoven program, with Håkan Hagegård, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 30-31, at 8.)

National Symphony—Mstislav Rostropovich conducting, with Isaac Stern, violin, and Lucy Shelton, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 1, at 8.)

Los Angeles Philharmonic—Michael Tilson Thomas conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8, with Ilana Vered, piano. . . . ¶ Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Feb. 3, at 3, with Yo-Yo Ma, cello.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Riccardo Muti conducting, with Frederica von Stade, mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

Minnesota Orchestra—Neville Marriner directing, with Frederica von Stade and Claudine Carlson, mezzo-sopranos; Arleen Auger and Lorna Haywood, sopranos; John Aler, tenor; Jan Opalach, bass-baritone; and the St. Olaf Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 8, at 8.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting a Bach-Handel program, with Judith Blegen, soprano, and Neil Balm, trumpet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Lukas Foss conducting a Berg-Bruch-Berlioz program, with Young Uck Kim, violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 1-2, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 3, at 2.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Roger Nierenberg conducting a Copland-Mahler-Prokofieff program. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 3, at 3.)

Tafelmusik Baroque Orchestra—Jean Lamon conducting, with Ann Monoyios, soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

Concerto Soloists of Philadelphia—Marc Mostovoy conducting, with Paul Badura-Skoda, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 6, at 8.)

Philharmonia Virtuosi—Richard Kapp conducting, with Edward Carroll, trumpet, and Robert Aitken, flute. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Wednesday, Feb. 6, at 8.)

Meredith Monk—Miss Monk, her vocal ensemble, and a twenty-member chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 7, at 8.)

New York Motet Choir—Stephen Sturk conducting an all-Bach program. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Saturday, Feb. 9, at 4. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Collegiate Chorale—Robert Bass directing a program that will include the New York première of Brahms' Mass. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Saturday, Feb. 9, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

St. Olaf Choir—Kenneth Jennings directing. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. Saturday, Feb. 9, at 8. For tickets, call 757-1292.)

RECITALS

Kiri Te Kanawa—Soprano, with Roger Vignoles, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 8.)

Misha Dichter—The second in a series of three concerts, this one a program for solo piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 8.)

Joseph Fuchs—Violin, with assisting artists. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—Gidon Kremer and Daniel Phillips, violin; Kim Kashkashian, viola; and Yo-Yo Ma, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 8.)

Sylvan Wind Quintet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 8.)

Speculum Musicae—An all-Babbitt program, with Judith Bettina, soprano; John Sampen, saxophone; Sanford Sylvan, baritone; and David Starobin, classical guitarist. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Rudolf Firkusny and Lynn Harrell—Piano and cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Jan. 31, at 8.)

League-ISCM—A program of music by Susan Blaustein, Jeffrey Levine, and others, performed by Margaret Ahrens, soprano; the Atlantic String Quartet; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Jan. 31, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—The fourth in a series of six concerts, each featuring a guest violist, this one a Mozart-Dvořák program, with Kim

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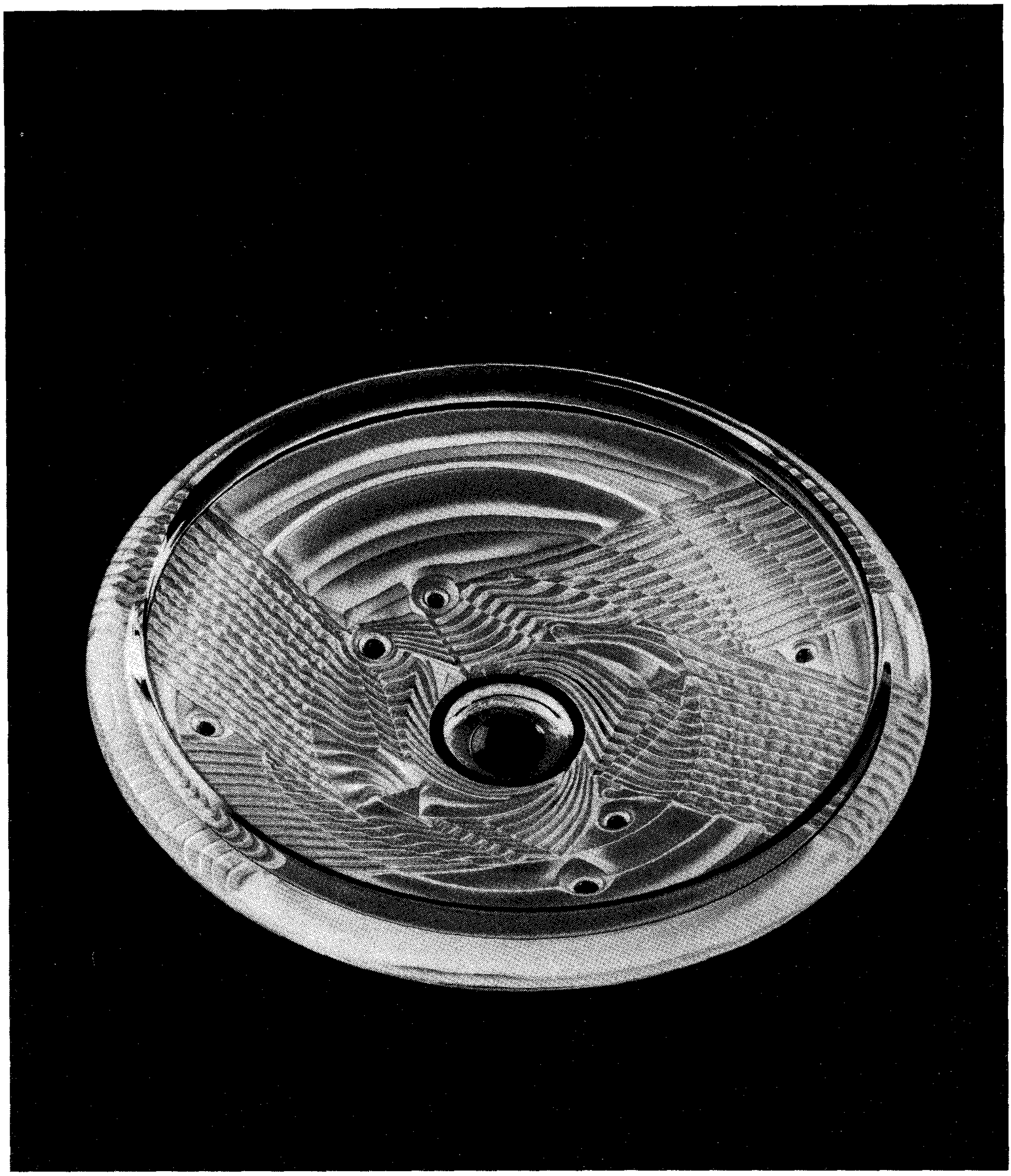

Cosmic Wind

A blown crystal bowl is sand sculpted to suggest the formation of an imaginary star engulfed by cosmic winds. Six cut hemispheres represent planets orbiting the star. By Eric Hilton. Diameter 13¼″. Limited to a single example. $8,750. Signed Steuben. Steuben Glass, Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022. 1-212-752-1441. Steuben is part of Corning Glass Works and has been since 1918.

STEUBEN GLASS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Kashkashian. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Feb. 1, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Elmar Oliveira, violin; Robert Routch, horn; Emanuel Ax, piano; and members of the society. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Feb. 1, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 3, at 5.)

Neal Lo Monaco—Cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Feb. 1, at 8.)

Mannes Trio—Chamber music. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Friday, Feb. 1, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Continuum—A program of music by Scott Joplin, George Gershwin, Duke Ellington, Aaron Copland, and others, performed by Jeannette Walters, soprano; Cheryl Seltzer and Joel Sachs, piano; the La Guardia School for the Arts Jazz Ensemble; and an orchestra conducted by Mr. Sachs. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8.)

Chamber Music at BAM—Miriam Fried, violin; Nathaniel Rosen, cello; and Garrick Ohlsson, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8:30, and Sunday, Feb. 3, at 2.)

Richard Locker—Cello, with Alison Deane, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Feb. 3, at 2.)

Mario Escudero—Flamenco guitarist, with assisting artists. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Feb. 3, at 3.)

Arioso Trio—The second in a series of three concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano trios. (Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, Madison Ave. at 73rd St. Sunday, Feb. 3, at 4. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Winterfest Concerts—The second in a series of six concerts, this one an all-Handel program performed by Elaine Comparone, harpsichord, and Carol Wincenc, flute. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Sunday, Feb. 3, at 5. For tickets, call 666-9427.)

Alfredo Kraus—Tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 3, at 8.)

Nina Svetlanova—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 3, at 8.)

"The Met at the Met"—Chamber music performed by James Levine, conductor-pianist, and members of the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Sunday, Feb. 3, at 8.)

Chamber Music—Sol Schoenbach and Ira Levin conducting a vocal and instrumental ensemble from the Curtis Institute of Music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Feb. 3, at 8:30.)

Edward Eikner—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

Vienna Octet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

Music from Marlboro—The second in a series of three concerts. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

Washington Square Contemporary Music Series—The second in a series of three concerts, this one with Margaret Ahrens, soprano; Paul Alan Levi, piano; and the New York Clarinet Quartet. (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. Monday, Feb. 4, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Menahem Pressler and the Emerson String Quartet—The second in a series of three programs of music for piano and string quartet. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Tuesday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

Winds of Parnassus—Anthony Korf conducting a program of music for wind instruments by Stravinsky, Mozart, Wuorinen, and Dvořák. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

David Ziegler—Classical guitarist. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Wednesday, Feb. 6, at 8. For information about tickets, call 757-3255.)

National Chorale Soloists—Martin Josman directing an ensemble of singers and instrumentalists in the first in a series of four concerts, this one a program of music by Mozart and Salieri. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Feb. 6, at 8.)

Donald Joyce—Organ, in an all-Bach recital. (Church of St. John the Evangelist, First Ave. at 55th St. Thursday, Feb. 7, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

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American Brass Quintet—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Feb. 7, at 8.)

Abbey Simon—Piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 9, at 3.)

Montserrat Caballé—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 9, at 8.)

Emanuel Ax—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 9, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Leslie Howard—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Feb. 9, at 8.)

Cleveland Quartet—With Bernard Greenhouse, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Feb. 9, at 8.)

Bach Chamber Soloists—The second in a series of concerts, this one with David Gordon, tenor. (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, 225 W. 99th St. Saturday, Feb. 9, at 8. For information about tickets, call 222-2700.)

SPORTS

Professional Basketball—At Byrne Meadowlands Arena (1-201 935-8888)—Thursday, Jan. 31, at 7:30: Nets vs. Los Angeles Clippers. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 2, at 2: Nets vs. Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 6, at 7:30: Nets vs. Milwaukee.

Hockey—At **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Tuesday, Feb. 5, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Thursday, Feb. 7, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Saturday, Feb. 9, at 7:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Islanders, Friday, Feb. 1, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Detroit Red Wings, Sunday, Feb. 3, at 5:05. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Thursday, Feb. 7, at 7:35.

Racing—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30.

Track Meet—Vitalis/United States Olympic Invitational. (Byrne Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-3900. Saturday, Feb. 9, at 7.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, March 30. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 17.

ET ALIA

Prose Readings—Carole Bovoso, Susan Cheever, and Honor Moore reading from their own works. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Monday, Feb. 4, at 7:30.)

Winter Antiques Show—The thirty-first annual show, featuring American and European furniture, paintings, silver, porcelains, and the like, assembled by seventy-two dealers. In addition, there is a loan exhibit of ten American paintings from the Brandywine River Museum in Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania. A benefit for the East Side House Settlement. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 30-Feb. 2, from 11 to 9, and Sunday, Feb. 3, from 1 to 6.)

Auctions—At Sotheby's, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.)—Five sales of Americana held in ten sessions: Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 10:15; Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 2 (two sessions); Thursday, Jan. 31, at 10:15; Thursday, Jan. 31, at 2 (two sessions); and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 1-2, at 10:15 and 2.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

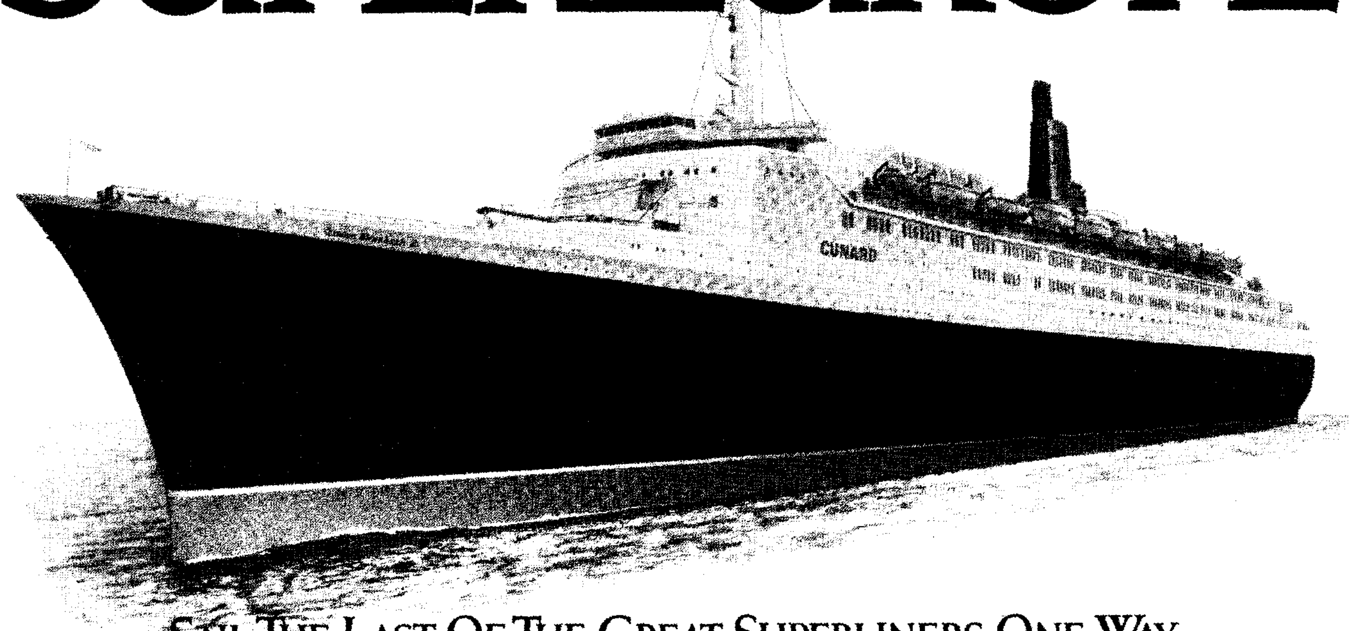
Music—**METROPOLITAN OPERA** (362-6000): The season continues through April 20. . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL** (874-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 25. . . . ¶ André Watts, piano, Feb. 20. . . . ¶ Victoria de los Angeles, soprano, Feb. 22. . . . ¶ Claudio Arrau, piano, Feb. 24. . . . ¶ Krystian Zimerman, piano, March 3. . . . ¶ Salzburg Mozarteum Orchestra, March 8. . . . ¶ Jessye Norman, soprano, March 10. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (247-7800): Emanuel Ax, piano, Feb. 10. . . . ¶ Chamber Orchestra of Europe, Feb. 10. . . . ¶ Margaret Price, soprano, Feb. 11. . . . ¶ Music from Japan, Feb. 14. . . . ¶ Edith Mathis, soprano, Feb. 17. . . . ¶ New York Pops, Feb. 22. . . . ¶ Handel Opera Festival, Feb. 23. . . . ¶ Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute, with the Solisti New York, Feb. 24. . . . ¶ Alexandre Lagoya, classical guitarist, Feb. 25 and March 10. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Feb. 26. . . . ¶ Guarneri Quartet, Feb. 27. . . . ¶ Pinchas Zukerman, violin, and Marc Neikrug, piano, Feb. 28. . . . ¶ Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, March 2-3. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, March 3. . . . ¶ National Symphony Orchestra, March 5. . . . ¶ Rotterdam Philharmonic, March 6-7. . . . ¶ Alexis Weissenberg, piano, March 10. . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL** (362-1911): Guarneri Quartet, Feb. 13-14 and March 6-7. . . . ¶ Ensemble for Early Music, Feb. 16. . . . ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Feb. 17-19. . . . ¶ Musica Sacra, Feb. 20. . . . ¶ American Composers Orchestra, Feb. 21 and 25. . . . ¶ Waverly Consort, Feb. 28 and March 2. . . . **KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL,** 92nd Street Y (427-4410): Jessye Norman, soprano, Feb. 12. . . . ¶ Joseph Swensen, violin, Feb. 16. . . . ¶ Chamber Music at the Y, Feb. 19-20. . . . ¶ David Golub, piano, Feb. 23. . . . ¶ Y Chamber Symphony, March 2. . . . ¶ Pinchas Zukerman, violin, March 9. . . . **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM,** Metropolitan Museum (570-3949): Misha Dichter, piano, Feb. 13. . . . ¶ Mozartean Players, Feb. 14. . . . ¶ Henryk Szeryng, violin, Feb. 16. . . . ¶ Munich Chamber Orchestra, Feb. 21. . . . ¶ Guarneri Quartet, Feb. 22. . . . ¶ Peter Serkin, piano, March 1. . . . ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra, March 2. . . . ¶ Handel Festival Orchestra, March 9. . . . **TOWN HALL** (840-2824): Orchestra of St. Luke's, Feb. 16.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Pack of Lies," a London import by Hugh Whitemore, based on a true story. Rosemary Harris and Patrick McGoohan head the cast. . . . ¶ Glenda Jackson, re-creating her London role, will star in a revival of O'Neill's "Strange Interlude." . . . ¶ A comedy by P. J. Barry, "The Octette Bridge Club," with Peggy Cass, Nancy Marchand, and Roberta Maxwell. . . . ¶ George Segal, John Lithgow, and Maria Tucci in a revival of Rod Serling's "Requiem for a Heavyweight."

Dance—Merce Cunningham Dance Company, at the City Center, March 5-17. . . . ¶ Joffrey Ballet, at the New York State Theatre, March 6-31.

Other Dates—Westminster Kennel Club Dog Show, at Madison Square Garden, Feb. 11-12. . . . ¶ Lincoln's Birthday is Tuesday, Feb. 12. . . . ¶ National Antiques Show, at Madison Square Garden Exposition Rotunda, Feb. 16-19. . . . ¶ Washington's Birthday will be observed on Monday, Feb. 18. . . . ¶ Ash Wednesday falls on Feb. 20. . . . ¶ Armory Antiques Show, at the 7th Regiment Armory, March 7-10.

SUPEREUROPE



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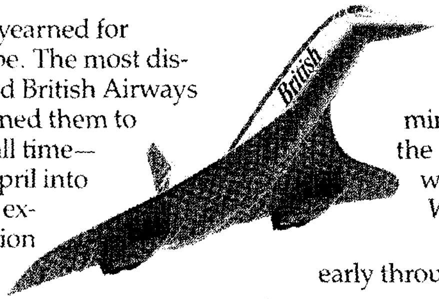

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

Jan. 30: "Committed" (1984; directed by Sheila McLaughlin and Lynne Tillman); and "Riddles of the Sphinx" (1977; Laura Mulvey and Peter Wollen).

Jan. 31: "Invisible Adversaries" (1978; Valie Export).

Feb. 1: At 7:30, "Committed;" and at 9:30, "Riddles of the Sphinx."

Feb. 2: At 4, "Nightshift" (1981; Robina Rose); at 7, "Je Tu Il Elle" (1974; Chantal Akerman; in French); and at 9, "Invisible Adversaries."

Feb. 3: At 4, "Committed;" at 7, "Film About a Woman Who . . ." (1974; Yvonne Rainer); and at 9:30, "India Song" (1974; Marguerite Duras; in French).

From Feb. 5: To be announced.

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)

Through Jan. 31: "The Perils of Gwendoline" (Just Jaeckin), with Tawny Kitaen.

From Feb. 1: "Torchlight" (Tom Wright), with Pamela Sue Martin and Steve Railsback.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)

Through Jan. 31: "City Heat" (Richard Benjamin), with Clint Eastwood and Burt Reynolds; and "Tightrope" (Richard Tuggle), with Clint Eastwood and Geneviève Bujold.

From Feb. 1: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

"The Flamingo Kid" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

"Starman" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)

Through Jan. 31: "Dune" (†).

From Feb. 1: "Heavenly Bodies" (Lawrence Dane), with Cynthia Dale.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "2010" (Peter Hyams), with Roy Scheider.

Theatre 2: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).

Theatre 3: "The Cotton Club" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

"The Falcon and the Snowman" (John Schlesinger), with Timothy Hutton and Sean Penn.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

Through Jan. 31: "The Perils of Gwendoline" (Just Jaeckin), with Tawny Kitaen.

From Feb. 1: "Amadeus" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

"The Killing Fields" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"The Flamingo Kid" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"Paris, Texas" (Wim Wenders), with Harry Dean Stanton, Nastassja Kinski, and Dean Stockwell.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 31: "The River" (Mark Rydell), with Mel Gibson, Sissy Spacek, and Scott Glenn. From Feb. 1: "Torchlight" (Tom Wright), with Pamela Sue Martin and Steve Railsback.

Theatre 2: "Mass Appeal" (Glenn Jordan) with Jack Lemmon, Zeljko Ivanek, and Charles Durning.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: "Starman" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Falcon and the Snowman" (John Schlesinger), with Timothy Hutton and Sean Penn.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

Jan. 30: "Barry McKenzie Holds His Own" (1975; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Barry Humphries.

Jan. 31-Feb. 6: "Moving Out" (Michael Pattinson; an Australian film).

From Feb. 7: "Squizzy Taylor" (Kevin Dobson; an Australian film), with David Atkins.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: "Blood Simple" (Joel Coen), with John Getz.

Theatre 2: "Birdy" (Alan Parker), with Matthew Modine and Nicolas Cage.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 22.

Theatre 1: "Maria's Lovers" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Nastassja Kinski and John Savage.

Theatre 2: "Fandango" (Kevin Reynolds), with Kevin Costner.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"1984" (Michael Radford), with John Hurt and Richard Burton.

Loews Ne[illegible]ork Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "Mrs. Soffel" (†).

Theatre 2: "2010" (Peter Hyams), with Roy Scheider.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (Jamie Uys).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"That's Dancing!" (Jack Haley, Jr.).

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

"The Flamingo Kid" (†).

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 31: "The Cotton Club" (†). From Feb. 1: "Tuff Turf" (Fritz Kiersch), with James Spader and Kim Richards.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Through Jan. 31: "The Perils of Gwendoline" (Just Jaeckin), with Tawny Kitaen.

From Feb. 1: "Torchlight" (Tom Wright), with Pamela Sue Martin and Steve Railsback.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 31: "Avenging Angel" (Robert Vincent O'Neil), with Betsy Russell. From Feb. 1: "The Killing Fields" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 31: "Superstition" (James Roberson), with James Houghton and Albert Salmi. From Feb. 1: "Heavenly Bodies" (Lawrence Dane), with Cynthia Dale.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: Through Feb. 5: "Chambre 666" (1982; directed by Wim Wenders; in several languages, with English subtitles), "Reverse Angle" (1982; Wim Wenders), and "A Short Confession by Luis Buñuel" (1980; Martine Lefevre; in French), three short films. From Feb. 6: "Seventeen" (1982; Joel DeMott and Jeff Kreines), a documentary.

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 31: "All Nudity Shall Be Punished" (1973; Arnaldo Jabor; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); and "Conjugal Warfare" (1975; Joaquim Pedro de Andrade; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese). Feb. 1-3: "Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands" (1978; Bruno Barreto; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); and "Gabriela" (1984; Bruno Barreto; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Sonia Braga and Marcello Mastroianni. Feb. 4: "The Battle of Chile" (†). Feb. 5: "Summer Showers" (1980; Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Jofre Soares; and "Go to Work You Bum" (1973; Hugo Carvana; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese). Feb. 6: "São Bernardo" (1972; Leon Hirszman; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); and "Colonel Delmiro Gouveia" (1977; Geraldo Sarno; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese). Feb. 7: "Vidas Secas" (1982; Nelson Pereira dos Santos; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); and "Barravento" (1962; Glauber Rocha; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese). Feb. 8-9: "Bye Bye Brazil" (1980; Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Betty Faria and Jose Wilker; and "I Love You" (1982; Arnaldo Jabor; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Sonia Braga.

Vandam, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"The Times of Harvey Milk" (Robert Epstein), a documentary.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "L'Homme Blessé" (Patrice Chéreau; in French).

Theatre 2: "Amadeus" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "The Killing Fields" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 31: "Bizet's Carmen" (†). From Feb. 1: To be announced.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "Choose Me" (†).

Theatre 2: "A Soldier's Story" (†).

Theatre 3: "Maria's Lovers" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Nastassja Kinski and John Savage.

Theatre 4: "The River" (Mark Rydell), with Mel Gibson, Sissy Spacek, and Scott Glenn.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)

Theatre 1: "The Falcon and the Snowman" (John Schlesinger), with Timothy Hutton and Sean Penn.

Theatre 2: "That's Dancing!" (Jack Haley, Jr.).

Theatre 3: "Starman" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"That's Dancing!" (Jack Haley, Jr.).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"A Passage to India" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)

Through Feb. 5: A festival of Claude Berri films.

From Feb. 6: To be announced.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"Stop Making Sense" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"A Sunday in the Country" (Bertrand Tavernier; in French).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"1984" (Michael Radford), with John Hurt and Richard Burton.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"Mrs. Soffel" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: Through Feb. 7: "A Love in Germany" (Andrzej Wajda; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Marie-Christine Barrault. From Feb. 8: "Favorites of the Moon" (Otar Iosseliani; in French).

Theatre 2: "Man of Flowers" (Paul Cox; an Australian film), with Norman Kaye.

Theatre 3: "Amadeus" (†).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 31: "The Inheritors"

(Walter Bannert; in German), with Nikolas Vogel. From Feb. 1: "Man Under Suspicion" (Norbert Kuckelmann; in German), with Maximilian Schell.
Theatre 2: "Stranger Than Paradise" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "The Brother from Another Planet" (John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles.
Theatre 2: "A Soldier's Story" (†).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "The Killing Fields" (†).
Theatre 2: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Cotton Club" (†).
Theatre 4: "The River" (Mark Rydell), with Mel Gibson, Sissy Spacek, and Scott Glenn.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "The Flamingo Kid" (†).
Theatre 2: "That's Dancing!" (Jack Haley, Jr.).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 31: "Maria's Lovers" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Nastassja Kinski and John Savage. From Feb. 1: A two-week festival of David Lean films.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 31: "Micki & Maude" (†) and "Body Double" (†). Feb. 1-7: "Heavenly Bodies" (Lawrence Dane), with Cynthia Dale. From Feb. 8: "Heaven Help Us" (Michael Dinner), with Andrew McCarthy and Mary Stuart Masterson.
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 7: "Starman" (†). From Feb. 8: "A Soldier's Story" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Jan. 31: "The Perils of Gwendoline" (Just Jaeckin), with Tawny Kitaen. Feb. 1-7: "Torchlight" (Tom Wright), with Pamela Sue Martin and Steve Railsback. From Feb. 8: "Mass Appeal" (Glenn Jordan), with Jack Lemmon, Zeljko Ivanek, and Charles Durning.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Johnny Dangerously" (directed by Amy Heckerling), with Michael Keaton.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 31: "City Heat" (Richard Benjamin), with Clint Eastwood and Burt Reynolds. From Feb. 1: "Heavenly Bodies" (Lawrence Dane), with Cynthia Dale.
Theatre 3: "Runaway" (Michael Crichton), with Tom Selleck.
Theatre 4: Through Jan. 31: "The Mutilator" (Buddy Cooper). From Feb. 1: "City Heat."
Theatre 5: "Dune" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Starman" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "A Soldier's Story" (†).
Theatre 3: "Micki & Maude" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Brother from Another Planet" (John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"2010" (Peter Hyams), with Roy Scheider.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 31: "The Cotton Club" (†). From Feb. 1: "Tuff Turf" (Fritz Kiersch), with James Spader and Kim Richards.
Theatre 2: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"The Falcon and the Snowman" (John Schlesinger), with Timothy Hutton and Sean Penn.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Pinocchio" (†).

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Superstition" (James Roberson), with James Houghton and Albert Salmi.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 31: "Walking the Edge" (Norbert Meisel), with Robert Forster. From Feb. 1: "The Killing Fields" (†).

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 7: "The Flamingo Kid" (†). From Feb. 8: "Mischief" (Mel Damski), with Doug McKeon and Catherine Mary Stewart.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 31: "Avenging Angel" (Robert Vincent O'Neil), with Betsy Russell. Feb. 1-7: "House on the Edge of the Park." From Feb. 8: "Heaven Help Us" (Michael Dinner), with Andrew McCarthy and Mary Stuart Masterson.

U. A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 31: "Maria's Lovers" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Nastassja Kinski and John Savage. From Feb. 1: "Torchlight" (Tom Wright), with Pamela Sue Martin and Steve Railsback.
Theatre 2: "The Perils of Gwendoline" (Just Jaeckin), with Tawny Kitaen.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema 1, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Repo Man" (1984; directed by Alex Cox), with Emilio Estevez and Harry Dean Stanton.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Through Feb. 7: "Places in the Heart" (1984; Robert Benton), with Sally Field.
From Feb. 8: To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Jan. 31: "Contempt" (1964; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Brigitte Bardot, Jack Palance, Fritz Lang, and Michel Piccoli; and "The Stranger" (1967; Luchino Visconti; in French), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina.
Feb. 1-2: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (1983; Peter Weir), with Mel Gibson, Sigourney Weaver, and Linda Hunt; and "Gallipoli" (1981; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson, Mark Lee, and Bill Kerr.
Feb. 3-5: "Annie Hall" (1977; Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton; and "Manhattan" (1979; Woody Allen), with Allen, Diane Keaton, Michael Murphy, and Meryl Streep.
Feb. 6-7: "The Battle of Algiers" (1965; Gillo Pontecorvo; in French and Arabic); and "Z" (1969; Costa-Gavras; in French), with Yves Montand, Irene Papas, and Jean-Louis Trintignant.
Feb. 8-9: "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "King of Hearts" (1967; Philippe de Broca; in French and English), with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Once Upon a Time in America" (1984; Sergio Leone), with Robert De Niro and James Woods.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Jan. 30: "Top Hat" (1935; Mark Sandrich), with Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire; and "Swing Time" (1936; George Stevens), with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Helen Broderick, Victor Moore, and Betty Furness.
Jan. 31-Feb. 2: "Fame" (1980; Alan Parker); and "Hair" (1979; Miloš Forman), with John Savage, Treat Williams, and Beverly D'Angelo.
Feb. 3-4: "Nostalghia" (1984; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Italian), with Erland Josephson; and "Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears" (1981; Vladimir Menshov; in Russian).

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Feb. 5-6: "King Solomon's Mines" (1950 †) and "Zulu" (†).
Feb. 7-9: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" (1975; Miloš Forman), with Jack Nicholson, Louise Fletcher, and Will Sampson; and "The Shining" (†).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Jan. 31: "Annie Hall" (1977; Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton; and "Manhattan" (1979; Woody Allen), with Allen, Diane Keaton, Michael Murphy, and Meryl Streep.
Feb. 1-2: "Under Fire" (1983; Roger Spottiswoode), with Nick Nolte, Gene Hackman, and Joanna Cassidy; and "Who'll Stop the Rain" (1978; Karel Reisz), with Nick Nolte, Tuesday Weld, and Michael Moriarty.
Feb. 3: "Ben-Hur" (1959; William Wyler), with Charlton Heston, Jack Hawkins, and Stephen Boyd.
Feb. 4-5: "Norma Rae" (†); and "Silkwood" (1983; Mike Nichols), with Meryl Streep, Kurt Russell, and Cher.
Feb. 6-7: "The Night Porter" (1974; Liliana Cavani), with Dirk Bogarde and Charlotte Rampling; and "Lili Marleen" (1981; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Giancarlo Giannini.
Feb. 8-9: "Bedazzled" (1967; Stanley Donen), with Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron; and "The Ruling Class" (1972; Peter Medak), with Peter O'Toole and Arthur Lowe.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Jan. 30: "In the White City" (1983; Alain Tanner; in Portuguese, French, and English, with English subtitles), with Bruno Ganz; and "The Left-Handed Woman" (1980; Peter Handke; in German), with Edith Clever and Bruno Ganz.
Jan. 31: "Fitzcarraldo" (1982; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski and Claudia Cardinale; and "Burden of Dreams" (1982; Les Blank), a documentary.
Feb. 1-2: "Don Giovanni" (1979; Joseph Losey; in Italian), with Ruggero Raimondi.
Feb. 3-5: "The Magic Flute" (1975; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish).
Feb. 6-7: "Parsifal" (1983; Hans-Jürgen Syberberg; in German), with Karin Krick and Michael Kutter.
Feb. 8-9: "The Aviator's Wife" (1981; Eric Rohmer; in French), with Philippe Marlaud and Marie Rivière; "Le Beau Mariage" (†); and "Pauline at the Beach" (1982; Eric Rohmer; in French).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Jan. 30: "Centennial Summer" (1946; Otto Preminger), with Jeanne Crain, Cornel Wilde, Linda Darnell, William Eythe, and Walter Brennan; and "You Were Never Lovelier" (1942; William A. Seiter), with Rita Hayworth, Fred Astaire, and Adolphe Menjou.
Jan. 31: "Reckless" (1935; Victor Fleming), with Jean Harlow, William Powell, and Franchot Tone; and "The Flame Within" (1935; Edmund Goulding), with Ann Harding, Herbert Marshall, and Louis Hayward.
Feb. 1-2: "Show Boat" (1951; George Sidney), with Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel, Ava Gardner, and William Warfield; and "Till the Clouds Roll By" (1946; Richard Whorf), with Robert Walker.
Feb. 3-5: "Shadow of a Doubt" (†) and "Saboteur" (†).
Feb. 6-9: "Notorious" (1946; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern; and "Strangers on a Train" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Jan. 30: "Skidoo" (1969; Otto Preminger), with Jackie Gleason and Carol Channing; and "Head" (1968; Bob Rafelson), with the Monkees.
Jan. 31: "The Boys in the Band" (1970; William Friedkin), with Frederick Combs; and "The Balcony" (1963; Joseph Strick), with Shelley Winters, Peter Falk, and Lee Grant.
Feb. 1: "The Texas Chain Saw Massacre" (1974; Tobe Hooper), with Marilyn Burns; and "Driller Killer" (1980; Abel Ferrara).
Feb. 2: "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Shoot the Piano Player" (1960; François Truffaut; in French), with Charles Aznavour.
Feb. 3: "The Eyes, the Mouth" (1983; Marco

Bellocchio; in Italian), with Lou Castel and Angela Molina; and "The Last Woman" (†).

Feb. 4: "The Elephant Man" (1980; David Lynch), with Anthony Hopkins and John Hurt; and two David Lynch short films.

Feb. 5: "Malcolm X" (†) and "Dutchman" (†).

Feb. 6: "My Night at Maud's" (1970; Eric Rohmer; in French), with Jean-Louis Trintignant; and "The Marquise of O . . ." (1976; Eric Rohmer; in German), with Edith Clever and Bruno Ganz.

Feb. 7: "Therese and Isabelle" (1968; Radley Metzger; in French), with Essy Persson; and "The Nun" (†).

Feb. 8: "The French They Are a Funny Race" (†) and "Unfaithfully Yours" (1948 †).

Feb. 9: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951; Elia Kazan), with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden; and "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Jan. 30: "Anna Christie" (1930; Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo, Charles Bickford, and Marie Dressler; and "Anna Karenina" (1935; Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo, Fredric March, and Basil Rathbone.

Jan. 31: "Sweet Bird of Youth" (1962; Richard Brooks), with Paul Newman, Geraldine Page, Shirley Knight, Ed Begley, and Rip Torn; and "Summer and Smoke" (1961; Peter Glenville), with Geraldine Page, Laurence Harvey, Rita Moreno, and Una Merkel.

Feb. 1-2: "Murder Ahoy" (1964; George Pollock) and "Murder at the Gallop" (1963; George Pollock), both with Margaret Ruth*erford as Agatha Christie's Miss Marple.*

Feb. 3: "Bus Stop" (1956; Joshua Logan), with Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray, Arthur O'Connell, and Betty Field; and "The Prince and the Showgirl" (1957; Laurence Olivier), with Marilyn Monroe and Olivier.

Feb. 4: "Testament of Orpheus" (1962; Jean Cocteau; in French); "The Blood of a Poet" (1930; Jean Cocteau; in French); and "Orpheus" (1949; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, and François Périer.

Feb. 5: "Sherlock Holmes and the Secret Weapon" (1943; Roy William Neill) and "The Woman in Green" (1945; Roy William Neill), both with Basil Rathbone as Sherlock Holmes and Nigel Bruce as Dr. Watson.

Feb. 6: "The Misfits" (1961; John Huston), with Clark Gable, Marilyn Monroe, and Montgomery Clift; and "River of No Return" (1954; Otto Preminger), with Robert Mitchum and Marilyn Monroe.

Feb. 7: "42nd Street" (1933; Lloyd Bacon), with Bebe Daniels, Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, and Warner Baxter; and "Dancing Lady" (†).

Feb. 8-9: "Sunset Boulevard" (†); and "All About Eve" (1950; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE 1: Jan. 31 at 2:30 and 6: A program called "A History of Camera Movement III." . . . ¶ Feb. 1 at 2:30: "His Excellency" *(1952; directed by Robert Hamer), with* Eric Portman and Cecil Parker. . . . ¶ Feb. 1 at 6 and Feb. 2 at 2: "Sammy Going South" (1963; Alexander Mackendrick), with Fergus McClelland, Edward G. Robinson, and Constance Cummings. . . . ¶ Feb. 2 at 5: "Dunkirk" (1958; Leslie Norman), with John Mills, Richard Attenborough, and Bernard Lee. . . . ¶ Feb. 3 at 2: "The Scapegoat" (1959; Robert Hamer), with Alec Guinness, Bette Davis, and Irene Worth. . . . ¶ Feb. 3 at 5: "His Excellency." . . . ¶ Feb. 4 at 2:30: "The Long and the Short and the Tall" (1961; Leslie Norman), with Richard Todd, Laurence Harvey, *Richard Harris, and David McCallum. . . .* ¶ Feb. 4 at 6: "Dunkirk." . . . ¶ Feb. 5 at 2:30: "Scott of the Antarctic" (1948; Charles Frend), with John Mills, Derek Bond, Harold Warrender, and Kenneth More. . . . ¶ Feb. 5 at 6: "The Long and the Short and the Tall." . . . ¶ Feb. 7 at 2:30 and 6: A program called "A History of Camera Movement: Short Films from Europe." . . . ¶ Feb. 8 at 2:30: "Holiday" (1930; Edward H. Griffith), with Ann Harding, Mary Astor, and Edward Everett Horton. . . . ¶ Feb. 8 at 6: "The Miracle Woman" (1931; Frank Capra), with Barbara Stanwyck and David Manners. . . . ¶ Feb. 9 at 2: "Arizona" (1940; Wesley Ruggles), with Jean Arthur and William Holden. . . . ¶ Feb. 9 at 5: "Holiday."

THEATRE 2: Jan. 31 at 3 and 6:30: "Street Music" (1979; Nick Doob), a documentary. . . . ¶ Feb. 1 at 3: "Long Day's Journey Into Night" (1962; Sidney Lumet), with Ralph Richardson, Katharine Hepburn, and Jason Robards, Jr. . . . ¶ Feb. 1 at 6: "Bluebottles" (1928; Ivor Montagu; a silent film) and "Day Dreams" (1928; Ivor Montagu; a silent film), both with Elsa Lanchester and Charles Laughton. . . . ¶ Feb. 2 at 2:30: "How Green Was My Valley" (1941; John Ford), with Walter Pidgeon, Roddy McDowall, and Maureen O'Hara. . . . ¶ Feb. 2 at 5:30: "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick), with James Mason, Shelley Winters, Sue Lyon, and Peter Sellers. . . . ¶ Feb. 3 at 2:30: "Young in Heart" (1938; Richard Wallace), with Janet Gaynor, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Paulette Goddard, and Roland Young. . . . ¶ Feb. 3 at 5:30: "Side Street Story" (1951; Eduardo De Filippo; in Italian, with English subtitles), with De Filippo, Totó, and Leda Gloria. . . . ¶ Feb. 5 at 3 and 6:30: "*Anemic Cinema" (1926; Marcel Duchamp;* a silent French film) and "Aelita" (1924; Yakov Protazanov; a silent Russian film, with no English intertitles). . . . ¶ Feb. 7 at 3 and 6:30: "Los Sures" (1984; Diego Echeverria), a documentary. . . . ¶ Feb. 8 at 3 and 6:30: "Dodsworth" (1936; William Wyler), with Walter Huston, Ruth Chatterton, Paul Lukas, Mary Astor, and David Niven. . . . ¶ Feb. 9 at 2:30: "Side Street Story." . . . ¶ Feb. 9 at 5:30: "Jules and Jim" (1961; François Truffaut; in French, with English subtitles), with Oskar Werner, Jeanne Moreau, and Henri Serre.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. *(570-0537)—A showing of more than* twenty-one half-hour programs produced for "Paper Tiger Television," a weekly broadcast on cable public-access channels C and D, Tuesdays from 1:15 to 7:45, Wednesdays through Saturdays from 11:15 to 4:45, and Sundays from 12:15 to 5:45. Closed Mondays. On Tuesday, Feb. 5, at 6:30, a live "Paper Tiger Television" program will be presented, featuring Herbert Schiller. On Saturday, Feb. 9, at 2, a live "Paper Tiger Television" program will be presented, on the subject of youth and the media. Seating will be first-come, first-served.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Amadeus—The lofty playwright Peter Shaffer has the minor composer Salieri (F. Murray Abraham) declaring war on Heaven for gypping him, and determined to ruin the incomparable Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (Tom Hulce) because God's voice is speaking through him. The director, Miloš Forman, trudges through the movie as if every step were a major contribution to art, and he keeps the audience hooked. Some redeeming qualities: Mozart's music, Twyla Tharp's staging of the dances and opera excerpts, and Abraham's eager, slimy Salieri. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/29/84.) (Waverly, and Lincoln Plaza. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; starting Feb. 1.)

The Battle of Chile *(1976)*—A great two-part, three-hour-and-ten-minute documentary about the events leading to the fall of Allende. The young director, Patricio Guzmán, and his team have put a strict Marxist vise on the material, and much of what is presented as fact is highly questionable. But as a piece of epic filmmaking it is superb, and the editing is so subtle and fluid that the second half has the effect of one long, continuous shot. (Film Forum; Feb. 4.)

Le Beau Mariage (1982)—At twenty-five, Sabine (Béatrice Romand) is weary of freedom and insecurity and married men; she wants to be taken care of and to make a home for a man and have children. When she meets a lawyer who she decides is her type, she goes after him briskly and transparently—watching her lay siege to this man is like watching someone arrange his desk. The director, Eric Rohmer, who wrote the script, never gives us a clue to why she doesn't draw upon her knowledge of men to be more elusive. Seriocomic triviality has become Rohmer's *specialty. His sensibility would be easier to* take if he'd stop directing to a metronome. In French. (Metro Cinema; Feb. 8-9.)

Beverly Hills Cop—The plot is just a peg for little set pieces in which the street-smart Eddie Murphy, in his worn-out sweatshirts, saunters through swank Beverly Hills locations, tells whopping lies, and outsmarts the white dumbos. Hotfooting the picture to keep it going, he rattles off pitifully undistinguished profanity, but we're cued to react to every stupid four-letter word as riotous. And, with Murphy busting his sides laughing in self-congratulation, the camera jammed into his tonsils, damned if the audience doesn't *whoop and carry on as if, yes, this is a wow of* a comedy. With Judge Reinhold, Stephen Elliott, Bronson Pinchot, Ronny Cox, Steven Berkoff, Lisa Eilbacher, and John Ashton. Directed by Martin Brest. (12/24/84) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, Loews 83rd Quad, and Loews State.)

Bizet's Carmen—Directed by Francesco Rosi, this version has a clean, raw vivacity and is supremely romantic. Julia Migenes-Johnson's Carmen revitalizes the story. Her strutting, her dark, messy frizzy hair—her sexual availability—attract the middle-class clod Don José (Plácido Domingo) and drive him crazy. Rosi lets the music carry the passion; *what he supplies is ideal conditions for the* viewer to experience the opera as a totality. Rosi's handling suggests the most fluently stylized movie musicals. With Faith Esham as Micaëla and Ruggero Raimondi as Escamillo. In French. (10/29/84) (Greenwich Playhouse; through Jan. 31.)

Body Double—Brian De Palma, working with material that he has grown past: a murder *mystery set in L.A., in the overlapping worlds* of "serious" acting and performing in porno films. The big, showy scenes recall "Vertigo" and "Rear Window" so obviously that the movie is like an assault on the people who have put De Palma down for being derivative. Things pick up close to the midway point, when Melanie Griffith arrives and gives a tickling performance as Holly Body, a porno star with a punk-vamp haircut and a sprig of holly tattooed on her rump. But most of the movie lacks zest. With Craig Wasson, Deborah Shelton, and Gregg Henry. (11/12/84) (Olympia Quad; through Jan. 31.)

Choose Me—*Written and directed by Alan* Rudolph, this romantic comedy-fantasy is about a group of lovers whose madnesses and illusions interlock, and it's giddy in a magical, pseudo-sultry way. And though you can't always tell the intentional humor from the unintentional, this low-budget picture has a marvellous cast, headed by Lesley Ann Warren, Geneviève Bujold, Rae Dawn Chong, and Keith Carradine. (12/24/84) (Quad Cinema.)

The Cotton Club—The only goal of the director, Francis Coppola, seems to be to keep the imagery rushing by—for dazzle, for spectacle. The action is centered on the famous *Harlem late-night supper club—a speakeasy* with a great floor show, in which "colored" headliners performed for a white clientele. There's so much going on you can't take your eyes off it, but none of it means anything. Richard Gere flashes a pretty smile and is more agreeable than usual, and a few of the actors playing mobsters—Julian Beck, Bob

Hoskins, and Fred Gwynne—seem to be invincible. But from the way Coppola directs the cast here, people exist to reflect light. With Lonette McKee, Nicolas Cage, Gregory and Maurice Hines, Diane Lane, James Remar, Gwen Verdon, Honi Coles, and Joe Dallesandro. (1/7/85) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum, and Loews State; through Jan. 31.)

Dancing Lady (1933)—Fred Astaire's first movie. Joan Crawford is a dancer with her mind on her work; Franchot Tone loves her but is filthy rich; Clark Gable ignores her but agrees she should carry on at becoming a star overnight. Vivid and fun. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 7.)

Dune—David Lynch directed, and he did the adaptation of Frank Herbert's ecological sci-fi fantasy, but he doesn't make the story his own. Lynch lays out Herbert's grandiose vision of a galactic system, and hordes of characters parcelled out over four planets, and a messiah who is preordained to lead the righteous in a holy war. The movie is heavy on exposition, and the story isn't dramatized—it's merely acted out (and hurried through), in a series of scenes that are like illustrations. With Kenneth McMillan, Sting, Brad Dourif, Francesca Annis, José Ferrer, and Kyle MacLachlan as the warrior messiah. (12/24/84) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; through Jan. 31.)

Dutchman (1967)—Shirley Knight and Al Freeman, Jr., in a movie version of LeRoi Jones' play about a white girl maniac and her Negro victim. (Thalia; Feb. 5.)

The Flamingo Kid—It's the summer of 1963, and Matt Dillon is the Brooklyn kid who gets a job parking cars at El Flamingo, a beach club on Long Island. He plans to go to Columbia in the fall, but when he's taken up by the club's gin-rummy champ, Brody (Richard Crenna), a foreign-car dealer who wears silk shirts and sports a sapphire on his pinkie, he begins to think college would be a waste of time. Of course, by the end of Labor Day weekend he has got himself straightened out: he sees through Brody's flash, and learns to appreciate the fact that his own father (Hector Elizondo) is an honest man—a hardworking plumber who gives value for money. The movie is a crude, convivial sitcom about disillusionment as a rite of passage. The director, Garry Marshall, pushes you around, but in an amiable way, and he gets his laughs, though nothing carries over and the gags (along with the pop songs on the track) turn into a blur. Watching this slapped-together comedy, a viewer may begin to feel that Brody directed it. Some of the film's junkiness is enjoyable, but there's also an unenjoyable cultural fundamentalism at work. Marshall is telling us that the complications of the last two decades are unimportant. He's saying that what matters is: Listen to your honest old man and don't sell out. And he squeezes the good plumber's scenes so that they show "humanity." The moviemakers must have wanted to take advantage of the ripe possibility for caricature in a Long Island Jewish club, but not wanted to limit their "universal" theme—so the characters' names don't provide much clue to their backgrounds. Marshall (whose work in television has given him a big reputation as a creator) gives us ethnic humor without ethnics. He creates a ruckus for a synthetic community (which is what a TV audience is). With Jessica Walter, Janet Jones, Carole R. Davis, and Bronson Pinchot. (1/28/85) (Gramercy, Gotham Cinema, U. A. 85th St. East, and New Yorker. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century Warner Twin; through Feb. 7.)

The French They Are a Funny Race (1957)—A film based on a collection of minor essays has, at the outset, a certain skittishness; the essays themselves formed "The Notebooks of Major Thompson," and it was a Frenchman's idea of an Englishman's account of French life. The American writer-director Preston Sturges, an expatriate in the late fifties, turned all this into an amusing series of wheezes—a kind of literate vaudeville. Maybe you can no longer laugh at anecdotes like the British mother's wedding-night advice to her daughter ("My dear, it's utterly unbearable, but just close your eyes and think of England") but acted out, this sort of thing acquires a fresh insanity. With Jack Buchanan, Catherine Boyl, Martine Carol, and Noël-Noël. (Thalia; Feb. 8.)

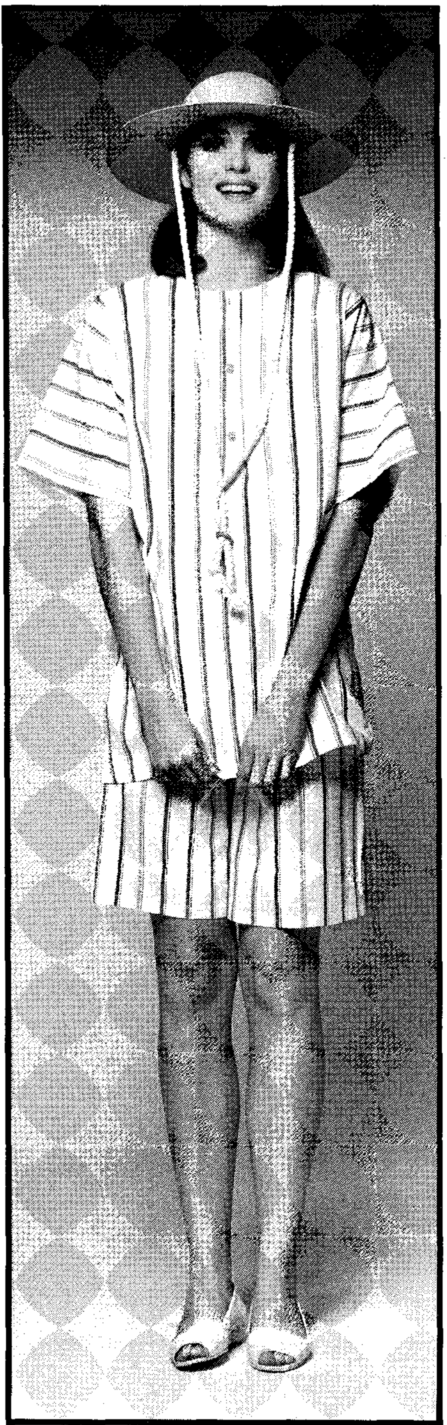
The Killing Fields—The British film shows us the Khmer Rouge transforming Cambodia into a nationwide gulag, and the scenes of this genocidal revolution have the breadth and terror of something deeply imagined. The movie tells the story of how Sydney Schanberg (Sam Waterston), who was the *Times* correspondent in Cambodia from 1972 to 1975, was separated from his interpreter and assistant, Pran (Haing S. Ngor), and of his remorse and general anguish until the wily, resourceful Pran, after four years of slave labor and hiding, made his way into Thailand, late in 1979, and got word to him. It's written like a TV docudrama, and it bogs down in the crosscutting between Pran's experiences of the atrocities in Cambodia and Schanberg's guilt and misery in various settings in the U.S. But it's by no means a negligible movie. Roland Joffé, making his début as a movie director, and the cinematographer, Chris Menges, give us imagery that suggests the work of a macabre lyric poet, and there are accomplished performances—most notably by John Malkovich, Bill Paterson, and Athol Fugard. (12/10/84) (Sutton, Greenwich Playhouse, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, and R.K.O. Century National Twin; starting Feb. 1.)

King Solomon's Mines (1950)—A smashing kitsch entertainment—H. Rider Haggard's 1886 pulp adventure novel about a search for legendary African diamond mines, given the full M-G-M Technicolor treatment, and with an additional romance between an English lady on safari (Deborah Kerr) and the valiant white guide (Stewart Granger). One can enjoy this picture for the superb trumpery that it is: the stunning African fabrics worn by the natives are American-made, and the Watusi dances were choreographed by Jack Cole. The film really was shot in the African highlands, though, and the elephants and mandrills and leopards and cobras are all startlingly clear and close. Directed by Compton Bennett and Andrew Marton. With Richard Carlson, Hugh Haas, and Lowell Gilmore. Also with Kimursi, of the Kipsigi tribe, and Siriaque, Sekaryongo, and Baziga, of the Watusi tribe. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Feb. 5-6.)

The Last Woman (1976)—Directed by Marco Ferreri, of "The Grande Bouffe." The film has a horrific ending: be warned. Before that, like "The Grande Bouffe," it is a hyperbolic fiction about appetite on the rampage—in this case, male sexual appetite. This is a portrait of masculine swinishness as a cartoonist might draw it, with Gérard Depardieu as a hero whose stomach seems swollen with pride and wine, and Ornella Muti as the sweet-natured latest in his string of mistresses, who looks after his baby son born of another woman and ministers to his jealous demands for toddler care for himself. In French. (Thalia; Feb. 3.)

Malcolm X (1972)—Biographic polemic: speeches, interviews, and so on, including a few too many furlongs of footage of armed whites bashing blacks to suit the generally more thoughtful tone of the film. Taken from Malcolm X's moving book about his life. (Thalia; Feb. 5.)

Micki & Maude—A light screwball farce with Dudley Moore as a TV reporter who becomes a bigamist through his tender regard for the feelings of two pregnant women—the blazing Ann Reinking and the pearly Amy Irving. The director, Blake Edwards, working from a screenplay by Jonathan Reynolds, brings out the bigamist's living-in-the-moment hopefulness. He's convinced that everything will come out all right because he doesn't feel he's done anything wrong. And the audience is put in the position of sharing his loony optimism. The movie may seem insipid to people who want something substantial, but there's a special delight about the timing of actors who make fools of themselves as personably and airily as Dudley Moore and Amy Irving do here. He's romantic in the silken, self-effacing manner of Cary Grant, and her acting is a form of heavenly flirtation. There are a couple of slapstick sequences in which Edwards shows some of his love of free-for-all lunacy, and Moore turns into a comic projectile hurtling into walls. With deep-voiced Richard Mulligan, Lu Leonard, H. B. Haggerty, George Gaynes, Wallace Shawn, and



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John Pleshette. (1/28/85) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Jan. 31.)

Mrs. Soffel—This love story with a Victorian madwoman heroine is based on an actual case that goes back to 1902, when the wife of the warden of the Allegheny County Jail in Pittsburgh helped two prisoners—the Biddle brothers—escape from Murderers' Row, and ran off with them. Diane Keaton has some startling moments as the sickly, frustrated, unstable Kate Soffel; Mel Gibson is superb as the passionate opportunist Ed Biddle, and Matthew Modine is very fine as his younger brother Jack. The young Australian director Gillian Armstrong doesn't lay out the reasons for what happens; she evokes them partially, suggestively. The themes don't fully emerge, but there isn't a single image that looks ordinary or stale. With Edward Herrmann. (1/7/85) (Loews New York Twin, and Loews Paramount.)

Norma Rae (1979)—Directed by Martin Ritt, written by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr. A first-rate film about the efforts of a spunky young woman in the South to unionize the textile industry. Sally Field, as the heroine, gives a terrific performance. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Feb. 4-5.)

The Nun ("La Religieuse;" 1965)—Anna Karina plays Diderot's mid-eighteenth-century nun, boxed into a convent to save her parents the cost of her marriage dowry and the embarrassment of her illegitimacy. Directed by Jacques Rivette. Slow, stately, suffocating stuff, full of images to inspire high-bred dread in atheists and claustrophobics, and entirely missing the point that Diderot's novel is funny. In French. (Thalia; Feb. 7.)

A Passage to India—This admirable version of E. M. Forster's 1924 novel about the tragicomedy of British colonial rule was adapted, directed, and edited by David Lean, who knows how to do pomp and the moral hideousness of empire better than practically anybody else around. Peggy Ashcroft comes through with a transcendent piece of acting as Mrs. Moore, and Judy Davis is close to perfection as the repressed Miss Quested, who longs for adventure; they are the two women whose attempt to get to know the Indians socially results in a charge of attempted rape against Dr. Aziz, played by Victor Banerjee, a fine, fluid actor who's like a piece of erotic sculpture. It may not be the highest praise to say that a movie is orderly and dignified, but of its kind this "Passage to India" is awfully good, until the last half hour or so; the concluding scenes wobble all over the place. The cast is just about irreproachable. It includes James Fox, Nigel Havers, Art Malik, Michael Culver, Saeed Jaffrey, Roshan Seth, and Sandra Hotz. (2 hours and 43 minutes.) (1/14/85) (Ziegfeld.)

Pinocchio (1940)—Walt Disney's classic, which seems always to please kids, though it can bother grownups because of the usual Disney punitiveness and thick symbolism. (New Embassy 49th Street.)

Saboteur (1942)—A mixed-up and overloaded American spy thriller by Alfred Hitchcock, with the unengaging Robert Cummings in the lead and an unappealing cast, featuring Priscilla Lane and Otto Kruger. Nothing holds together, but there are still enough scary sequences to make the picture entertaining. (Regency; Feb. 3-5.)

Shadow of a Doubt (1942)—The setting is quiet, clean, sleepy Santa Rosa, California; it is invaded by a psychopathic killer (Joseph Cotten), who comes to visit his unsuspecting and adoring relatives. Alfred Hitchcock considered this fine thriller (from a script principally by Thornton Wilder) to be his best American film. With Patricia Collinge, Teresa Wright, Hume Cronyn, Henry Travers. (Regency; Feb. 3-5.)

The Shining (1980)—Stanley Kubrick's gothic about the primal fear of a five-year-old boy (Danny Lloyd) that his father (Jack Nicholson) will hurt his mother (Shelley Duvall) and him. The father, who wants to write, brings his wife and child to spend the winter in an isolated, snowbound, haunted hotel in Colorado, where he is to be the caretaker—and where he goes mad and acts out his son's fears. Kubrick isn't interested in the people on the screen as individuals. They are his archetypes, and he's using them to tell us that man is a murderer through eternity. Kubrick's involvement in technology distances us from his meaning, though, and while we're watching the film it just doesn't seem to make sense. With Scatman Crothers, Joe Turkel, Barry Nelson, and Anne Jackson. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Feb. 7-9.)

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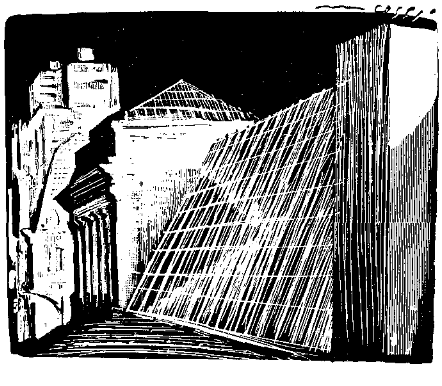
A Soldier's Story—This tense, wholehearted combination of melodrama and psychodrama is set in and around an Army base in Louisiana in 1944; a black drillmaster (Adolph Caesar) has been murdered, and a black lawyer, Captain Davenport (Howard E. Rollins, Jr.)—the first black commissioned officer ever to be seen in this part of the country—has been sent down from Washington, D.C., to investigate. Charles Fuller did the adaptation of his "A Soldier's Play," and there's some daring in his perception that in a racist society the temptation toward self-hatred is part of being black. The material is like the trumped-up, creaky yet powerful socially conscious plays-into-movies of the past. But the director, Norman Jewison, has given it an atmosphere that recalls his crack 1967 comedy-mystery "In the Heat of the Night," and he has also given it a beautiful sense of pace. With Denzel Washington, Art Evans, Larry Riley, David Alan Grier, Robert Townsend, David Harris, and Dennis Lipscomb. (11/26/84) (Quad Cinema, Embassy 72nd St., and Embassy. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting Feb. 8.)

Starman—This sci-fi romance, directed by John Carpenter, has something of the sentimental paranoia of "Easy Rider" transposed to the eighties. With Karen Allen as a young widow with sad, glazed eyes and Jeff Bridges as a gentle extraterrestrial whose spacecraft has been shot down near her cabin in Wisconsin, and who takes the form of the husband she mourns, the picture has a melancholy gooeyness. He will die if he doesn't make it to a designated spot in Arizona in three days, to be picked up by his mother ship, so the two of them set out in her souped-up 1977 Mustang. En route, her fear of him changes to love, and he experiences some of the pleasures and pangs of being human, male, and American. And we experience some of Carpenter's idea of tenderness: when the two are in a roadside restaurant, he asks her to define "love," and she tries helplessly, wet-eyed, thinking of her dead husband, while a synthesized heavenly choir in the distance makes wistful, whimpering sounds. In this victimization fantasy, it's all sweet innocence between the starman and the widow because everything else has been displaced onto some violent hunters and the government, which pursues the two flower children with a dozen or so helicopters—embodiments of evil. Bridges is mildly amusing at the start, but the picture is muted and draggy; it lacks vitality. With Charles Martin Smith, who is likably sane, Lu Leonard as a friendly waitress, and Richard Jaeckel. (1/28/85) (Bay Cinema, Baronet, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Feb. 7.)

Stop Making Sense—Directed by Jonathan Demme, this concert film by the New York new-wave rock band Talking Heads is a continuous rock experience that keeps building, becoming ever more intense and euphoric. It's a happy movie from beginning to end. The lead singer, David Byrne, is a stupefying performer who gives the group its modernism—the undertone of repressed hysteria, which he somehow blends with freshness and adventurousness and a driving beat. He designed the stage lighting and the elegantly plain performance-art environment. The sound is better than live sound—it has been filtered and mixed and fussed over, so that it achieves ideal clarity. (11/26/84) (57th St. Playhouse.)



Strangers on a Train (1951)—Hitchcock's bizarre, malicious comedy, in which Robert Walker brought sportive originality to the role of the chilling wit, dear degenerate Bruno; it's intensely enjoyable—in some ways the best of Hitchcock's American films. Bruno perceives that though he cannot murder his father with impunity, someone else could; when he meets the unhappily married tennis player Guy (Farley Granger), he murders Guy's wife for him and expects Guy to return the favor. It isn't often that people think about a performance in a Hitchcock movie; usually what we recall are bits of "business." But Robert Walker's performance is what gives this movie much of its character and its peculiar charm. With Marion Lorne, Leo G. Carroll, and Ruth Roman. (Regency; Feb. 6-9.)

Stranger Than Paradise—The young writer-director Jim Jarmusch uses a minimalist aesthetic for low-key comic effects. This punk picaresque is in black-and-white, and each scene is a single take followed by a blackout; the three principal characters—deadpan deadbeats—live in dead space. Jarmusch keeps the picture formal and cool, and it has an odd, nonchalant charm; it's fun. But it's softhearted fun—shaggy-dog minimalism—and it doesn't have enough ideas (or laughs) for its ninety-minute length. With John Lurie, Eszter Balint, and Richard Edson. (11/12/84) (Cinema Studio.)

Sunset Boulevard (1950)—A young scriptwriter (William Holden), speeding away from the finance-company men who have come to repossess his car, turns into a driveway on Sunset Boulevard and finds himself at the decaying mansion of the once-great silent star Norma Desmond (Gloria Swanson). Attended by her butler (Erich von Stroheim), who was once her husband and her director, she lives among the mementos of her past and plots her comeback in her own adaptation of "Salome." The rapacious old vamp persuades the young man to stay and work with her on the script; he becomes her kept man, her lover, her victim. The acting honors belong to Holden. When he makes love to the crazy, demanding old woman, his face shows a mixture of pity and guilt and nausea. This brittle satiric tribute to Hollywood's leopard-skin past is almost too clever, yet it's at its best in this cleverness and is slightly banal in the sequences dealing with a normal girl (Nancy Olson) and modern Hollywood. Billy Wilder directed. With Buster Keaton, H. B. Warner, Anna Q. Nilsson, Hedda Hopper, Cecil B. De Mille, Jack Webb, Fred Clark, and Lloyd Gough. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 8-9.)

Unfaithfully Yours (1948)—One of the most sophisticated slapstick comedies ever made, this classic, written and directed by Preston Sturges, got terrible reviews and failed at the box office. The hero, a symphony conductor, is played by Rex Harrison, who is at one of his comic peaks. During a concert, the conductor, convinced that his wife (Linda Darnell) has been unfaithful to him, fantasizes how he will handle the situation in three different ways, according to the style of the music on the program—Rossini's Overture to "Semiramide," the "Pilgrim's Chorus" from Wagner's "Tannhäuser," and Tchaikovsky's "Francesca da Rimini." After the concert, he tries to carry them out, scrambling them hopelessly. There are so many great lines and situations in this movie that writers and directors have been stealing from it for years. With Edgar Kennedy, Rudy Vallée, Kurt Kreuger, Barbara Lawrence, and Lionel Stander. (Thalia; Feb. 8.)

Zulu (1964)—A British Empire Western, set in Natal in 1879. Chins jut bravely, eleven Victoria Crosses are handed out, and there is a sly and entirely convincing performance by Michael Caine as an upper-class officer. Directed by Cy Endfield. Fun. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Feb. 5-6.)

ESPRIT
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Judy Cottingham
Esprit Sales Representative
Age: 24

I've always lied about my age, but I look forward to getting older and distinguished. Breakfast is my favorite meal—I like to make a big one with eggs and lots of hashbrowns. When I'm eating breakfast on weekends, I turn on Bugs Bunny and Roadrunner cartoons to keep me company. I love Italy because four years ago I spent the summer there as a governess for a famous wine family.

Photography Toscani

WHO DID WHAT?

(1) GTE (2) GRUMMAN (3) RCA (4) GE
(5) ITT (6) HUGHES (7) TRW (8) WESTINGHOUSE

Test your corporate I.Q. Look over the eight achievements pictured here and match each to the corporation responsible for it. Take your time; we'll wait.

Finished? O.K., let's review your answers. Who is building the first high-powered Direct Broadcast Satellite? Hughes? No, RCA.

Who supplied the video cameras, video equipment, and transmission services that sent back the stunning, live pictures from the Space Shuttle? Westinghouse? No, RCA.

Who developed and built AEGIS, the Navy's new seaborne electronic defense system? Again, the answer, RCA. In fact, the correct answer to each of the questions is the same. RCA.

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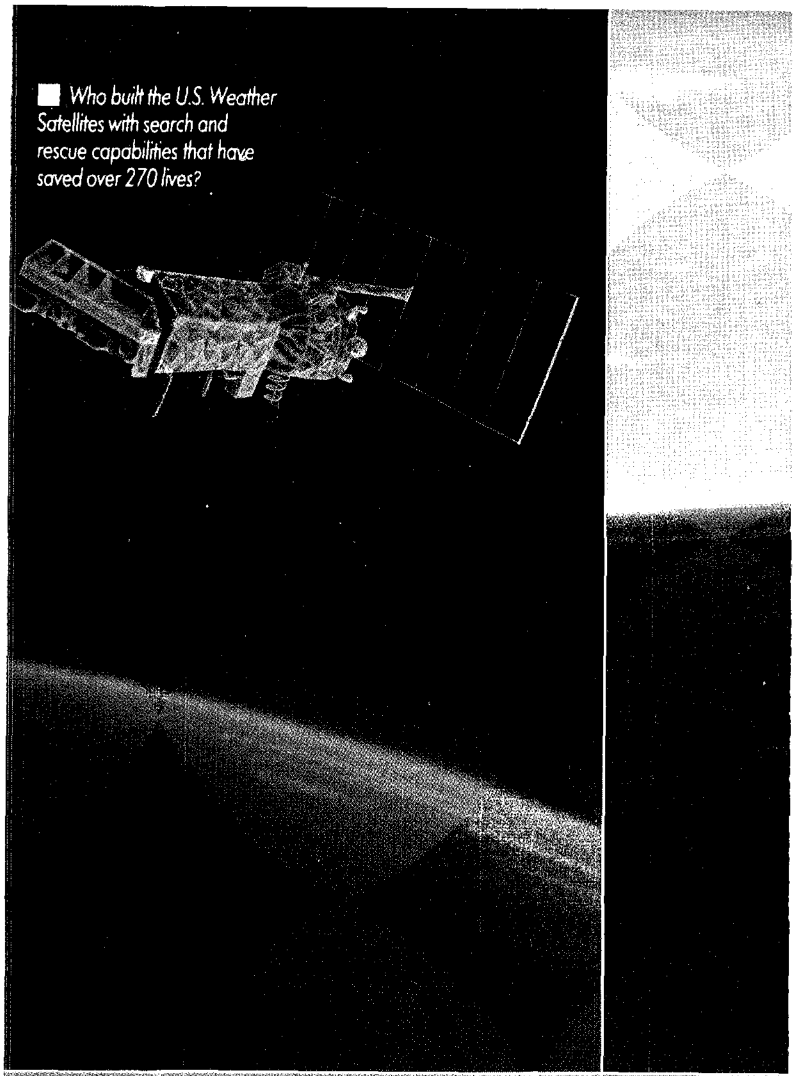
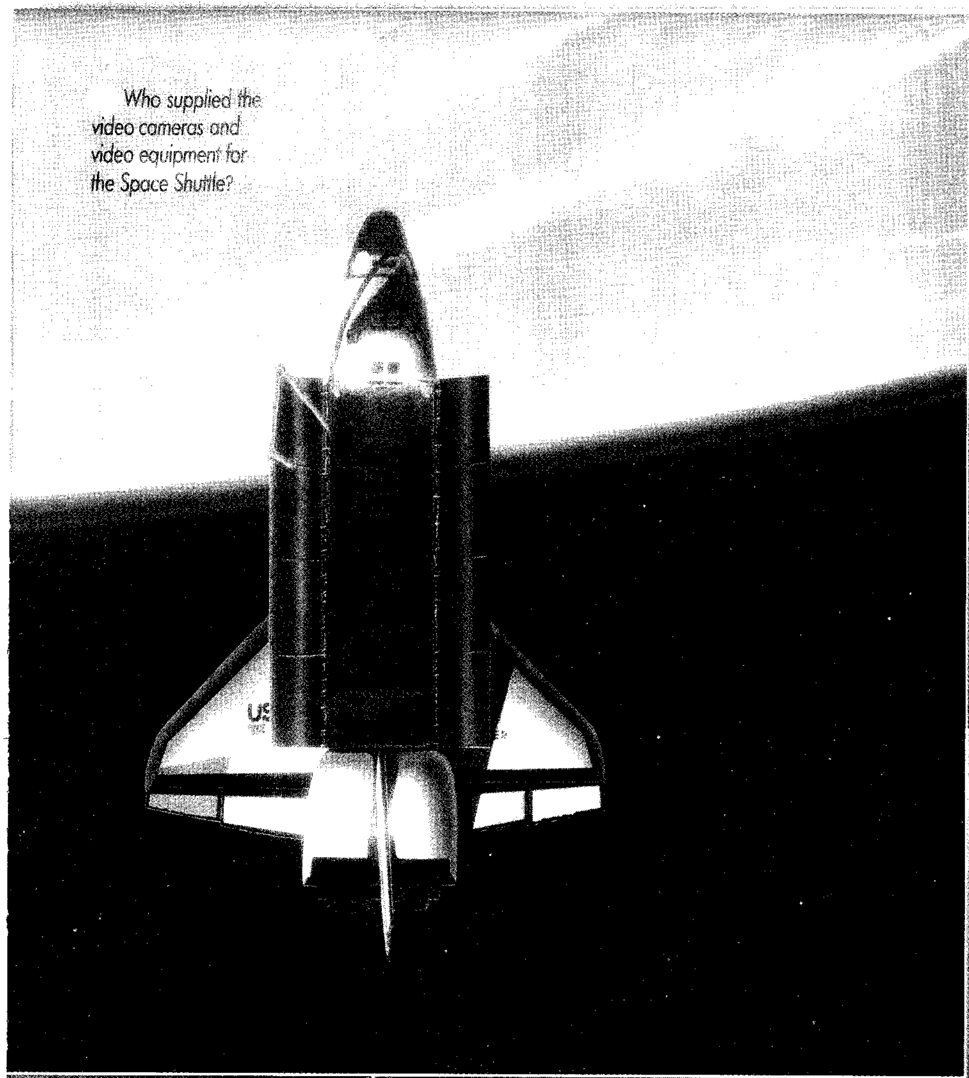


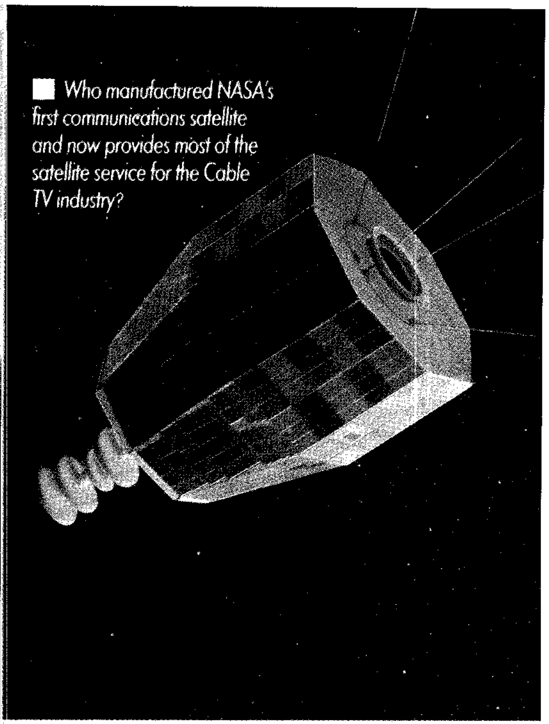
■ Who built the U.S. Weather Satellites with search and rescue capabilities that have saved over 270 lives?

■ Who supplies the automatic test systems to [illegible] performance for the Army's M1 tanks and attack helicopters?

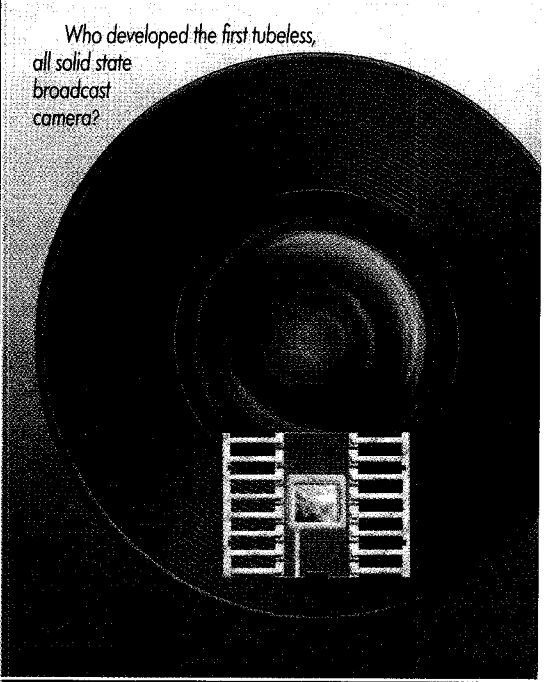
■ Who is developing the first high-powered domestic Direct Broadcast Satellite?



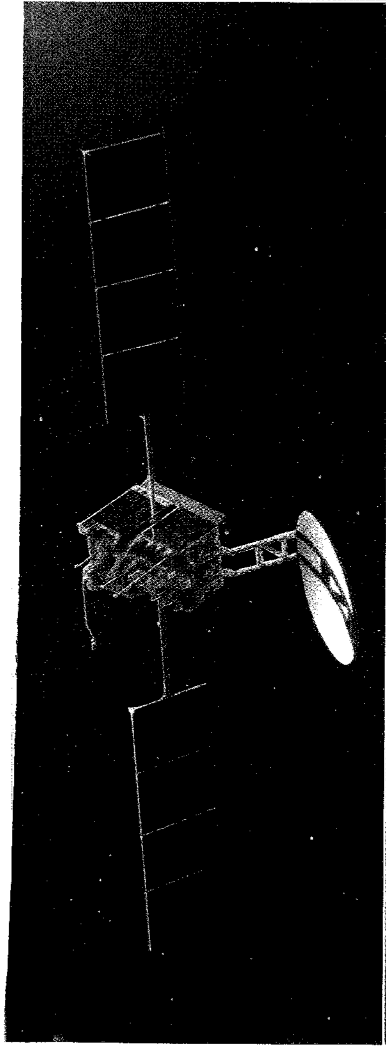
Who supplied the video cameras and video equipment for the Space Shuttle?

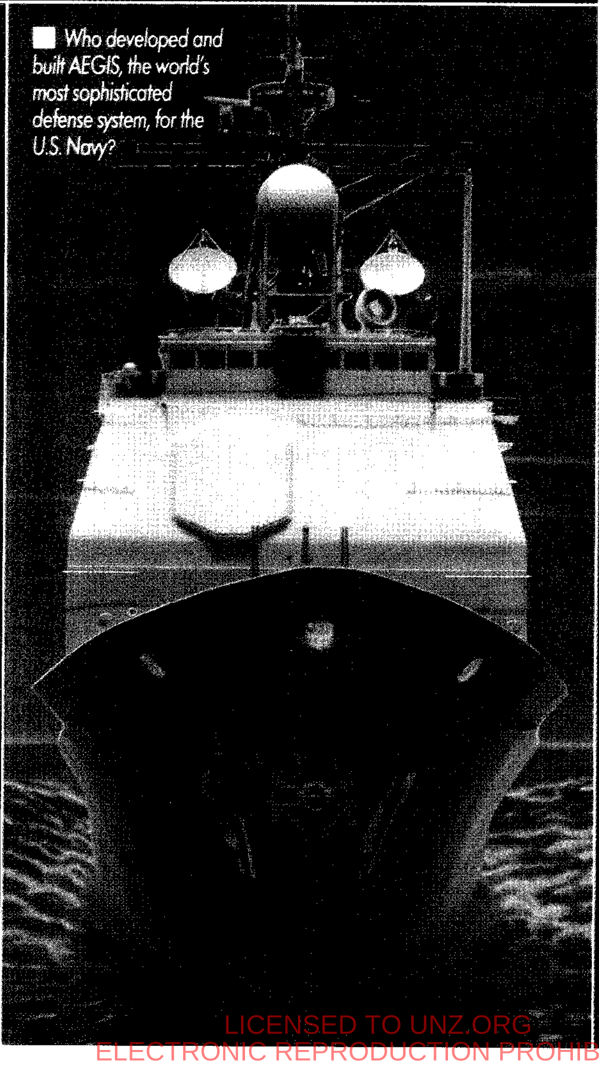


■ Who manufactured NASA's first communications satellite and now provides most of the satellite service for the Cable TV industry?

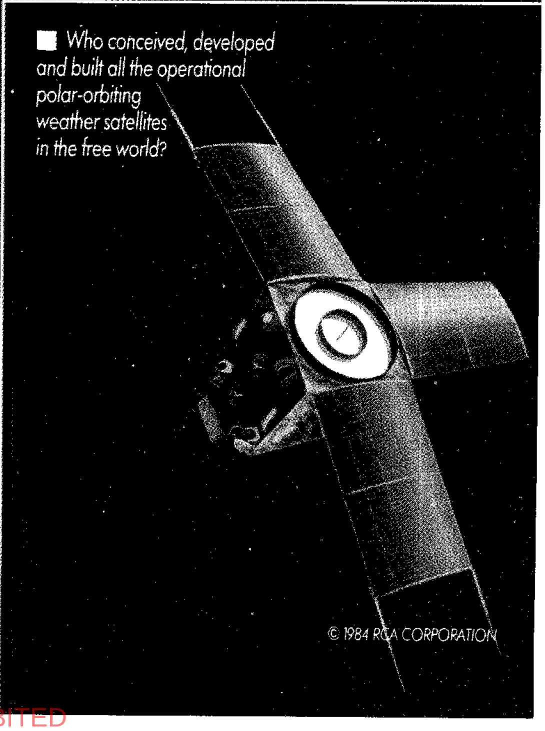


Who developed the first tubeless, all solid state broadcast camera?





■ Who developed and built AEGIS, the world's most sophisticated defense system, for the U.S. Navy?



■ Who conceived, developed and built all the operational polar-orbiting weather satellites in the free world?

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Forward

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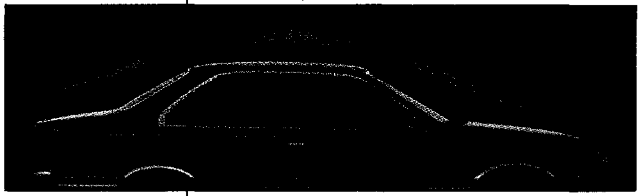

Excellent reflexes.

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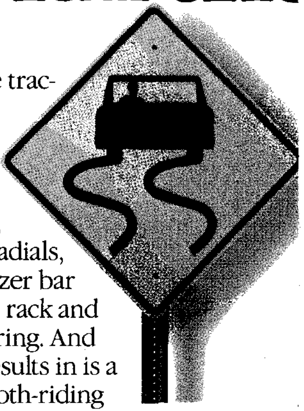

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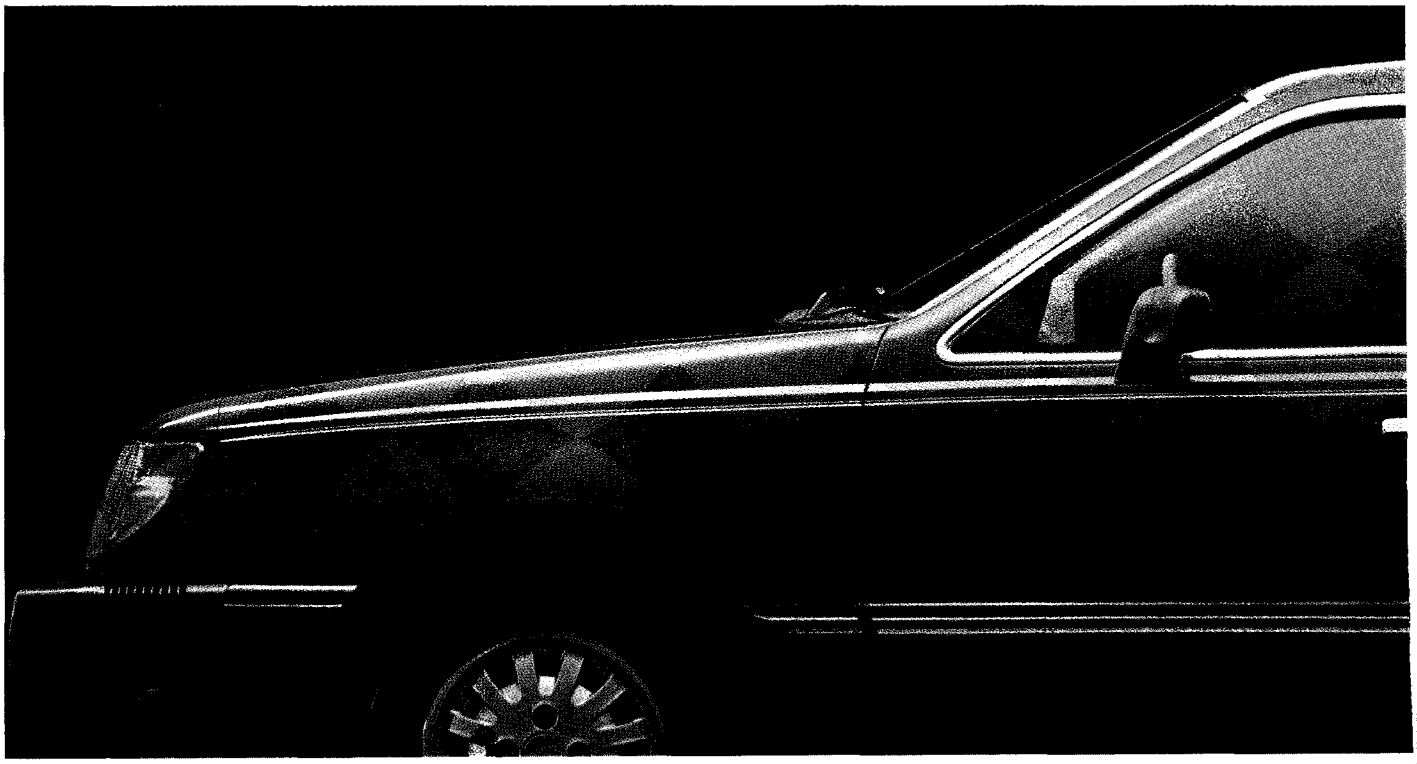

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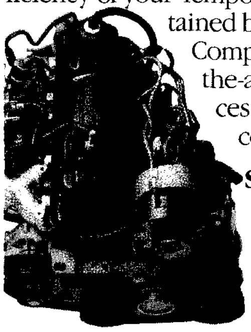
eveloped 2300 HSC (High Swirl Com-ustion) engine. And to keep Tempo's inking current, we've added ectronic Fuel Injection this year. A for-ard thinking 2.0 liter diesel engine is ailable. And the optimum operating ficiency of your Tempo will be maintained by the EEC-IV Computer, a state-of-the-art microprocessor engine control system.



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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE Bahais of Iran—an indigenous, industrious religious group numbering about three hundred thousand—are in extremely serious trouble, both as individuals and as a whole. The cause of their difficulties in Ayatollah Khomeini's Islamic Republic of Iran is essentially their singular religion, which is a nineteenth-century heretical offshoot of Shiite Islam, the traditional majority faith in the country. Proclaiming the oneness of all religions, the oneness of God, and the oneness of mankind, the Bahais' founder, a Persian nobleman known as Baha Allah, preached equality of the sexes, racial harmony, and universal education, among other tenets abominable to the Persian establishment. For such preachings, he was imprisoned, tortured, and then exiled until his death, in 1892. Ever since the religion was founded, the history of the Iranian Bahais has been one of sporadic persecution, and now, under the rule of Ayatollah Khomeini, they are in peril of collectively following an even worse fate than their founder's. What it all adds up to is, pure and simple, the world's foremost contemporary example of the genocide of a noncombatant people.

Consider these offenses against the Bahais:

The lingering prejudice against them in Iran has become institutionalized. As that nation's largest non-Islamic minority, they have been virtually outlawed—deprived of whatever rights and liberties are still available under the Khomeini regime. Merely being a member of the Bahai community is now, in effect, a crime. Bahai property has been confiscated. The young are denied education in state-run schools. The adults are prohibited from performing meaningful labor. And, because Bahai marriages are not recognized, Bahai wives are classified as "prostitutes" and the children are labelled "bastards."

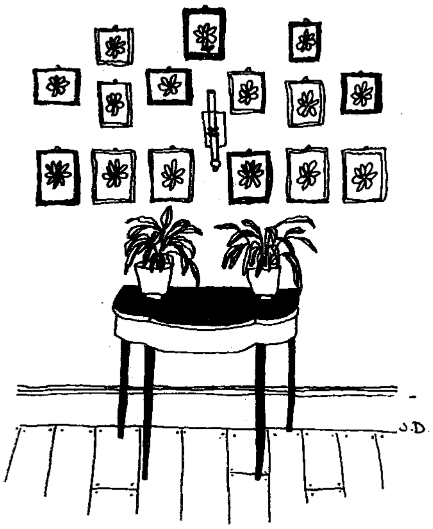
The Bahais are summarily accused of being agents of the enemies of the Islamic Republic of Iran; namely, Americans, Zionists, loyalists of the late Shah, Iraqis, Communists—indeed, anyone who differs with the Ayatollah. The fact that the Bahai World Center is in Haifa, Israel—where it has been ever since Haifa was part of the Ottoman Empire—is proof positive, in the eyes of the ruling mullahs, of a Bahai-Zionist conspiracy.

Bahai shrines and religious sites are often taken over for other purposes or are desecrated and destroyed.

To divert attention from Iran's economic miseries and the unending war with Iraq, the mullahs have incited Shiite mobs to loot, terrorize, beat, and sometimes kill Bahais in well-organized pogroms.

Many Bahais physically and financially able to flee the country have done so, leaving their possessions and their relatives behind.

And, lastly, with a design not seen in four decades, the Iranian government has set about erasing the Bahais and their culture from the land. Recently, wholesale arrests and imprisonment of Bahais have led to torture and to execution, by firing squad and hanging. The torture, under the guise of interrogation to uncover anti-Iranian activities and the names of other Bahais, involves such devices as the bastinado, the rack, the rubber hose, and psychological torment. In the case of female prisoners, the Shiite guards carefully cover the victim's body with a *chador* as they whip her, so that they will not have to view a woman's bare flesh—a sight that is anathema to a good Shiite man. The only aspect of this eradication of a people which remains to be carried out is a more efficient, mechanized method of extermination.



If all this is reminiscent of another people at another time in another country by the hand of another despot, one should not be surprised. The world is notorious for blithely forgetting even the recent past. Just before invading Poland, in 1939, Adolf Hitler is reported to have told his associates that since public opinion soon ignored the genocidal slaughter of the Armenians by the Turks during the First World War the same public would also ignore the obliteration of other peoples by the Germans during the coming war. Today, international bodies and individual governments routinely deplore the Bahais' plight with puny appeals and redundant calls for further inquiries, and news of recent Bahai executions continues to consist of two-inch items on back pages of the world press.

What will be done? Possibly nothing. What can be done? Something can always be done. Genocide—defined as the intentional destruction of any national, ethnic, racial, or religious group, in whole or in part—was declared an international crime by a United Nations convention in

1948. The edict has been ratified by ninety-six countries—including Iran (which was a signatory in 1956)—but not by the United States, the one nation that could perhaps put some teeth in it. The Senate's thirty-six-year refusal to approve the genocide convention, despite even the flagrant reminder of its importance in present-day Iran, has in recent years been the obstructionist work of Jesse Helms, the newly reëlected God-fearing senator from North Carolina. But, Helms or no Helms, the Senate could act. Even a first, small step, like ratifying the convention, would be something.

•

A YOUNG woman we know writes:

Robert Fitzgerald, the poet and translator of the Odyssey, the Iliad, and, very recently, the Aeneid, and the author of several other translations as well (some with his classics master from his Choate days, Dudley Fitts), died last week, at the age of seventy-four. While I was at Radcliffe, Mr. Fitzgerald was Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory at Harvard, and he took time from his herculean labors—he was then beginning his translation of Virgil—to teach an afternoon course during the fall semester in the standard metres of classical and also English poetry. Mr. Fitzgerald, whom we occasionally glimpsed on non-class days wearing his beret and riding his bicycle down Oxford Street, did not address us by our given names in the classroom, and he believed in teaching by example. For a lesson on trochaic tetrameter catalectic, we found four English models on a mimeographed sheet:

Home we bring the bald whoremonger: Romans, lock your wives away . . .

Lonely in the Regent Palace, sipping a banana blush . . .

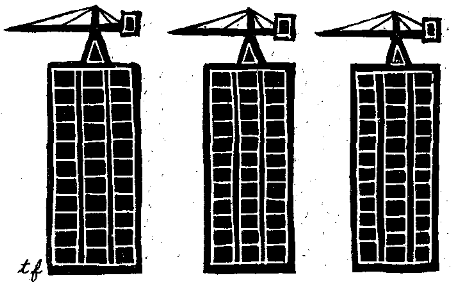
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty! Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sarah talks to make you kiss her;
Phillip talks to pass the time;
Richard talks to show his words off;
Meg speaks only pantomime,
Honestly, I came expecting something different, something DEEP.
Everyone is JUST so BORING! Oh, they send me half to sleep . . .

Culled from a Latin legionary song translated by Robert Graves; from Sir John Betjeman; from Shakespeare; and from a former student, respectively. He read all of them aloud. And each week our past week's attempts at formal verse came back with his discreet mark in the corner: NB, NTB, NTG, or NG (Not Bad, Not Too Bad, Not Too Good, or Not Good). There was also a rare NAAB—Not At All Bad—and anyone whose paper was so graced was jealously fêted.

Mr. Fitzgerald retired from the Harvard faculty in 1981, becoming Boylston Professor Emeritus, and two years later a party was held here in New York, at the Italian Cultural Institute—one of the grand old buildings on Park Avenue—to honor the publication of his Aeneid. This was a good many months before he became seriously ill, and I remember how hale he looked, and how a sigh of anticipatory pleasure ran through the audience when, carrying his Harvard book bag, he walked jauntily up to the table where he was to read. That evening, before opening his bound galleys, Mr. Fitzgerald mused out loud for a few moments. “You know,” he said, “after a while we get to thinking about what these tales mean to the young people, these old stories, and sometimes it's hard to know. But last spring my wife was walking through an academic setting, and two young women came up before her on the path, wheeling bicycles. And before they turned off she heard one young woman say to the other, ‘You know what I said to him? I said, “You know that scene where Hector gets dragged by his ankles through the blood and the dust? Well,” I said, “I hope that happens to *you*.” ’ ”

Midway through the autumn of that versification class, to fulfill an assignment, I handed in ninety-odd lines of blank verse—nearly ten times the amount requested. The following week, after class, Mr. Fitzgerald asked me if I might stay a moment, and when the other students had trickled out he brought out my poem. Every one of the ninety lines was metrically wrong, except for one or two places where, by what must have been an accident of English grammar, I had slipped into iambic pentameter. Mr. Fitzgerald motioned that I should perhaps sit down. I did, and we sat into the twilight while he discussed every syllable in every line. “I think that if we do this you will get it,” he said. “Think oom *pah*, oom *pah*, oom *pah*. It's like breathing.”



In “Spring Shade,” a collection of Mr. Fitzgerald's own poems, from 1931 to 1970, the last lines of the book's first poem read:

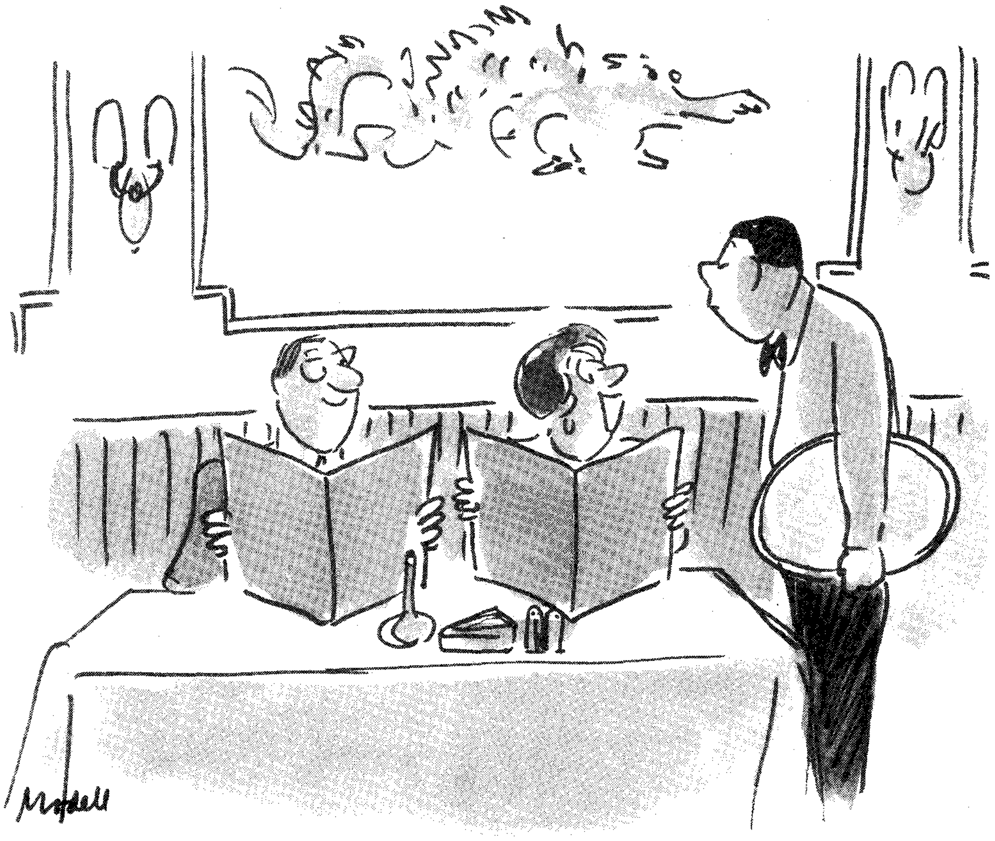
The dead
Sleep light this wind being overhead.

• •

Birds of Paradise

NOT long ago, we received an invitation from Wildlife Conservation International, a division of the New York Zoological Society, that bore a large drawing of a very feathery bird, with the legend “Led through the dense tropical rain forest by a local Gimi guide, the researcher crouches inside a blind to observe the mating display of a bird of paradise. As they watch this splendid creature, the Gimi envisions the spirit of his ancestor; the scientist one of the last of a spectacular species.” The particulars followed: there was soon to be an evening meeting in the Salon Vendome of the Hotel Parker Meridien on the subject of New Guinea's birds of paradise. “The Eastern Highlands of Papua New Guinea is the homeland of 18 species of birds of paradise,” the invitation noted.

Wildlife Conservation International, we learned when we joined a large throng in the Salon Vendome, has installed a research site in Papua New Guinea at Ubaigubi, which is accessible in the wet season only by helicopter, and here David and Gillian Gillison are studying the birds of paradise and their habitats, and working with the local people to encourage them to protect the birds. These locals belong to the Gimi, a language group of ten thousand people living in the Eastern Highlands. With Western assistance, they have built a small tourist lodge for the convenience of visitors who do not mind coming in and going out by helicopter, and the proceeds of such tourism go to the Gimi as an incentive to them to curtail their killing of the birds for the money their skins can bring. Stimulated by this example, the government of Papua New Guinea recently designated an area of more than a thousand square kilometres on Crater Mountain as a national wildlife refuge.



"*What does Mayor Koch have when he comes here?*"

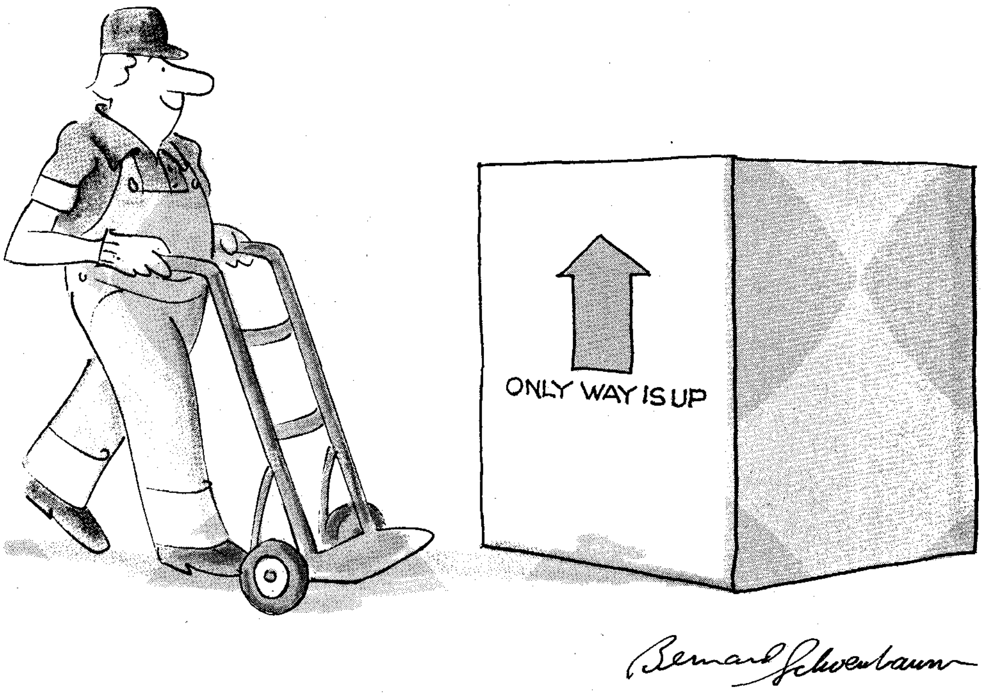
• •

The three speakers of the evening, Dr. Donald Bruning and the Gillisons, were introduced by Dr. William Conway, the general director of the New York Zoological Society. He started with a quotation from the Prime Minister of Papua New Guinea, the Right Honorable Michael T. Somare, who has written a foreword to the 1979 book "The Birds of Paradise and Bower Birds," by Joseph M. Forshaw and William T. Cooper. Somare said that from the dawn of history New Guinea has been famous for the beauty of its birds of paradise, and that more than four hundred years ago Spanish and Portuguese explorers took home tales of the birds' magnificence. "But man is seldom content to witness beauty, he must possess it," Somare wrote. Shortly after those tales were heard, the first skins of the birds were traded in Europe. The birds, however, had long been part of the everyday village life of nearly all Papua New Guinea. People imitated the movements of the birds in their dances. "We shared the environment which was our home, and involved these birds in our spiritual life," Somare wrote.

Dr. Conway went on to speak of Wildlife Conservation International. He listed some of the institute's interests, and continued, "Each of these projects is a joint program with colleagues and officials in the nations concerned—none more so than the birds-of-paradise project in Papua, which you will hear about tonight. Although our speakers are Zoological Society scientists, they are only a part of the team, which includes officials of the government of Papua and advisers from the village of Ubaigubi, where so much of the work is taking place. In this connection, I am especially pleased to be able to welcome here this evening the honorable Renagi Lohia, Ambassador to the United Nations from Papua New Guinea. He is sitting right over here." He paused, and the audience, applauding, craned necks to look at the honorable Ambassador, bushy-haired and smiling, sitting in the middle of the house with his wife.

The birds-of-paradise project, said Dr. Conway, "is uniquely multidisciplinarian: an extraordinary blending of talent and expertise—ornithological, cultural, artistic, anthropological, and ecological." He went on to say something about the evening's speakers. Donald Bruning is the curator of ornithology at the Bronx Zoo. Dr. Gillian Gillison is an anthropologist and has devoted herself to the study of myth and ritual, psychoanalysis, kinship, and art and culture, and to the ecology of the Eastern Highlands. David Gillison is a wildlife photographer and an artist who became fascinated by the life of other peoples at the age of sixteen, when he lived with a group of desert nomads in Central Australia. Besides working for Wildlife Conservation with his wife, he teaches art and photography at Lehman College. Dr. Conway said we would recognize the Gillisons' name from their work in the *National Geographic*. "And now," he concluded, "Dr. Donald Bruning."

Dr. Bruning told the audience that New Guinea, the second-largest island in the world (after Greenland), is situated just south of the equator and just north of Australia. Most people picture it as a tropical island of dense jungle, but it is not all the same. There are dramatic contrasts: a wet, humid northern coast, a semi-dry southern coast, river valleys, high mountains, rolling hills, huge waterfalls. New Guinea was divided into two at the end of the Second World War. Indonesia administers the northwestern half, Irian Jaya, and Australia administered the southeastern half, Papua, until it attained independence, in 1975. The island has a great range of populations, habitats, and wildlife. Over twelve thousand species of flowering plants have been described, and there are probably several thousand yet to be discovered. There are also thousands of moths and butterflies, with new species being continually described in scientific journals as exploration goes forward. "There are over seven hundred species of birds," said Dr. Bruning, "but, because of isolation, there are only a hundred and fifty species of mammals." Unfortunately, he added, time is running out for much of the forest. Lumbering, mining, and agriculture are rapidly carving away parts of the large tract of forest remaining. (Slides illustrated this sad fact.) These practices lead to the destruction of local wildlife habitats and create a significant erosion problem. "As the forests and streams go, so does the wildlife, including the unique group the birds of paradise," said Dr. Bruning. It was a quest for these birds that first drew Dr. Bruning to New Guinea. In 1929,



The New Optimism

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Lee Crandall, curator of birds, had brought back to the Zoological Society the first birds of paradise—forty birds of nine species. (There are forty-two species in all, thirty-six of them unique to New Guinea and nearby islands.) For many years thereafter, the Zoo had the largest collection in captivity. The last bird died in 1969, after twenty-seven years in the Zoo, and a new collection was contemplated, but the situation had changed greatly in forty years, emphasis having shifted from mere collecting to the propagation and conservation of rare species. In the nineteen-seventies, Wildlife Conservation International funded a study of the plume trade to determine the effect of traditional hunting of birds of paradise. This helped lead to the passage of laws in 1975 by the independent Papua New Guinea government which affirmed earlier laws forbidding the export of plumes without special permits.

In the late nineteen-seventies, the society once more explored the possibility of assembling a new group of the birds. It was agreed from the start that pairs of the most common species should be acquired, to establish long-term breedings. If these were successful, the society hoped to assist the Papuan government in setting up programs for endangered species. In 1979, David Gillison came to the Zoo to tell Bruning of the work he and his wife were doing in Papua. Since Bruning was about to leave for Australia, Gillison suggested that he go to Papua and visit Ubaigubi. He went, and stayed there four days, watching birds from blinds that Gillison had had the villagers build. Later, Bruning visited officials at the Baiyer River Sanctuary, which is part of Papua New Guinea's park system, and interested them in preserving the birds of paradise. Two years later, the Gillisons came to New York happy and excited, because the local people had agreed to give control of some of their land to the provincial government to create a protected area for the birds. Then the idea for a tourist lodge was born, and the Zoo made plans to collect some birds for the Baiyer River Sanctuary. Meanwhile, other birds were collected, cleared by the government, and brought to New York—the first of their kind to be seen here in ten years. American zoos made arrangements to visit some of the regions of Papua New Guinea that were doomed to destruction, to salvage what they could of the wildlife. Partly as a result of these visits, New York's Zoological Society now has over twenty birds of paradise, with twelve on exhibit.

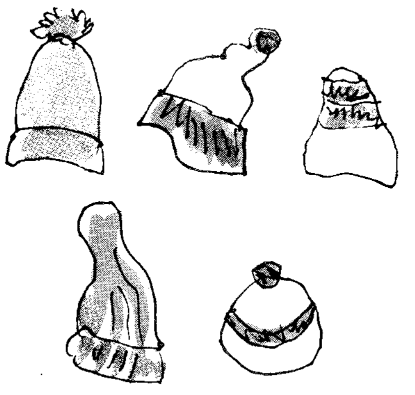
Dr. Gillian Gillison, who spoke next, had told us earlier that her introduction to Wildlife Conservation International came about gradually. She and her husband, with their little daughter, Samantha, first went to Ubaigubi in 1973 and stayed two years. They returned, on behalf of the National Geographic Society, in 1979. "Although we made contact with Wildlife Conservation as far back as '79," she said, "our association didn't become official until '83." She now showed slides of bamboo flutes that are much prized by the New Guinea villagers. "They play haunting music like the sound of birds singing and calling, and they are peculiarly important to Papuans," she said. When New Guinea boys are ten years old, we learned, they are separated from their mothers, taken to the Men's House, and taught the mystery of the flutes. They are told that "to become real men they must be like the birds of the forest, gorgeously decorated and bound together in a loyal fraternity, competing for dominance, so that the most beautiful and expressive among them will come to the fore as they are needed, and, in the darkness of the Men's House, the men perform short plays and skits" portraying birds. The boys, upon seeing the flutes for the first time in their lives, are told that the flutes were invented long ago by a woman. Men stole the flutes from her, but she died without telling other women what the men had done. The flutes give immense power to organize and control society, to make gardens grow in abundance, and to make boys grow into strong men, and so men must keep this secret from women. "As a woman, I, too, was, of course, excluded from men's rituals," Dr. Gillison said. "Men often speak of the rain forest as a sacred realm—as their refuge from women and from their ordinary life within the settlement. When they play flutes in the forest, their spirits soar with the birds, escaping women on the ground below." Dr. Gillison went on to say, "I was able to work only as a collaborator with David Gillison. He came to New Guinea as an artist and photographer to conduct a separate study of male ritual and body decoration, looking for parallels between his work as a Western artist and images in New Guinea art. To David, the men said repeatedly, 'If you want to understand us and to know our rituals, you've got to understand the birds.' They took him with them into the rain forest to show him the birds of paradise in courtship display." They told him, she said, that they modelled their rites of initiation upon the behavior of a certain bird when it emerges from its nest.

When the Gillisons first went to Ubaigubi, they found the villagers occupying about twenty compounds scattered along a mountain shelf. Many people still follow a segregated pattern of living. Men and initiated boys sleep in the Men's House, and mothers, wives, and daughters in smaller houses around the edges of the compound. Gardens surround the houses. A man may visit his wife but even today he generally returns to the Men's House to sleep. When Dr. Gillison asked women what happened to their sons after they left home to enter the Men's House, she was told that they had no idea. The Papuans believe that the spirits of the dead enter birds of paradise and sometimes rebuke poachers, saying, "You are shooting at your brothers."

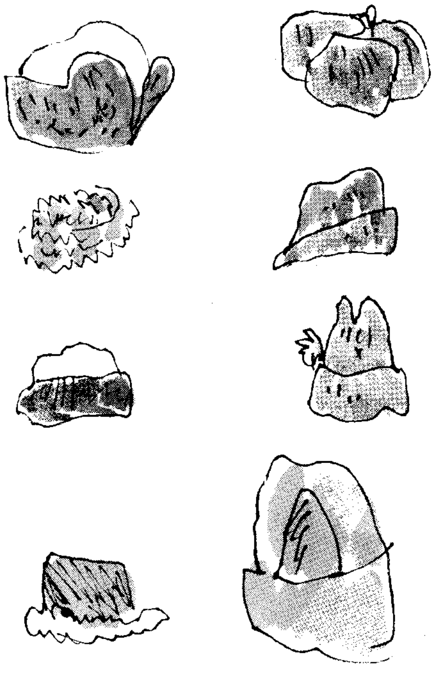
David Gillison, however, said in his turn that the spirit of reverence toward birds did not always hold sway among Papuans: in many of them the temptation to sell the valuable skins was strong. During his work, the conversation always turned to the birds of paradise. The men insisted that he go into the forest and sit for hours in blinds. Thus he was able to see the whole complex ritualistic display of the birds' courtship behavior, which he illustrated for the audience with a succession of remarkable slides.

Hat

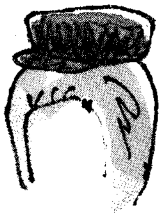
WITH the temperature last week at minus-two degrees, and frequent warnings on television and in the press that alarming amounts of body heat were likely to escape through the top of one's head unless it was covered, the moment seemed to have arrived at last for us to buy a hat. But what sort? A variety of men's headgear went rapidly past the lobby window of a large office building on Sixth Avenue where we took shelter to observe pedestrians and review our options. Knitted wools (*Illus. A*) appeared to be "in" this year, and so did furs (*Illus. B*)—in heaped-up pelts, as solids, or enhancing other materials. Hoods were prevalent, in both the hats-over (*Illus. C*) and hats-under (*Illus. D*) styles. The Wrong-way Corrigan (*Illus. E*)—a snap-under-the-chin aviator model in black leather—had plenty of nostalgic appeal, and a red-and-white striped turban (*Illus. F*) looked natty but probably not easy to assemble. There were berets—the Spacecraft (*Illus. G*) and Collapsed Pumpkin (*Illus. H*). The Invisible Man (*Illus. I*)—a hat-and-scarf combination—was striking, if not menacing. Earmuffs, often in conjunction with various kinds of hats, were worn vertically or horizontally (*Illus. J*). One indomitable man (*Illus. K*) marched by with a fierce glare, his white hair flying. He had no hat. He may have lost his hat, he may have been brooding about the difficulties of selecting a hat, or perhaps he was damned if he'd buy a hat. But we bought one, and it looks like this (*Illus. L*).



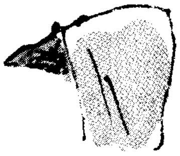
Illus. A



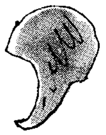
Illus. B



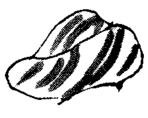
Illus. C



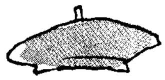
Illus. D



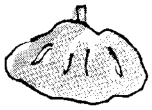
Illus. E



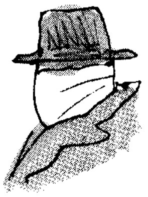
Illus. F



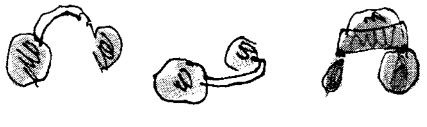
Illus. G



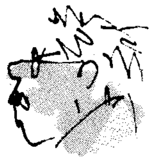
Illus. H



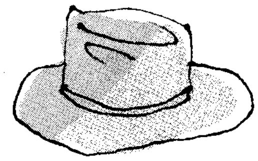
Illus. I



Illus. J



Illus. K



Illus. L

THE MISTAKE

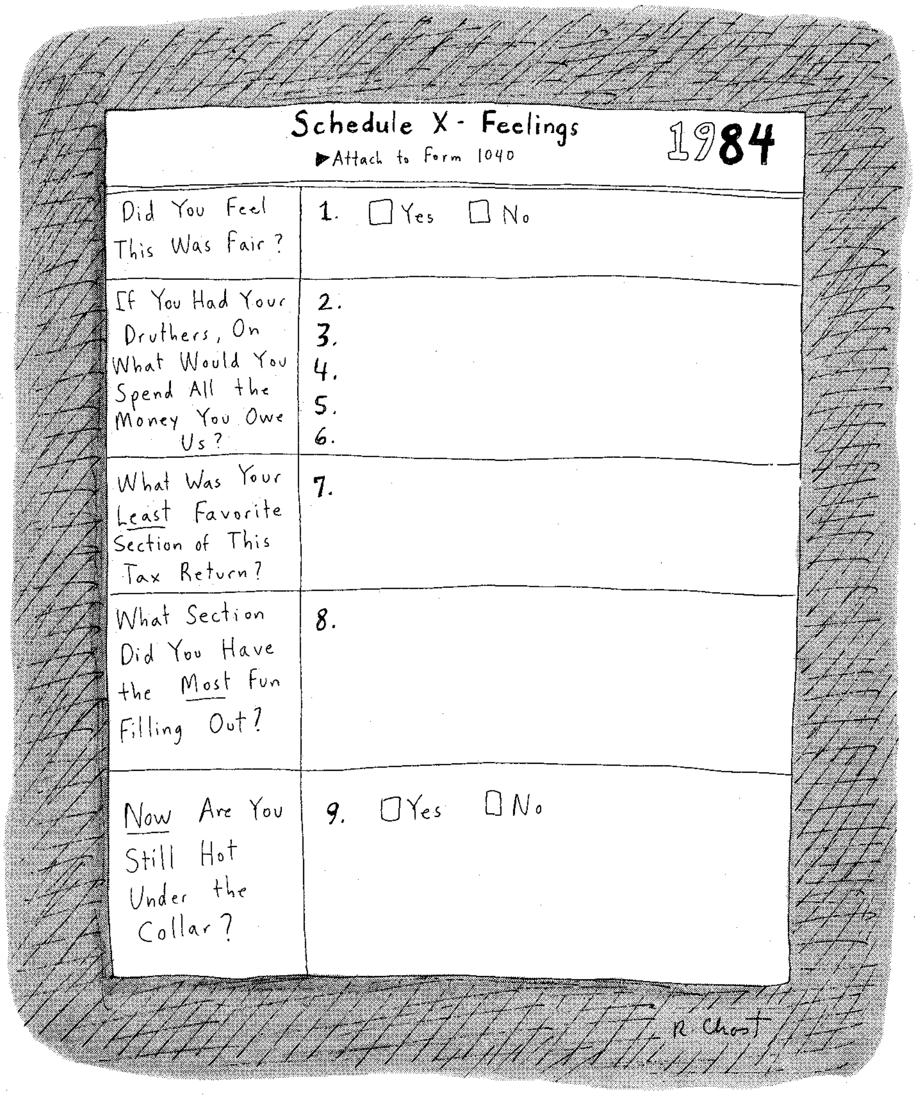
IT was a hot, summery Sabbath afternoon, and Aunt Yentl sat on the porch with her cronies, gossiping and telling stories. She wore her arabesque dress and her bonnet with the colored ribbons and beads. She was saying, "It's easy to say 'I made a mistake.' But a mistake is not always a trifle. God protect us, one little mistake can ruin a life, especially of those who are proud and conceited. In our town, there was a Jew, Reb Shachne—a rich man, a learned man. He used to travel to Belz, not to the present rabbi but to his father, to ask for a blessing and offer a contribution. The rabbi himself would draw up a chair for him. Reb Shachne had a hardware store—locks, keys, nails, hammers, pliers, and other such things needed in a household or workshop. You could get goods from him that were hard to find even in the big cities. If he didn't have something in stock, he ordered it from Lublin and even from Warsaw. I was told that a tenant farmer had bought a strongbox from him with locks on it that even the most accomplished thief couldn't have picked open. Reb Shachne had in his store copper and also brass objects: mortars and pestles, chandeliers, all kinds of pots and pans. Landowners came to buy from him, and he never charged more than a fair price. Neither did he allow bargaining. I can see him now—not a tall man, of stocky build, with a red beard that fanned out from his chin. It was said about him that he was more learned than the rabbi. His wife, Lifshe, was distantly related to us.

"Lifshe bore Reb Shachne four sons and three daughters, but only two survived and the couple were left with one son and one daughter—Tevel and Gneshe, two cherished children. Tevel was known as a decent boy, willing to study and devoted to his parents. At sixteen he became a son-in-law of a rich man in Kielce, far from our region. He rarely came home for a visit. At that time there were few trains, and a journey by wagon took days. When Tevel got married, Gneshe was thirteen years old. Already she was known as a beauty: tall, with two blond braids. Girls were seldom sent to cheder, but we had one teacher who took girls into his school. His wife was a learned woman who taught the girls to pray and to write a line of Yiddish greetings. Gneshe helped her parents out in the store and spoke Polish and Russian. The Gentiles who shopped at the store would praise her beauty and refinement. There was talk that a Polish count had fallen in love with her, and had sent her a note saying that he wanted to marry her if she would convert. I wasn't there, but that's what I was told.

"Gneshe was still quite young when proposals for a match began to pour in. At Tevel's wedding, in Kielce, a wealthy woman spotted her and spoke to Lifshe openly—she wanted Gneshe for a daughter-in-law. Lifshe told her to send a matchmaker, and the woman said, 'I'll take your daughter as is. I won't bargain for a dowry.' Possibly her son had noticed the girl and had become infatuated with her. People fell in love in those days, too. Nothing came of that, but afterward our local matchmakers were always at Reb Shachne and Lifshe's door. Young as she was, Gneshe quickly showed herself to be choosy. Whoever was proposed to her she found fault with. One wasn't smart enough, another was too short, a third shuffled his feet when he walked. Lifshe would come to my mother and complain. 'I pray to the one above,' Lifshe said, 'for her to come to her senses and stop looking for perfection. Even the sun has spots.' My mother comforted her: 'Don't worry, your Gneshe won't remain an old maid.' The girl was then all of fifteen years old, but she was well formed and had a knowing look in her eyes. She liked to joke and often made fun of people. Someone said that if she lived in Warsaw she could have become a stage actress.

"When Gneshe turned sixteen and was not yet engaged, Reb Shachne also began to worry. He called his daugh-

One Solution

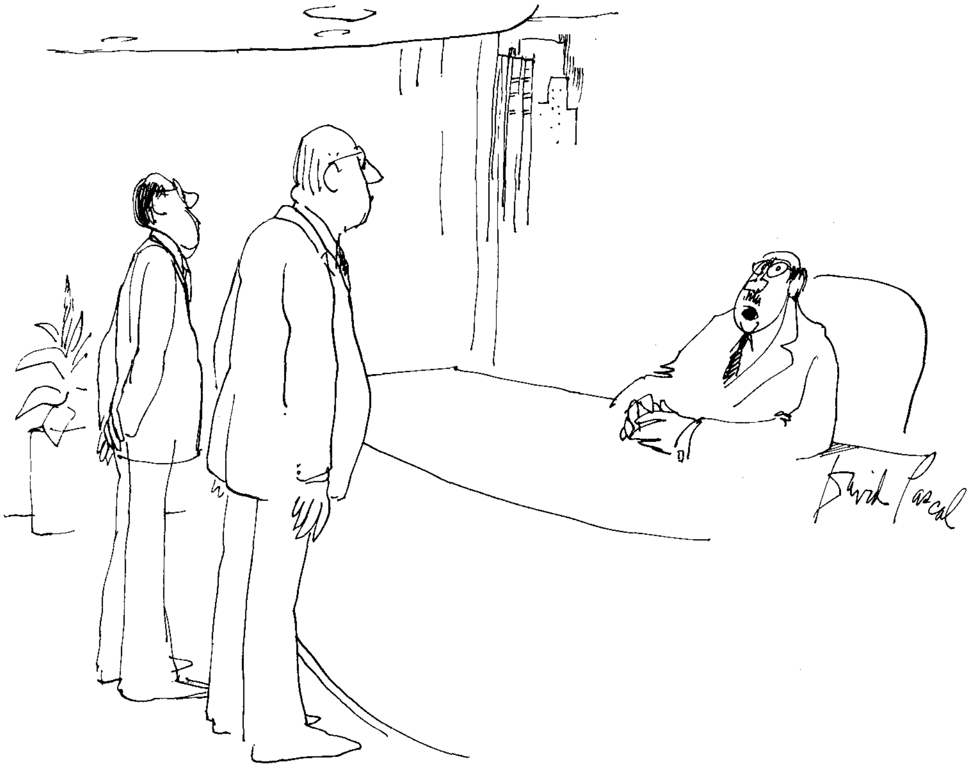


Schedule X - Feelings

▶Attach to Form 1040

1984

Did You Feel This Was Fair?	1. ☐ Yes ☐ No
If You Had Your Druthers, On What Would You Spend All the Money You Owe Us?	2. 3. 4. 5. 6.
What Was Your Least Favorite Section of This Tax Return?	7.
What Section Did You Have the Most Fun Filling Out?	8.
Now Are You Still Hot Under the Collar?	9. ☐ Yes ☐ No



"The big committee hasn't been able to do anything with this problem, the middle-sized committee hasn't been able to do anything with it, and the small committee hasn't been able to do anything with it, either. Following protocol, I suggest that we now forward it to the teentsy-weentsy committee."

ter into his study and had a talk with her. 'One shouldn't think too highly of oneself,' he said. 'We are all no more than flesh and blood.' Gneshe supposedly answered, 'It depends on *what* flesh and what blood. I can bear anything, but to live out my years with a fool—that I cannot abide.' Every time a match for her was proposed, Gneshe would demand to see the young man and to be allowed to speak with him. In those days this was considered scandalous. A bride was not supposed to see her intended until the wedding, when the groom lifted her veil. However, an only daughter gets her way. She could have asked for the moon.

"Now, here's a story for you. One day Gneshe had an encounter with a young man from Lublin. He was from a wealthy household and, as it turned out, quite enlightened, wearing a short caftan with a slit, a small cap, a starched collar, a necktie, polished boots. The matchmaker had brought him from Lublin just to meet Gneshe. As he passed through Zamosc Street, all the girls ran to the windows to have a look. They all agreed: handsome as a prince. When Gneshe had an interview with one of her prospects, she would usually leave the door open a crack to prevent anyone from peeking through the keyhole or listening from behind the door. For an hour the two were left alone, and the whole time the sound of Gneshe's laughter was heard. He was, it seems, a joker. So much laughter was seldom heard in a Jewish household, and Reb Shachne didn't approve. He said to Lifshe, 'What's all the merriment? The Holy Temple still is in ruins and the Jews are in exile. But what do the young care about what happened in the Holy Land?' After an hour Gneshe came out to her mother in the kitchen, all radiant, and cried out, 'Mother, this one is smart, bright as the day.' Those were her words.

"I'll make it short. Right then and there the match was decided upon and a telegram was dispatched to Lublin to the groom's parents asking them to come for the signing of the engagement contract. They were well-to-do and refused to stay at Reb Shachne's but asked to be put up at a hotel. We had only one hotel in town, and it was mostly used by Gentiles, but there the groom's parents settled themselves. Reb Shachne and Lifshe threw an engagement party for their daughter almost as elaborate as a ball. A large number of guests were invited. Wine, mead, and liquor were copiously served. The groom was given a good-sized dowry and a gold watch to boot. The groom's mother was all decked out in a hat with ostrich feathers and a hoopskirt. The groom's father owned, I think, a brewery. The groom's mother presented Gneshe with a string of pearls as an engagement gift. Many young men came to the party. The groom—his name was Mully, probably derived from Shmuel—passed out cigarettes to everyone. He himself smoked a cigarette in an amber holder. He signed the engagement contract in a flowery script. It was customary at an engagement party for the groom to debate some passage from the Talmud, but Mully rattled off jokes. Again and again, the girls and women burst into laughter. Later, Lifshe told us that after the engagement Reb Shachne said to Gneshe, 'Daughter, whatever else he is, a brooder your groom is not. But remember, my child, that the world is not a joke.' And Gneshe answered, 'What is it, then?'

"Both sides were eager to have the wedding soon. Gneshe had turned seventeen, which in those days made her almost an old maid. Mully was already twenty-one. He had just been exempted from military service and it had cost plenty to keep him out."

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AUNT YENTL paused and then went on, "Since both sides agreed and there was no haggling about the dowry and the presents, there was no reason for postponing the wedding for too long a time. Yes, the wedding. Such a wedding I never saw before or after. Lifshe invited everybody. A long table for the poor was set up in Reb Shachne's yard. Everyone from the poorhouse came, and those who couldn't walk were carried in. The wedding took place on the thirty-third day in the Omer—the only day between Passover and Shavuoth on which weddings are permitted. It was a warm, sunny day. Later, there was talk that Reb Shachne had spent a fortune on the wedding and almost went bankrupt. It didn't come to that. Two bands were hired to play at the wedding. For weeks before, the tailors and seamstresses and shoemakers were up all night. The girls gathered in the evenings to dance and break in their new shoes. The hairdressers combed out who knows how many wigs. Gneshe’s wedding gown had a train four lengths long. People began to grumble that such goings on provoked the Gentiles. That’s how Jews are. When times are bad they lament. When times improve, if only for a minute, they get out all their finery—and those who despise us grit their teeth. But we don’t always listen to reason. Lifshe’s maids weren’t enough for the occasion, and she had cooks and waiters brought in from Lublin. Gneshe’s mother gave her all the family chains and brooches and rings she had inherited and acquired.

“Anyone who didn’t see Gneshe in her white silk gown as the veil was lowered over her face doesn’t know what grandeur is. But somehow there was no joy in her eyes. The girls asked her why her face didn’t glow with happiness, and Gneshe answered, ‘A face is not a firefly.’ That was Gneshe for you—shrewd as a fox and sharp as a razor. The wedding went on all night: the dancing and the hopping, the polkas, the mazurkas, the angry dance and the scissor dance. Two jesters outdid themselves with their mocking praises, wordplay, and witticisms, and the groom himself also threw in a joke or two. For a groom to make jokes at his wedding was unheard of, but still there was handclapping. I danced at that wedding till dawn. I was there when the bride and groom partook of the golden broth. When it was time for the seclusion of the newlyweds and just before the two mothers took the bride away, Mully must have cracked a joke, because there was a burst of laughter among those who stood nearby.

“I was quite young then, but still I thought, Enough is enough. What does the Holy Book say? ‘A time to weep, and a time to laugh.’ Children, I wasn’t present, but my mother—may she intercede for us—told me that the day after the wedding or maybe the next day Gneshe came into Lifshe’s chamber, pale as death, and said, ‘Mother, I made a mistake.’

“Lifshe began to tremble. ‘Daughter, what are you saying? Why?’

“And Gneshe answered, ‘He is a fool.’

“Lifshe said, ‘Of all things, a fool? All this time you’ve been telling us how brilliant he is.’

“And Gneshe cried out, ‘My life is ruined.’

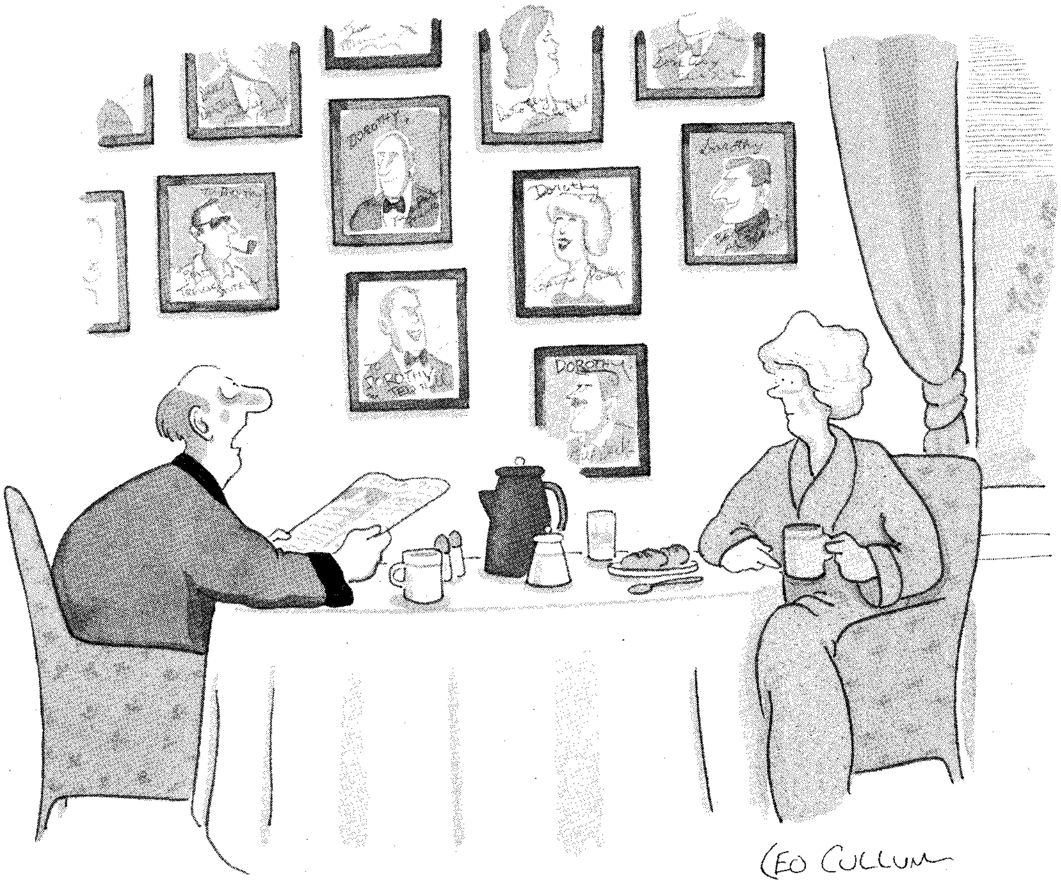
“IT didn’t take long for the whole town to realize it. All through the seven days of celebration, Mully did nothing but clown around. He turned out to be insolent, too. He was disrespectful to Reb Shachne, to Lifshe, to the rabbi. He made fun of everyone, mimicked people. When he was served meat, he said that it was half raw or overcooked. He wanted to teach the cooks their trade. Gneshe sat there white as chalk, her eyes blazing with fury. She couldn’t restrain herself any longer and spoke out: ‘Mully, you are overdoing it.’ Later, she told her mother, ‘He has a silly smile. Where were my eyes? I must have been blind.’

“The cat was out of the bag and now everyone saw the truth. Reb Shachne was dumbfounded. He called in Gneshe and said, ‘Daughter, from when I first saw him I didn’t like that husband of yours, but since you were so entranced I kept quiet. What do we of the old generation know about today’s world? Let me remind you, daughter, that there is such a thing as divorce among Jews. To err is human.’

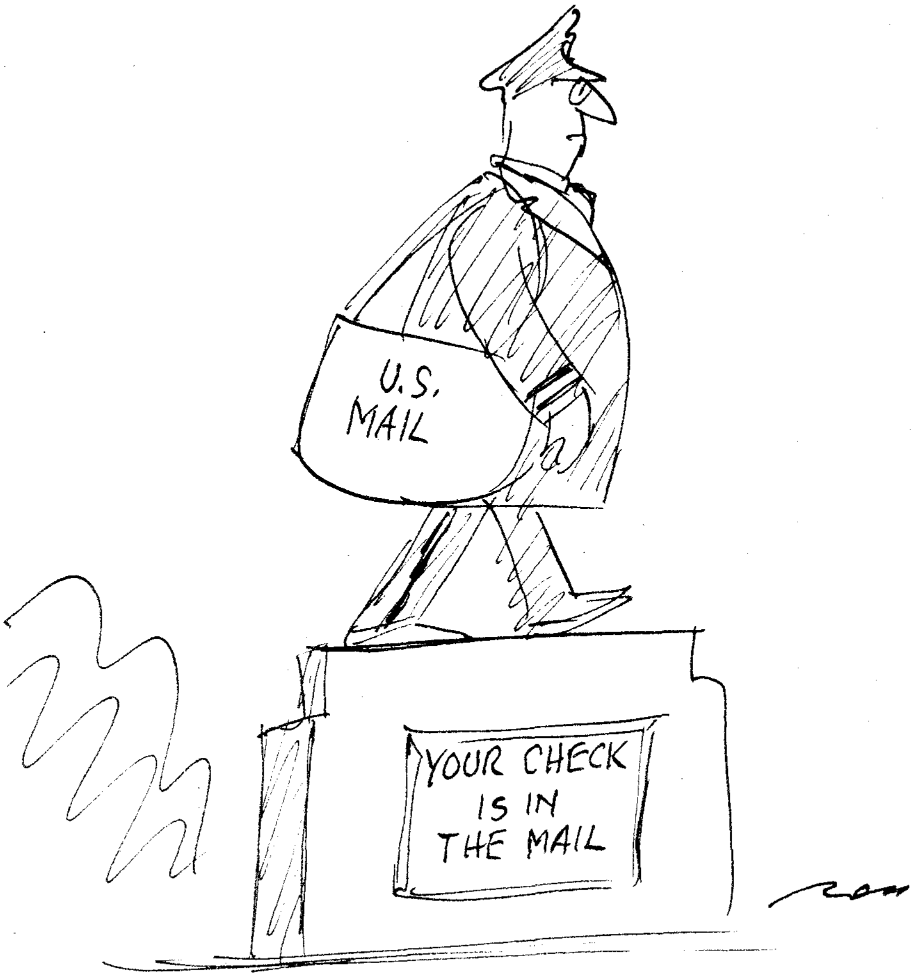
“Gneshe heard him out, and answered, ‘Father, there will be no divorce.’

“ ‘Why not?’ Reb Shachne asked, and Gneshe answered, ‘It was my mistake, not his. It seems I am a fool, too.’

“As was the custom, Reb Shachne had undertaken to support Mully for a number of years and to let him study as other young men who boarded with their in-laws did. But Mully was not a scholar. He was drawn to the marketplace. He stood among the shopkeepers, surrounded always by a ring of loafers, and jabbered away. He asked for the dowry money, which had been kept by his father-in-law, and went into business. He was no



“Dorothy, just who the hell are these people?”


U.S. MAIL
YOUR CHECK IS IN THE MAIL

good at that, either. There was a toll bridge in our town, and the squire had leased it to a thickheaded youth, Leibush Cudgel. The peasants and wagon drivers who crossed the bridge had to pay two groschen each. It was considered a lowly way to earn a living. The peasants would look for ways to get out of paying. There was another bridge, at some distance, and many went across there. Leibush was dishonest; he cheated the squire, and was finally dismissed. Suddenly, the news got around that Mully had taken over the toll bridge. It was a disgrace. Lifshe stopped going out in public and turned into a recluse. Reb Shachne said to the rabbi, ‘I must have done something wrong to deserve such shame.’ The whole thing was bizarre. When peasants looked at the young city slicker, all dressed up, they became abusive. One tried to get out of paying altogether, another said he’d pay tomorrow, later. One ruffian lashed at Mully with his whip.

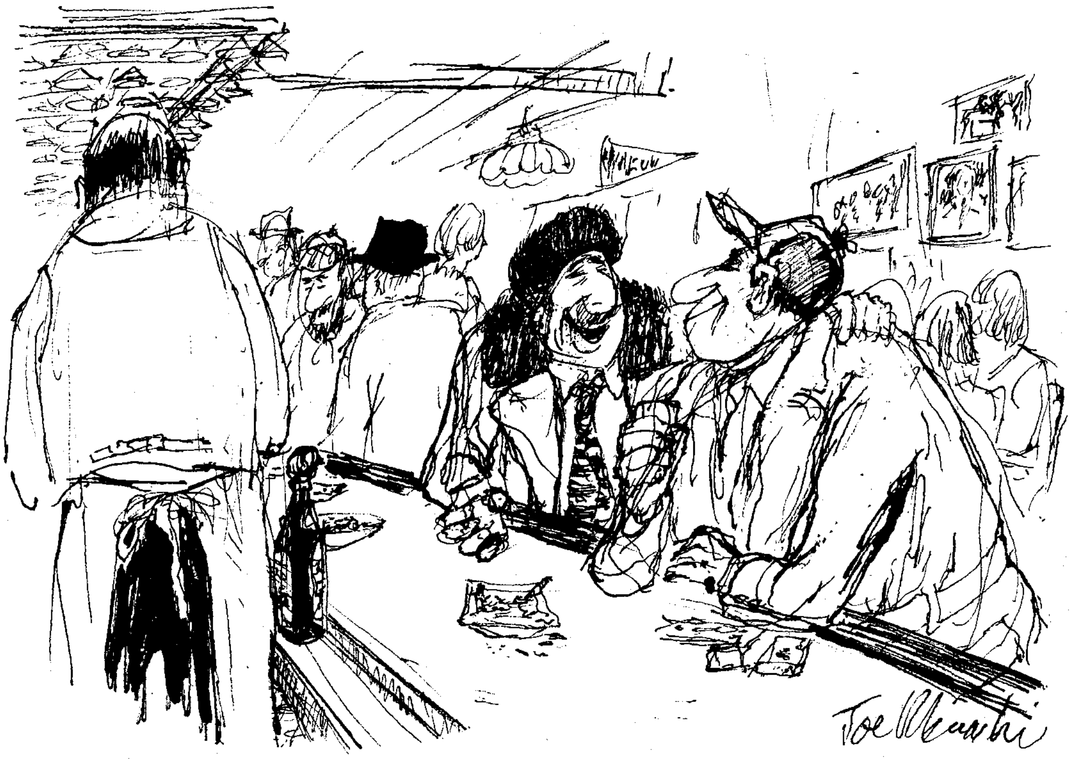
“Everyone waited for the couple to divorce. But you never know what goes on inside someone else’s head. All of a sudden, word spread that Gneshe, in her blond wig, was sitting in the toll booth and collecting the tolls. I couldn’t believe my ears, and went to see for myself. My dear people, Gneshe, already big with child, had put on a heavy vest with a deep pocket, like a market woman’s, and had come out to help her husband at the toll booth. The peasants yelled at her and she yelled back. They cursed her and she cursed them. A small crowd had gathered. Some laughed and some pinched their cheeks in dismay. Someone said that a dybbuk had entered Gneshe. A woman ran to Lifshe with the bad tidings, and Lifshe said, ‘I’m already dead and buried.’

“It wasn’t long before she did breathe her last. Reb Shachne suffered on for another two years, but he became so emaciated that his clothes hung on him. Gneshe had already picked a fight with her parents, and had moved out of their house. She seldom came to see her mother during her illness. This was not the same Gneshe. Her eyes were always angry. Her child, a boy, was born after Lifshe’s death. My mother had gone to see Lifshe when she was ill, and tried to comfort her. After all, she said, Gneshe had not killed anyone. But Lifshe said to my mother, ‘This is not my daughter, it’s some kind of transfiguration.’ A few days before Lifshe’s death, her son, Tevel, came to visit her, and he stayed until the thirty days of mourning were over. He said openly that he didn’t recognize his sister.

“I forgot the most important thing. Gneshe had become a devoted wife to Mully, or so it seemed. He tried his hand at all kinds of businesses and she was always there at his side. The truth is, by himself he failed at everything. When she said buy, he bought, and when she said sell, he sold. He spouted mindless jokes and she laughed and asked to hear them again. If she, Gneshe the wise, had made a mistake, then she had to prove that it was right. It’s an arrogance of sorts. She didn’t let anyone say a bad word about Mully. She bore him four children. Except for the firstborn, all were girls, and they all took after their father: good-looking but silly. Gneshe bragged about how smart they were, but when she scolded them she would shriek that they were nitwits like their father. A neighbor of hers, who liked to eavesdrop at night from behind the shutters, told it to me. The children were petrified of Gneshe. If they didn’t do exactly as she ordered, she’d whip them.

“Gneshe was a good businesswoman, and she soon began to do well. It was said that Reb Shachne had left three-quarters of his fortune to charity, but it seems that Gneshe had found his will and burned it, and what remained was a previous will, in which Reb Shachne left almost everything to her. All her brother got was books, a scroll, a spice box, and other such things. There is a saying: Husband and wife sleep so long on the same pillow their heads become the same. In later years, Gneshe began to make jokes, too—not as foolish as Mully’s but too many, and in the same manner. She even began to look like him—still handsome but cheap.

“I HAD already moved away when Mully died—struck down like a felled tree. Gneshe wailed and lamented, bought a plot for him in the most expensive part of the cemetery,



"How about one more for the wind-chill factor?"

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even intended to have a tomb built, but the community would not allow it. A tomb is built for a holy man, not a buffoon. Gneshe denounced the head of the community to the squire and the Russian authorities. The elders of the community came close to being imprisoned. The way she carried on, you would think that for her there would always be only one God and one Mully. Nevertheless, one day Gneshe went to Kielce—supposedly to see her brother, whom she had robbed of his inheritance—and returned with a husband, a short fellow with a gray beard. His name was Reb Fishele, and he was thrice a widower. Reb Fishele was supposed to have been at one time a successful businessman and an arbitrator at rabbinical lawsuits. He was called in to negotiate, he claimed, from as far away as Warsaw. Somewhere he had sons, daughters, grandchildren. He talked of nothing but his own cleverness; he babbled and boasted. People saw immediately that Gneshe had made the same mistake all over again. He bored everyone with tales of how he had outsmarted the most learned rabbis and the shrewdest merchants. He considered himself a healer, too. He had his own remedy for every ailment. He labelled all doctors quacks.

"My dear people, everything had turned upside down. In the few months that Gneshe lived with Reb Fishele, she wasted away as if from consumption. Her hands trembled and she began to walk with a cane. Reb Fishele went to the rabbi to complain that his wife wouldn't allow him in her bed. She openly—in front of the maid, and even in front of strangers—called him a good-for-nothing. She tried to evict him from her house, and he summoned her to rabbinical court. She had lost all shame. It turned out that she used to beat him, too. One morning he came to synagogue with only half a beard. People asked what happened to the other half and he answered, 'My bitch tore it out.' They advised him to run for his life, and he said, 'Not without a settlement.' But she had her way after all. One day he went to hire a wagon in order to leave her. People stopped him in the marketplace, and he declared, 'She's not a human being, she is a demon. It's forbidden to live under the same roof with such evil.' The wagon drove up to Gneshe's house and from the threshold Gneshe threw out his belongings. Still, he wanted to say goodbye to her, but she shouted out to the wagon driver, 'Take him away!' "

"A vicious one, wasn't she?" said one of the women who were listening to the story.

"When you're fed up with others and yourself, you lose all dignity," Aunt Yentl answered.

"What happened then?" another woman asked.

Aunt Yentl winced. "She died in spite. Took to her bed and never rose from it. The maid would bring her food, but she barely touched it. Her son lived far away. Two of her daughters came to see how she was, but she forbade the maid to let them in. She said, 'I've had enough of fools. I want to live my last days without them.' She didn't allow the doctor in, either. She told the maid to close the shades and she lay in the dark. The women from the burial society came to her to recite the confessional with her, but she sent them away."

"She died without confessing her sins?" a woman asked.

"Without a confession and without a will," answered Aunt Yentl.

"What became of her inheritance?"

"What usually happens with an inheritance? The daughters fought over it and became enemies. The son did not attend the funeral. The burial society asked an immense sum for the plot, and the daughters refused to pay. She was buried close to the fence, among the paupers and the suicides. Only the gravedigger said Kaddish over her."

Aunt Yentl lapsed into silence. Her bonnet, with all its ribbons, shook. Its beads reflected the flames of the setting sun. Aunt Yentl raised her index finger and pronounced, "A little mistake turns into a big mistake, and a big mistake can be an open door to Gehenna, may we be spared, Father in Heaven." —ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

(*Translated, from the Yiddish, by Rina Borrow and Lester Goran.*)

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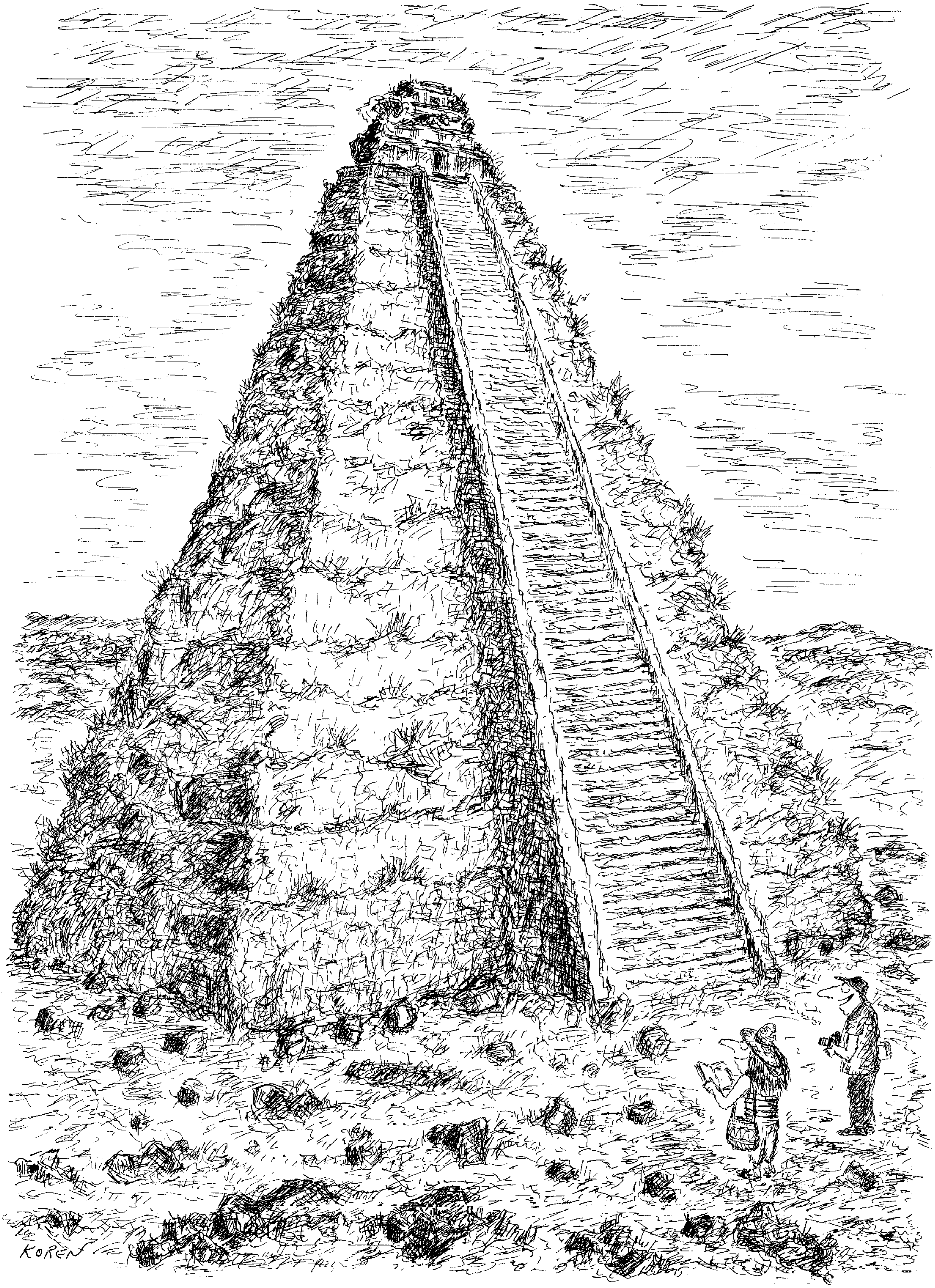
BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From the Christian Science Monitor*]

"There are no signs of what he will do," says presidential scholar Stephen Wayne. "He's throwing up trial balloons as if realizing that there is no majority for anything. He will see where the chips fall and take sides wherever he has potential support or can beat the opposition. So he's playing a poker game now, keeping the cards close to his chest."



"*It was obviously built when the Mayans were feeling good about themselves.*"

FAST FORWARD

MAUREEN, the new receptionist, told me I had a call on 2, but when I picked up 2 it was Mrs. LaRossa, wanting to know if Kenny, in Duplicating, had come back from lunch. I told her no, and that I would have him call her when he did. Then I picked up 3, which was also blinking. "Hello?" I said.

"Patrick? This is me." It was my friend Alison.

"Hi," I said. "What's happening?"

"Well," said Alison, "it depends on what you're doing this weekend. What are you doing this weekend?"

"Nothing," I said.

"Then do you want to come up to Maine with me? I have to visit my mother."

"How is she?" I asked.

"Not too good. That's why I'm going." Alison's mother had some disease. She had been dying, on and off, for years.

"Oh," I said. "That's too bad."

"Can you come? I'm driving up Friday night after work." Alison worked as a projectionist in a movie theatre in Cambridge.

"I guess so," I said. "Sure."

"That's great," said Alison. "I really appreciate it. I hate going up there alone. I can't deal with it."

"What time are you leaving?"

"Oh," said Alison. "About midnight. The last show is at ten."

"What is it?"

" 'My Fair Lady,' " Alison said. "If you can believe it."

THE first time I met Alison's mother I didn't know that she was sick, or that she was dying, although in fact she was.

Alison and I went to college together in Maine, and Mrs. Arbinger, Alison's mother, used to come visit. She'd drive up in her champagne-colored Peugeot and take us out to dinner—Alison and her roommate and anyone else who happened to be around. Since I lived in the same suite, I was usually around.

The first time I began to realize that Mrs. Arbinger was ill was at graduation. It was held outside, and after it was over I was enduring the photographic zeal of my parents when Alison appeared, looking for her mother. As the sea of chairs slowly emptied, we saw her sitting alone, making no move to get up. Alison ran over; I followed. Mrs. Arbinger was sitting very still. She had recently had some sort of operation on her throat and had wrapped long silk scarves around it.

"What's wrong?" Alison said, panting, although she had not run far.

Mrs. Arbinger smiled. "Nothing," she said. "I just can't get up. If I stand up I know I'll fall over. I didn't want to make a scene."

"Oh, God," said Alison.

Mrs. Arbinger looked at me. "Patrick," she said. "Congratulations."

ON Friday night, I came home from work and ate a tuna melt. I drank two beers, then fell asleep. When I woke up, it was nine-thirty and I could still taste the tuna melt. I brushed my teeth, and decided to go to the movies.

It wasn't crowded, and I got a good seat and hung my legs over the chair in front of me. I looked back up at the projection booth and saw Alison threading the first reel. I waved, but she didn't see me.

For some reason I'd gotten "My Fair Lady" mixed up with "Hello, Dolly!" I kept waiting for Eliza Doolittle to come into a restaurant and everyone to go crazy, and it was a while—after the scene at Ascot—until I realized it wasn't going to happen. I watched the rest of the movie feeling a little cheated.

When the lights came up, I went into the lobby and up the secret staircase into the booth. Alison was furiously rewinding one reel on the projector and another on the manual rewind. "You won't believe this," she shouted.

"What?" I said.

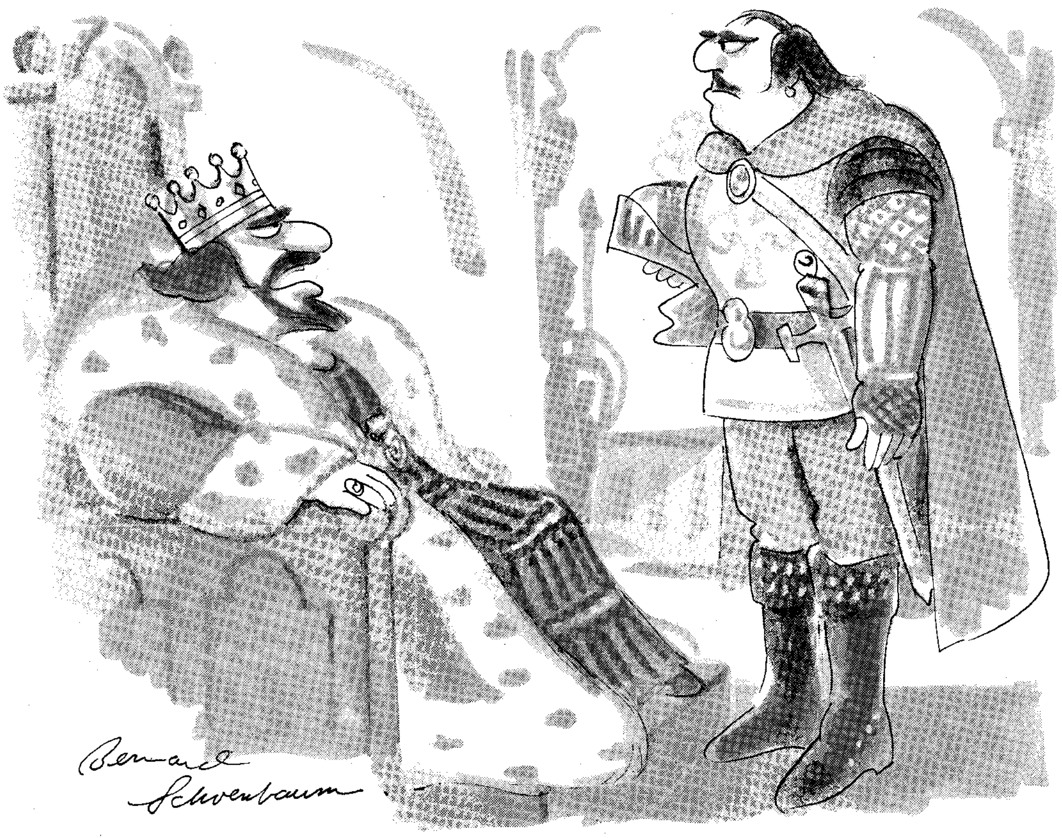
"There's a midnight show. I've got to show it again."

" 'My Fair Lady'?" I said. "At midnight?"

"Maybe no one will come. If no one shows up, we can leave."

I looked down into the theatre. Ten people had already come in. "There are some fools down there," I said.

"Christ," said Alison. "I hate when they do this



"Do we have enough might to make it right?"

to me. Could you wind this? I have to splice the second reel. For the third time tonight."

We started the first reel about ten past twelve. Alison turned the sound off in the projection booth and we watched a silent "My Fair Lady." Alison, who knew all the words by heart, dubbed for Audrey Hepburn. She was almost as good as Marni Nixon. It was a quarter to three by the time we left Boston in Alison's burgundy Peugeot. The Arbingers buy them by the half dozen, I think. I was going through Alison's extensive collection of tapes, playing the one or two songs I liked from each tape. This meant I was spending most of the time fast-forwarding.

"Can't you play just one tape from beginning to end?" Alison asked. She rolled down her window and flicked her cigarette into the night. I watched the sparks fly away. Judy Collins began singing "Who Knows Where the Time Goes?" and it sounded perfect, so I didn't bother to respond.

"Actually," Alison said, rolling up her window, "I have to tell you something."

"What?"

Alison turned the tape down a notch and hung her wrist over the steering wheel. She was going seventy-five. "You're here under false pretenses."

"What? Where?"

"Here," Alison said. "With me. Going to Maine."

"What's false about them?"

Alison looked over at me, then looked back out at the road. "Well, you're my fiancé. We're engaged, and we're getting married in the spring. My mother wants to see you one more time before she dies. She's dying. That's the only reason I'm subjecting you to this."

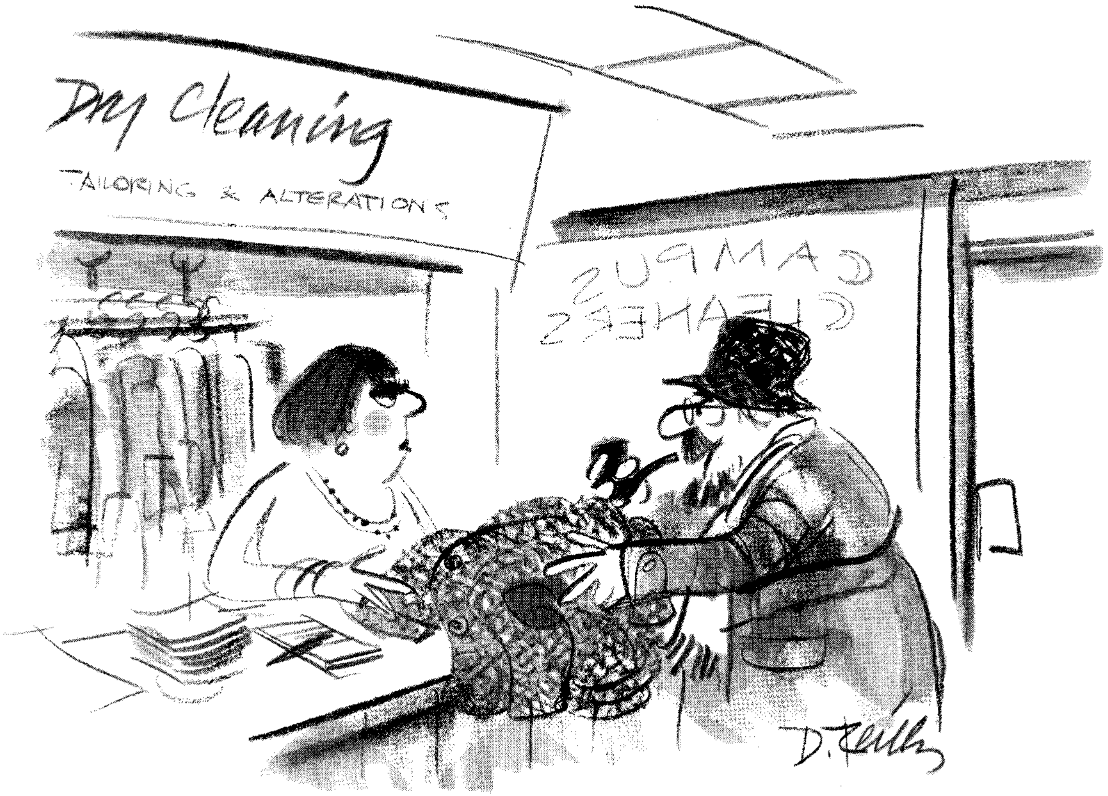
"Why?" I asked. "Why did you tell her we were engaged?"

"I don't know. I forget how it all started. For a while she's had this thing about me—about how important it is for me to be married and happy and pregnant and all before she dies. It started very subtly, but as she's got sicker she's kind of latched onto the idea. She wouldn't give it up. And she's always, always liked you—right from the start. She always asks about you, and since we were together at school—at least whenever she came up—it was easy to invent a romance."

"But how did we get engaged?"

"God, it's been going on for so long. If you knew, you would kill me. I mean, you would. I've been awful. We've been in love since freshman year. We live together in Boston. We're getting married in June, in Maine. I'm wearing my mother's wedding dress." Alison paused. I didn't say anything. "I'm sorry," she said.

I couldn't think what to say. Alison slowed down and pulled over onto the shoulder. The highway was deserted. No cars passed us. It was dark. Judy Collins was singing the whale song. "You don't have to do this," Alison said. "We can turn around."



"Cleaned and rumpled, please."

ALISON had always referred to the house in Maine as the Abbey, but it didn't look like one. It looked like a picture I remember of the House of the Seven Gables in a Classics comic book I read in sixth grade: it was all peaky roofs and thin, arched windows.

I didn't really get a good look at it Friday night. I had fallen asleep, and I woke up in the garage. We were parked between two sleeping Peugeots.

"We're here," said Alison.

"What time is it?"

Alison flicked the keys so that the dashboard lights went back on. The digital clock read five-fifteen. "In a while the sun will come up," she said. "It's just starting to get light."

"Aren't you tired?" I asked.

"No," said Alison.

Upstairs, there was a long hall of closed doors. Alison opened one. "You can sleep in here," she said. "There's a bathroom attached. Sleep as late as you want."

If I had been more awake, I would have asked her what the plan was, but I just nodded. Alison smiled and closed the door.

There was a huge bed in the middle of the room. It looked like a canopy bed, except that it had no canopy—just tall posts that ended in carved pineapples. The blankets had been turned back.

I undressed and got into the bed. I

thought I would fall asleep right away, but I couldn't. Every time I closed my eyes, I could see Audrey Hepburn running around in her nightgown singing "I Could Have Danced All Night." It was something about the bed. I got out and sat in a leather chair. Outside the leaded-glass windows, trees appeared.

WHEN I woke up I was back in the bed. I couldn't remember moving. Someone was knocking on the door.

"Yes?" I said.

"Are you decent?" a woman's voice called.

It sounded as if it might be a moral question, but I figured it wasn't. "Yes," I said. "Come in."

The door opened and a middle-aged woman stood there in a dress and high heels. "Patrick?" she said. "I'm Mrs. Hawks, Alison's aunt. I just wanted to let you know breakfast is about to be taken away, so if you're hungry you should come down."

She disappeared but left the door open. I thought I could hear her still in the hall, and I tried to figure out how to get out of the bed without being seen in my underwear. Finally, I kind of rolled out and crawled into the bathroom.

When I came downstairs—it took me a while to find the stairs—Mrs. Hawks was standing in the front hall going through mail. "You might find something nourishing in the dining room," she said, pointing across the hall.

"Is Alison up?" I asked.

"Goodness, yes. She's in with her mother."

I was eating a charred grapefruit when Alison came into the dining room. She was wearing a kilt and a white blouse with ruffles. It looked a little like a national costume. "Why are you dressed like that?" I asked.

"My mother ordered them for me. I was just trying them on."

"Are they part of your trousseau?" I asked.

"Will you shut up," Alison said. "Now, you have a choice."

"I thought we decided to go through with it."

"No, not the wedding story," Alison said. "The dentist."

"I have to go to the dentist?"

"No. I do. Do you want to come? That's your choice. Do you want to come?"

HIPPOCRENE

I came to the puddle. I could not cross it. Identity failed me. We are nothing, I said, and fell.—*Virginia Woolf, "The Waves."*

The cold spring
of an intense depression,
moon-horror-struck posthumous
offspring of Medusa,
harbinger of going under,
of death by water.

Though above the pillars
of ruined Sounion the air
is calm, the white-lipped,
violet-hued flowerbed
of drowning, fraying
at the rim,

lies sleek with signals
of unbeing: the cold hoofprint's
doorway into nothing
metamorphosing from a
puddle in a courtyard,
the huge irruption

of blank seas the psyche
cannot cross: the terror-
twinning muse, the siren
and the solace: done and
undone by water—whether
beyond the stormy

Hebrides, the voyage
out, the long-looked-forward-to
excursion to the lighthouse:
the Ouse closing over;
a fin, far out. The waves
break on the shore.

—AMY CLAMPITT

• •

"What's the alternative?" I asked.

"Staying here," said Alison.

THE dentist was really the dentist's daughter. He had died and she had inherited his practice. The office was in the garage of their house, and while Alison visited with the dentist I sat in the living room. The dentist's mother was the receptionist. She got me a cup of coffee. "Are you a friend of Alison's?" she asked.

"Yes," I said. "We went to school together."

"I hear Alison's engaged."

"Did you? I thought it was a secret," I said.

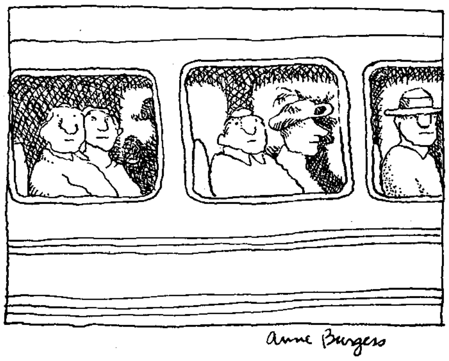
"Oh," she said. "Well, Mrs. Hawks told me. She had her gums scraped. She didn't say it was a secret."

"It is," I said.

"Are you the lucky man?"

"No," I said.

"Alison's a nice girl. It's just too bad she can't find something to do with her life. Patty's always known she wanted to be a dentist. It's easier for the girls who are like that, I suppose. Is Alison still working in that movie house?"



"Yes. She's the manager now," I lied.

"Is she really? Well, good for her." The phone rang and the woman answered it.

A few minutes later, Alison came out of the garage looking angry. "Let's get out of here," she said.

"Don't you have to pay?"

"No," said Alison. "This is Maine. They bill me."

Once we had turned the corner and the dentist's house had disappeared Alison said, "I never did like her. She told me I had gum disease. I don't have gum disease. My gums are fine. She just wants to get back at me."

"For what?"

"I don't know," Alison said. "For being popular, I suppose. Patty was kind of a drip in high school."

"Maybe you do have gum disease. Do you floss?"

"Patrick," Alison said. "Lay off."

After a few minutes Alison seemed to relax. At least we slowed down a little.

"How is your mother?" I asked.

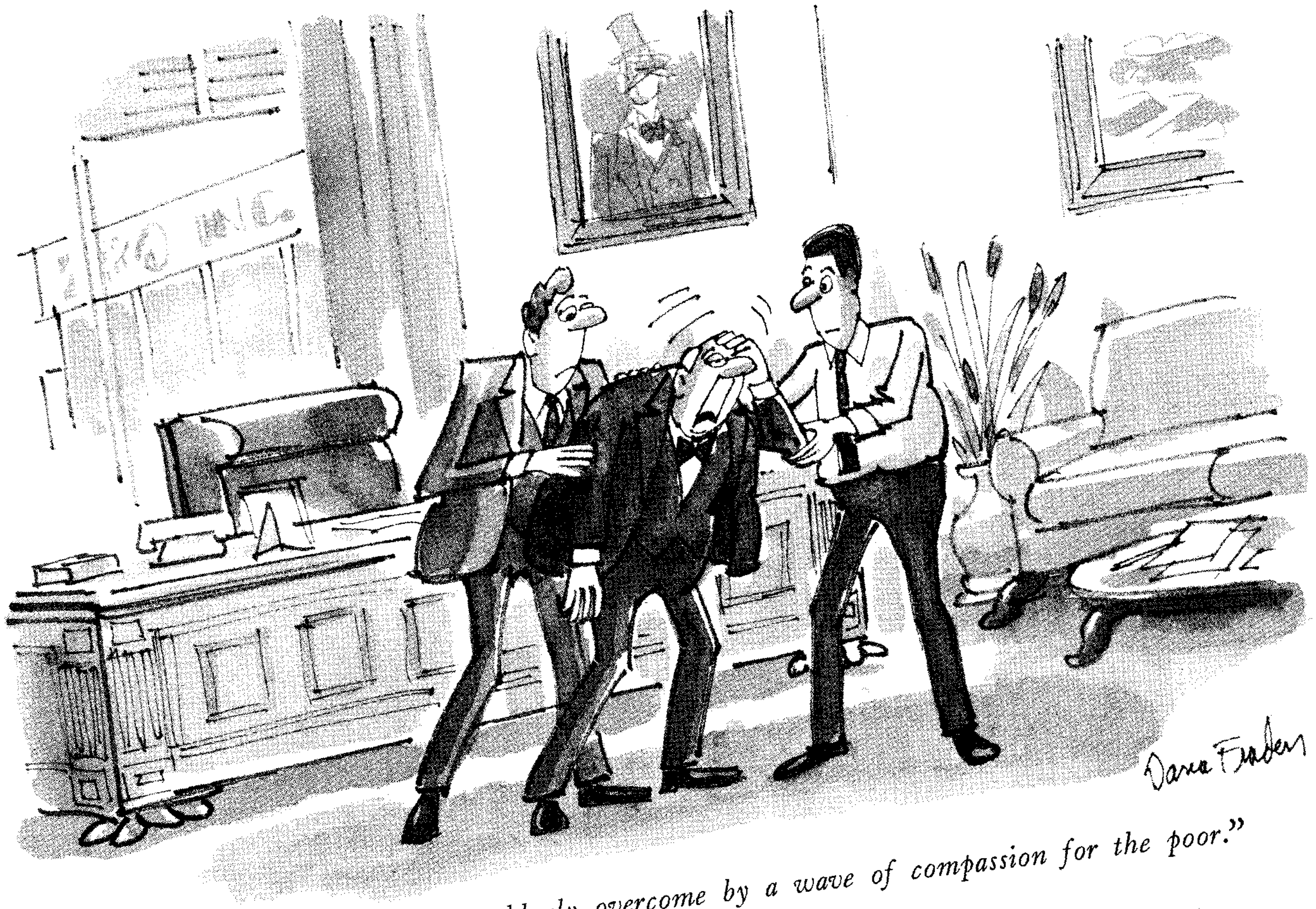
"She seems O.K.," Alison said. "It's hard to tell."

"Why isn't she in a hospital?"

"She's a Christian Scientist. Plus she's past that point."

"What point?"

"The point where you stay at the hospital. She'd have been sent home.



"I'll be all right. I was suddenly overcome by a wave of compassion for the poor."

We have a special nurse there." Alison pulled into the parking lot of a supermarket. "Do you want to get some real food? The macrobiotic diet at the Abbey is enough to kill you."

"Is that what it is? I think I had a broiled grapefruit for breakfast."

Alison opened her door. "Wait till you see lunch."

We went into the supermarket and bought onion bagels, Doritos, Pepperidge Farm cookies, and a six-pack of Busch beer.

When we got back in the car, Alison said, "She wants to see you this afternoon. She's usually pretty good in the afternoon, but you don't have to go. I can say you went fishing."

"It's raining," I said.

"Isn't that when people fish?"

"I'll see her," I said. "I might as well."

"Then there's just one thing I have to tell you."

"What?"

"Well, in addition to marrying me, you're also going to law school."

"Law school! Alison, that's cruel."

I had applied and been denied admission to almost every decent law school in the Eastern United States.

"Well, it made my mother very happy," she said. "For you and for me."

"Where am I going?"

"B.U.," said Alison. "I thought Harvard was stretching it."

AFTER lunch (brown rice, seaweed, and beet juice) Alison and I went up to see Mrs. Arbinger. She lay in a big bed like the one I had slept in the night before, only this one had a canopy. Her face was very thin and pale, but her eyes were bright. She had so much lipstick on that it looked as if her mouth had come off and been clumsily reattached. The nurse, who was dressed in a caftan, sat on a window seat, knitting. Alison sat on the bed and I stood beside it.

Mrs. Arbinger looked around at all of us for a moment. "It's like a party," she said. No one answered. "Look what I found," she continued, undaunted. "My wedding album." She indicated a white book on the bed beside her. She opened the album to a picture of her and Mr. Arbinger cutting a many-tiered wedding cake. They stood side by side, clasping hands on a cake knife that was pointed at the marzipan bride and groom. They were divorced soon after Alison was born. Mr. Arbinger lived in Italy now. I'd never met him. Mrs. Arbinger turned the page to a picture of her standing at the top of a curved staircase in her wedding gown, her bouquet dripping vines over the banister.

"I was a beautiful bride," Mrs. Arbinger said, more to the picture than to any of us. She closed the book. "You'll be beautiful, too," she said to Alison. "I hope the dress fits. Have you tried it on?"

"Not yet," said Alison.

"You must. It will have to be altered. That kind of dress must fit perfectly; otherwise it looks cheap."

"Let's not talk about the wedding," Alison said. "It makes me nervous." She stood up. As if on cue, the nurse stopped her knitting and stood up, too.

"Do you think I could talk to Patrick alone?" Mrs. Arbinger said to no one in particular.

"I was just going down to get your juice," the nurse said.

"I'll come, too," said Alison. They both left.

Mrs. Arbinger waited a moment. I thought she had forgotten about me. Then she patted the bed beside her. Her fingers were very thin and her rings twisted around below her knuckles. "Sit down," she said. "Please."

The comforter was so puffy and Mrs. Arbinger was so thin that I couldn't really tell where her body began. I perched on the foot of the bed, and Mrs. Arbinger patted a spot nearer to her. The patting seemed to exhaust her. "A little closer," she said.

I moved up the bed. She took one of my hands in hers. For a moment I thought she was going to read my palm, but she just looked at it, then put it back on the bed and patted it. She smiled at me. I noticed that her teeth were very white. They looked like the only healthy part of her left. I wondered if they were dentures.

"It's so nice to see you," Mrs. Arbinger said. "It was nice of you to come up."

I just nodded.

"I'm sorry for cloistering you like this, but I wanted to tell you how happy I am about you and Alison. I've always been fond of you, and I'm so pleased. I won't say any more because I don't want to embarrass you."

"I'm happy, too," I said, although it didn't sound like my voice. "Thank you."

Mrs. Arbinger looked toward the window. "Will you do me a favor?" she asked.

"Of course," I said.

"Will you look out the window? I'm not allowed out of bed and I miss seeing outside."

I got off the bed and went over to the window. There was a pond at the back of the house, and behind that a field with a horse in it, and behind that some woods.

"Can you see the pond?" Mrs. Arbinger asked.

"Yes," I said.

"Are there any geese in it?"

"No," I said.

"Oh," she said. "There will be. Are the leaves pretty?"

"Yes."

"Do you mind doing this?"

"No," I said.

"It's just that I like to picture it in my head and want to get it right. What color are the leaves?"

"Mostly yellow," I said. "Some red. It's raining."

She waited a moment before she asked the next question. "Do you and Alison really want to get married?" she asked, quietly.

I looked over at her. I had the feeling she had been watching me at the window and had turned away; she gazed up at the white tented canopy. "What?" I said.

"Forgive me if I'm being rude," she said, still not looking at me. "I just want to make sure, and I can't ask Alison."

"Sure of what?" I said.

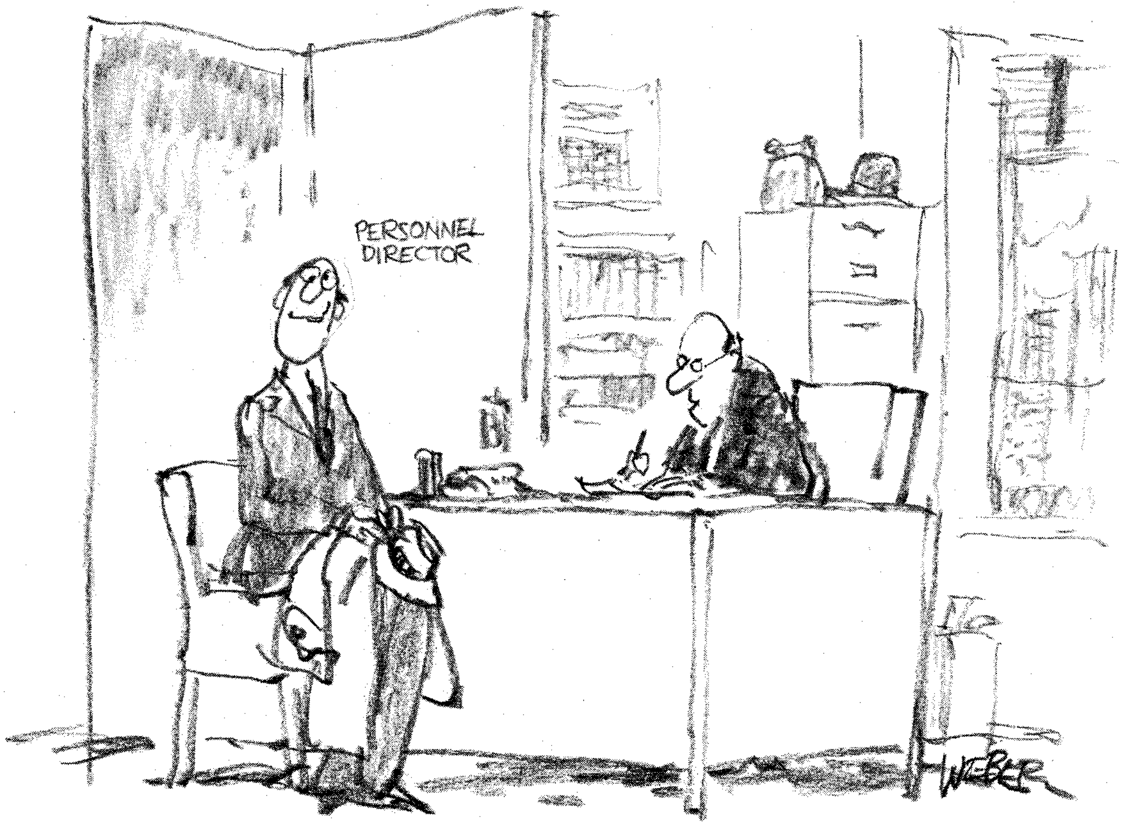
"I don't want you to do this just for me," she said. "I know you're in love, but I also know people wait longer to get married nowadays. I just don't want you to rush into this to make me happy. You needn't do that."

I think that if she had continued to look at the canopy I would have answered differently. But she didn't. She turned her small, wrecked face toward me, and smiled.

"Oh, no," I said. "We want very much to get married."

We sat there for a moment. I thought there were tears in Mrs. Arbinger's eyes, but I wasn't sure, because there seemed to be tears in my own.

The nurse came in, carrying a small silver tray. On it was a glass of beet juice.

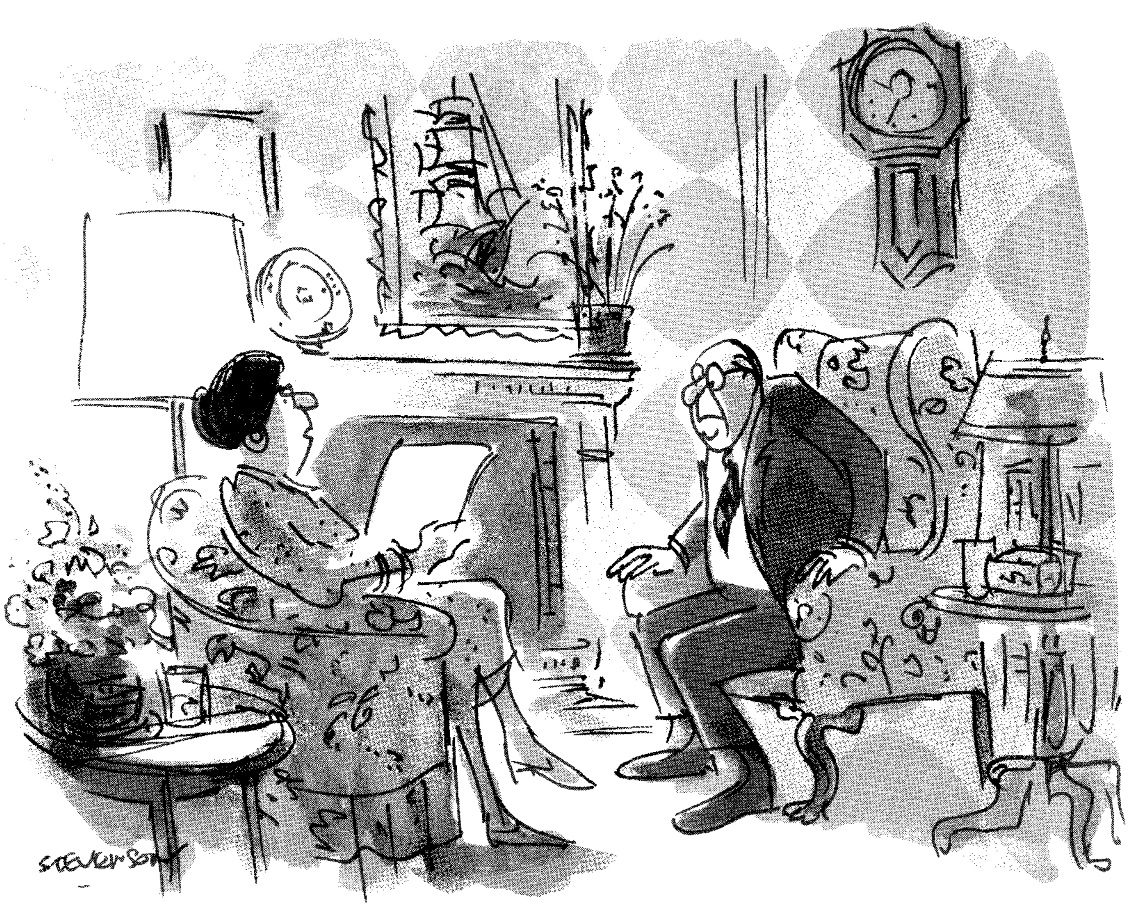


"Good. In this business you have to be crazy."

WHEN I went downstairs it had stopped raining. Alison and I went for a walk. We fed carrots to the fat white horse in the field, and then followed a gravel path into the woods. The sun was setting as we walked back into the far side of the field an hour later, and the sight of the white horse completely disoriented me. I had thought we were moving deeper and deeper into the woods, but it was an illusion. The straight path had curved, imperceptibly, all along. As we walked around the pond, we heard a noise behind us, and when we looked back we saw a shaking

V of geese appear. They descended and skidded into the pond, then collected themselves and swam over to the grassy bank. They lowered themselves into the shadows. We stood and watched until they had disappeared, until even the water in the pond had regained its composure.

Alison didn't ask me what her mother and I talked about. I didn't tell her.



"I don't say you're wrong, Herbert, but it seems unlikely that the earth's crust would shift directly under 118 East Eighty-seventh Street."

• •

ALISON and I left the Abbey the next morning before anyone else was awake. She dropped me at my apartment and drove away, and I didn't see her for a couple of months, until we met at a New Year's Eve party in Cambridge. We were sitting together on the edge of a platform bed, but it was hard to talk. The room was way too crowded, and people were dancing behind us on the bed.

"Come on," Alison shouted. "Let's go someplace quieter."

I followed her into the bathroom. Alison sat on the rim of the bathtub, which was filled with ice and champagne bottles. No two bottles looked alike, and the idea of their being purchased separately all over town and then dumped together in the bathtub appealed to me.

"I have something to tell you," Alison said. "I should have told you before."

"What?" I said.

"My mother died."

"Oh," I said, shocked. I had thought Mrs. Arbinger would be around for a long time. "When?"

"Before Christmas. December 15th."

"I'm sorry," I said. Someone knocked on the door. "Go away!" I shouted.

Alison had her fingers in the icy water, pushing the bottles down and then watching them pop back up.

"Why didn't you tell me sooner?" I asked.

"I don't know," Alison said. "I hate this whole episode in my life. I wanted to forget all about it. I'm seeing a therapist, if you can believe it. She thinks I was manipulated by my mother's illness into promising things I feel guilty about not doing now."

"You mean like the wedding plans?"

"Yes," said Alison.

"Maybe we should get engaged, and get married, just the way we planned."

"And then what?"

"Live happily ever after," I said. "Or get divorced."

Alison smiled.

"Why did you pick me?" I asked.

"What?" She bobbed another bottle.

"Why did you ask me to do that?"

"Because you're sweet," Alison said.

"Oh," I said. "So you didn't really want to get married?"

Alison looked at me. "Oh, Patrick," she said. "Did you really think I did?"

"No," I said. I shook my head. "Of course not."

"Good," said Alison. "I don't want to have to feel guilty about that, too." She stood up, then bent over and took a bottle of champagne from its bath. "Let's drink to this now," she said. "I have to leave at eleven-thirty. I'm projecting the special midnight show."

"What movie is it?" I asked.

" 'Bringing Up Baby,' " Alison said.

She leaned over and kissed my cheek and touched my neck. Her hand was cold and wet. She began to uncork the champagne bottle. I closed my eyes. I hate waiting for things to explode.

—PETER CAMERON

•

NO COMMENT DEPARTMENT

[From the Tulsa Tribune]

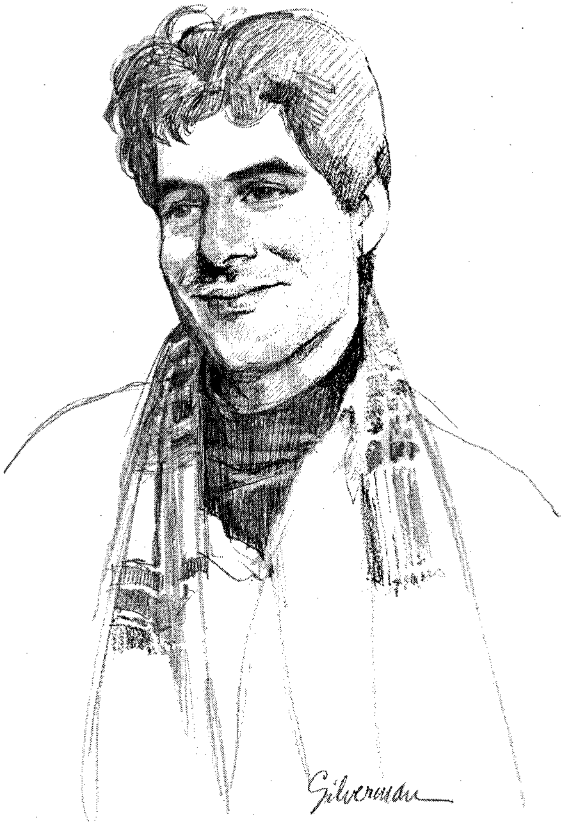
C.S. Lewis' "Chronicles of Narnia" books have been adapted into a set of computer games, "Narnia" and "Dawntreader" from Word Incorporated.

The new games are said to combine "the excitement of arcade action" with Lewis' emphasis on the Judeo-Christian values of love and perseverance.

The game designer is Paul Gruen, inventor of the board game "Payday."

PROFILES

ILLUSIONIST



Steve Charney

THERE are people who genuinely love "The Steve Show," broadcast weekly over radio station WDST-FM, in Woodstock, New York, and one of them is Mrs. Claire Ackerman, who is the mother of Steve Charney, the show's creator. "This is Steve's mother," she says in a taped promotional announcement played now and then by WDST. Her tone of voice is sincere yet not zealous. "Whenever I'm in the area, I listen to WDST, in Woodstock, New York. One reason I listen to it is I don't want to miss Steve's show." Charney's brother, Kenneth, who is a college student in Washington, D.C., has also been impressed into advocacy of the show. In a voice imbued with youthful menace, he says, on tape, "Hey, Steve, I like your show. I like 'The Steve Show.' And all of you better like 'The Steve Show,' because I'm Steve's brother, Ken. And *I* listen to 'The Steve Show' every time I'm in Woodstock." Some of Charney's fellow-programmers at WDST express their affection for the show in terms that are somewhat more idiosyncratic. It has routinely been called "the dreaded 'Steve Show.'" Jan Whitman, who broadcasts country and folk-music programs for the station, has introduced Charney's show by saying, "I've tried to put it off as long as possible, but, unfortunately, it's time for 'The Steve Show.'" Leslie Gerber, the station's principal programmer of classical music, closed out a broadcast one steamy summer day by saying, "The air is bad in New York. It's hot and muggy up here. And, as if that weren't bad enough, it's time for 'The Steve Show.'"

WDST went into operation on April 29, 1980, a Tuesday, and Charney broadcast his first "Steve Show" the following Saturday. He has now done nearly two hundred and fifty broadcasts, and has attracted a more or less loyal following of children and grownups throughout the mid-Hudson Valley. Daniel Manus Pinkwater, the prolific author of children's books, including "The Snarkout Boys and the Avocado of Death," "The Hoboken Chicken Emergency," and "Fat Men from Space," has been listening to the show almost from the day it went on the air, and has cheerfully admitted to having arranged his Saturday mornings so that he would not miss a minute of it. "Steve Charney is *wonderful*," Pinkwater, who lives downriver from Woodstock, said not long ago. "The show is not a formula show, although it does have a history, for Steve is a scholar of various types of lunacy." Of Charney's rather manic sense of humor, Pinkwater said, "I think it's primitive and juvenile and absolutely perfect."

Charney might not even bother to dispute the words "primitive" and "juvenile," and he might well agree with a woman I know who says that there is no comedy too low for her taste. Charney does not shrink from puns, riddles, alliterative nonsense, tongue twisters, knock-knock jokes, or well-aged humor. He seems to thrive on the ridiculous. On one show, his co-host, a frequently nasty character named Harry, who is a ventriloquist's dummy, three feet tall, was sprayed with a concoction that was supposed to make one feel like a million dollars, and left him feeling "all green and papery." On another, Charney mentioned a driver who got a flat tire because he didn't look out for a fork in the road. In 1983, Charney's first show of the year and his last of the year had in them jokes about socks. In the end-of-the-year joke, he said, "Golf socks? Why are you wearing golf socks?" Harry replied, "These are my golf socks because they have eighteen holes in them." The first "Steve Show" of that year included this exchange:

"Look at those socks. You have one green one and one red one. Strangest pair of socks I've ever seen."

"They're not that strange, Steve. I have another pair just like it at home."

Woodstock, in the eastern Catskills, just over a hundred miles north of New York City, is in what people who study radio demographics call an unrated market; this term seems to mean simply that nobody has done any truly accurate audience surveys, and that nobody wants to pay to have such surveys done. Exactly how many people have become habituated to Charney's particular brand of humor thus remains a matter of conjecture. Harry displays constant skepticism about the figure that Charney occasionally suggests. On one show, Charney offered to announce the birthdays of his listeners over the air, as well as their marriages and, if they liked, their divorces.

"That's pretty neat," he said. "Thousands of people will know it's your birthday over the air."

Harry: "Thousands, Steve?"

"All right, hundreds of people will know it's your birthday over the air."

"Hundreds, Steve?"

"All right, there'll be tens of people who'll know it's your birthday over the air."

"Tens, Steve?"

"All right, my family will know. My family always listens."

"Always, Steve?"

"Well, usually they listen."

"Usually, Steve?"

"Well, sometimes they listen."

"Sometimes, Steve?"

"Well, once in a while they listen."

"Once in a while, Steve?"

"All right, they rarely listen."

"Rarely, Steve?"

"Steve, can I ask you a question?"

"Sure, go ahead, Harry."

"What are you going to do with your life?"

"What do you mean, Harry? I'm a children's entertainer. A radio programmer."

"No, Steve, I mean it. What are you going to *really* do?"

"Harry, I just told you."

"Steve, everyone knows that you can't do something stupid like this forever. I mean, it's O.K. to while away your time until the real thing comes along, but this kind of work is so irresponsible, so immature, so . . . so . . . "

"Unprofitable."

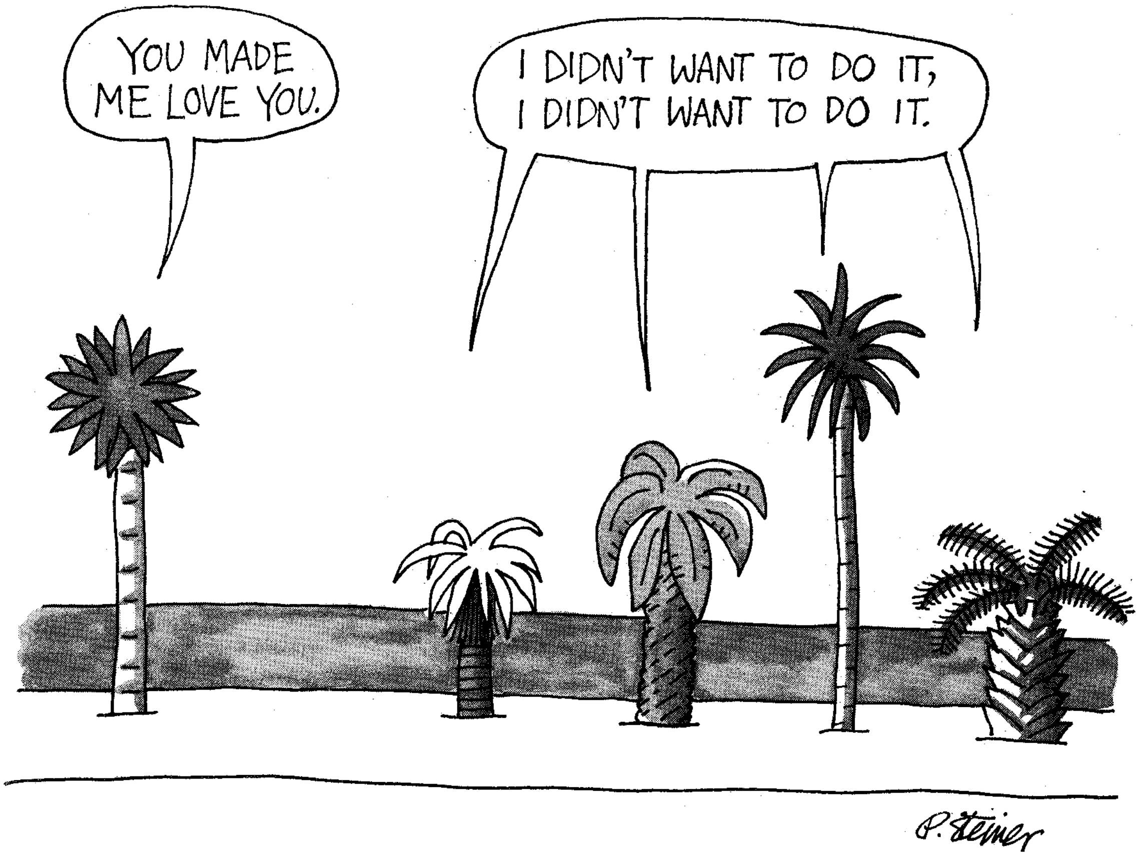
"That, too. What are you really going to become when you grow up?"

Whatever Charney may ultimately do with his life, he had no initial plan to spend part of his professional, grown-up career bantering with a dummy at a radio station in upstate New York. He was born in Manhattan on April 21, 1951, and when he was four the family settled in the Jamaica area of Queens. He graduated from Jamaica High School in 1969, and in the fall of that year he enrolled at the Philadelphia College of Art.

"I had been doing photography totally on my own—just as a hobby—since I was in the ninth grade," Charney told me one day at WDST's studios, which are in an old custard-yellow two-story house on the main street of Woodstock. Charney is a tall, athletically built man with wayward dark-brown hair and animated hazel eyes. "In my second year of college, I had to decide what I was going to major in, and just from lack of any other interests I chose sculpture and photography. And then, at the end of that year, I had to decide on one, and I decided to stick with photography. So I got a fine-arts degree in photography, a B.F.A., and when I got into the real world I saw all of a sudden that to make a living I was going to be dealing with pressures and deadlines and—well, I didn't love photography enough is what it comes down to. I worked briefly as an assistant for the photographer Pete Turner, and for other photographers. And, you know, it's very expensive, in a way, to do something as an indulgence, as a hobby. It was very weird. I would see a beautiful sunset, and instead of just saying, 'Oh, what a great sunset,' I'd say, 'Where's my camera? Gotta get my camera. Gotta take a photograph.' And that was ruining things for me. I think that I went into art because my family were artists. My father went to Cooper Union, and he's now the art director for the Robert A. Becker advertising agency, in Manhattan. My sister went to Cooper Union, and she has worked as a magazine illustrator. My mother used to dabble in art—she loves art. I didn't know what to do with myself, so it just seemed like a natural thing to do."

For several years after college, Charney lived in the real worlds of Philadelphia and New York, and then he came to feel—as did a lot of young people in the late nineteen-sixties and early seventies—that he might prefer more bucolic surroundings. "I decided to move to the country," he told me. "And I moved to Pennsylvania Dutch country, and then I realized that after being brought up in New York I was much more stuck on the good parts of the city than I had thought. At first, I had thought, Well, I'll just live in a farmhouse and maybe be a real farmer. Forget it! You know, when that craving to see a foreign movie hits . . . So I decided that I still wanted to be near the city, but why not north of New York, which I knew to be a little more New Yorky. I met some friends who lived near Woodstock, I came up here visiting, and I said, 'Hey, this is it.' "

When Charney arrived in Woodstock, in 1978, he had given up photography but had not chosen another direction in which to go. "A lot of things solidified for me when I moved to this town," Charney said. "All this loose, unfocussed energy came into focus very rapidly. You know, when you're about to hit thirty you say, 'All right, I've had enough fun roaming


YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU.
I DIDN'T WANT TO DO IT, I DIDN'T WANT TO DO IT.

around and being a hippie—it's time to settle down and get my act together.' I was very lucky. The first day I was here, I went to the unemployment office and there was a CETA job opening up"—a job financed by the Comprehensive Employment and Training Act. "It was playing music for people at the old-age homes in Ulster County." Charney had taken up the guitar when he was in high school, and had become an accomplished musician on the side. "Old tunes—thirties stuff," he said of the music he played in the old-age homes. "In fact, thirties stuff is already late for a lot of those people. They wanted to hear 'The Flying Trapeze' and 'The Sidewalks of New York' and 'Down by the Old Mill Stream.' Anyway, I had already done this sort of work for about ten years, off and on. I had done it in Philadelphia. I did it out in Reading, Pennsylvania. So I had the experience, I showed up, and I got the job. I would usually go in with an arts-and-crafts person or someone like that. We would go in and do our thing for an hour and leave, and get paid as part of the CETA program. Back then, CETA was big. All the artists were partaking of it. And then all the funds dried up. I saw an ad in the paper for a director of a youth center. The county was starting a new program, and the Ulster County Youth Bureau would put up half the funds, the town the other half. I got the job. The program is half service and half recreational. If somebody's having problems at home, I'll try to do a little bit of counselling—I've had some training for this—or I'll refer them to somebody else. We also have educational programs. I teach karate—I'm a brown belt in karate. I've started magic classes. I teach guitar. We have piano. We've had poetry workshops, dance classes."

Charney paused to listen to a few bars of music coming from a speaker in the station's reception room, and then said, "I'm also involved in a program called Life Positive. The Ulster County Counselling Task Force, which is a branch of Ulster County Community Mental Health Services, has started a program where we go into the schools twice a week and teach a drug-prevention program that lasts for ten weeks. Most prevention programs use scare tactics—you show the students horrible lungs or car accidents, or something like that. We deal more with the causes of drug abuse than with the effects. In other words, if you know how to deal with tension and anger and frustration and peer pressure you don't need drugs."

When Charney became director of the Woodstock Youth Center—a job that he has held for almost five years now—WDST had just gone on the air. As it happened, Jerome and Sasha Gillman, the station's founders, had known Charney's parents back in New York City, and when Charney got to Woodstock he looked them up. They told him about the new station, and he decided—as did half the people in the Woodstock area, apparently—that he might enjoy being on radio. The job at the Youth Center took twenty-five hours a week of Charney's time, and he had also branched out into entertaining for children—playing guitar, singing, and doing a magic act at children's parties in the area. Charney told me, "Of course, I, like everybody else, said to the Gillmans, 'What can I do?' And they said, 'Well, we don't know. What *can* you do?' And I said, 'How about a children's program?' They said, 'Great, we're looking for children's programming. Do it. Do it.' And Sasha said, 'Are you sure you're going to be able to do this every week? You know, you don't do just three shows and then you're burned out. You're sure you'll have enough material to keep going?' I said, 'No problem.' But I had no idea what I was going to do; I had no idea what I was getting into. The main problem now is coming up with new stuff."

A FEW years ago, I discovered—or rediscovered—how much I like radio. That discovery occurred when it fell to me to get my son, Sam, to bed at night. I would read him a story or tell him one, turn out the light, and stay with him until he fell asleep. To while away those periods of lying in the dark, I listened to a transistor radio with an earphone. In the New York City area, the number of available stations approaches a hundred, and the variety of programs is remarkable. There are all-news stations and all-music stations (including all-classical stations and all-rock stations and "beautiful-music" stations) and all-talk stations; there are programs that offer financial advice and programs that offer sexual advice and programs that offer spiritual advice. I once awoke, in my own bed, just after

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INK

The more one knows,
The more one knows no certainty
Lurks behind the curtain thought
To cloak the picture of the mystery.
It's just a picture window giving out
On occupied apartments, with a hint
Of deep expanse done in blue ink.

The picture speaks of far beyond
The time I used to hunker down
For the odd rock or interesting twig.
A splinter can be painful. Winter
Didn't come this year, or stay.

I love the warm side of the bed.
I once knew nearly everything I had to say
And everything was sweet
Or bitter—that rattle from the heart
Of things, the heartless things
Of nature: muskrat swimming through the raft
Of ducks, dry sinkholes pranked with mallows, lady's slipper.

—LAURANCE WIEDER

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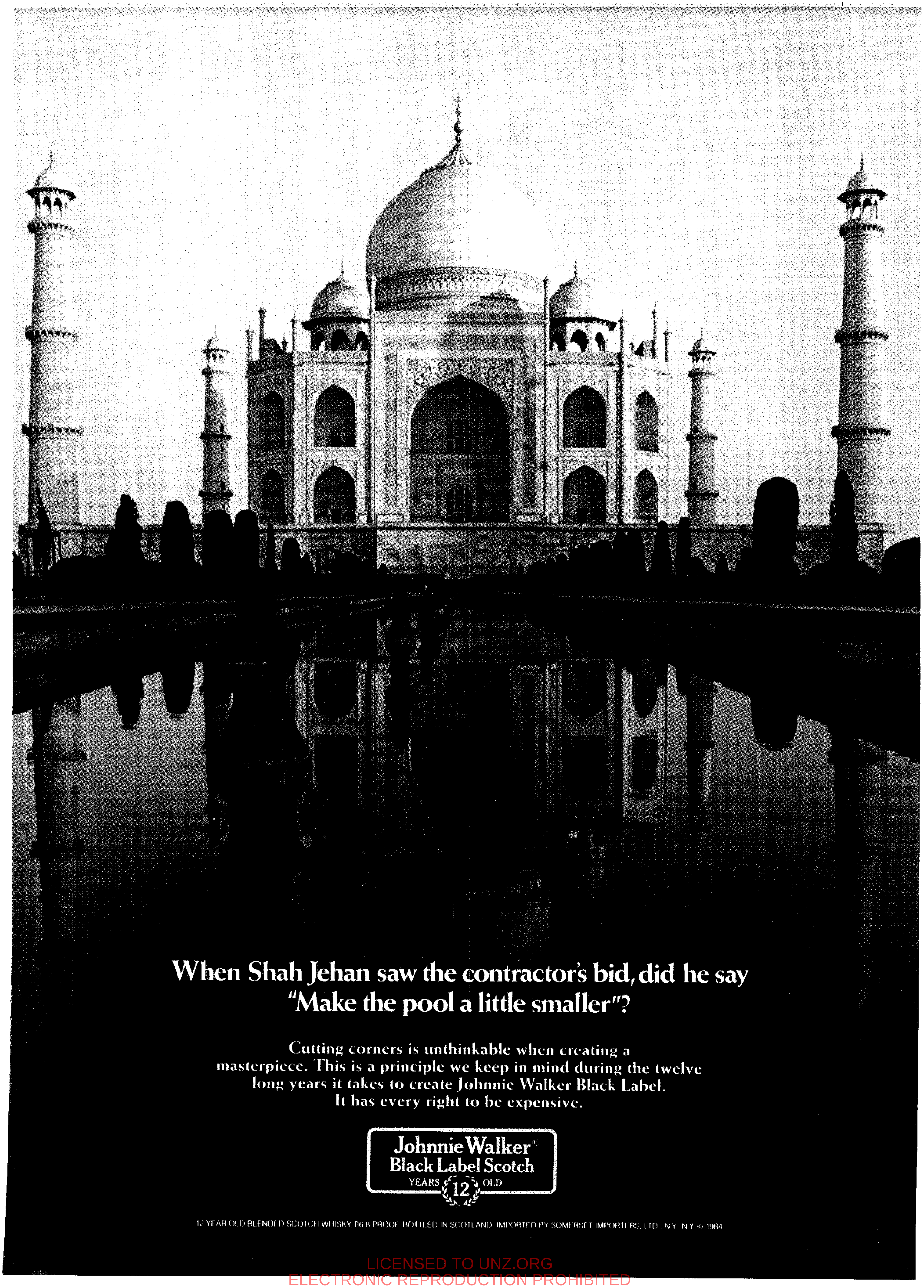

When Shah Jehan saw the contractor's bid, did he say "Make the pool a little smaller"?

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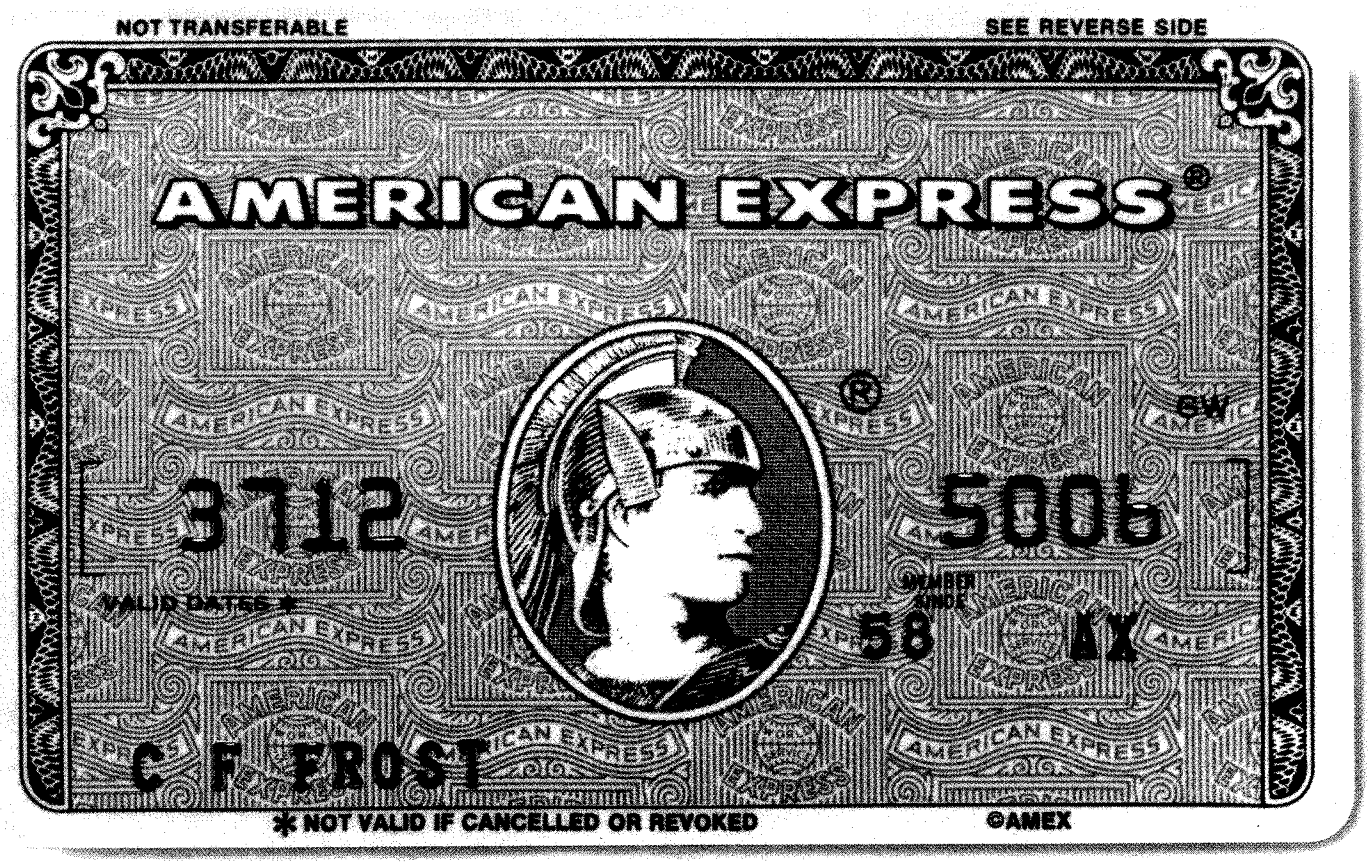
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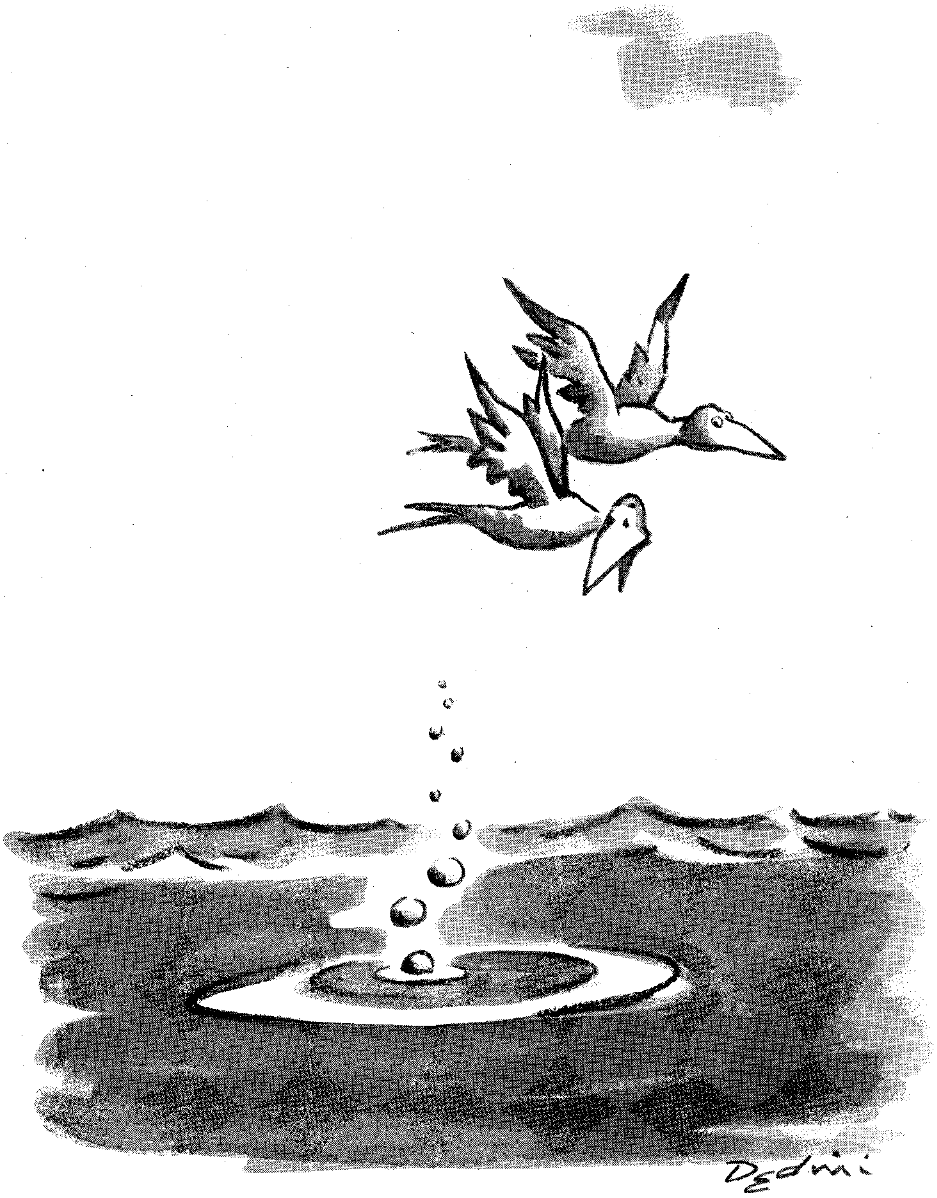
three in the morning, reached for the radio, and tuned in an evangelical admonishing his audience about the evils of self-satisfaction. You may think you're wonderful, he said, you may think you're powerful, you may think you're successful, and wise in the ways of the world, "but in the nostrils of God you stinketh."

These days, I spend a bit of time in Dutchess County, in upstate New York, and when I drive up there from the city—particularly when I drive alone—I like to have the car radio on. I change stations often while driving, picking up White Plains, Hartford, Albany, Kingston. One Saturday morning on the Taconic Parkway, trying to find something on the radio to amuse Sam and his sister, Rachel, I stopped turning the dial when I heard a strangely compelling piece of music—a piano piece, basically, but punctuated with bombs, cowbells, and the sound of glass breaking. The song, I later learned, was George Gershwin's "Rialto Ripples," the particular recording by Ernie Kovacs. The station was WDST-FM, and "Rialto Ripples," which had once been used by Kovacs himself as a theme song, was also Steve Charney's theme.

I became a fan not only of "The Steve Show" but also of WDST in general. It was not a single-format station; in an era when most radio is monotonal, it offered a variety of programming. Its classical-music programs—done, for the most part, by Leslie Gerber—were as good as any I had ever heard. They included "The Original Sound Hour," on Saturdays and Sundays, with works performed on the instruments that Bach and Mozart and Scarlatti had in mind when they composed. Gerber's comments were informative or amusing, never pedantic. Jan Whitman's "Country Crossroads," on Saturdays, was not just top-of-the-chart C. & W. but wide-ranging and wonderful, as was "Jus' Folks," the folk-music show, which she did with a young man named Eric Erickson. A jazz violinist and vocalist named Betty MacDonald had a four-hour jazz show on Sunday and a two-hour show four nights a week. Jerry Gillman, who is now the station's president and general manager, broadcast a forty-five-minute book program five days a week, on which he read works he happened to like. These included Mark Twain's "Life on the Mississippi" and "The Mysterious Stranger," Hemingway's Michigan stories, and Tom Robbins' "Still Life with Woodpecker." And for three hours two nights a week WDST offered the finest blues program that I had ever heard—music that, it seemed to me, rarely got broadcast anywhere else but was certainly deserving of an audience. On May 1, 1983, the day after the great blues singer Muddy Waters died, Andy Robinson, the station's blues programmer, devoted an entire three-hour show to Waters' music. Robinson has an extensive collection of blues albums, and, drawing on these, he broadcast a retrospective that spanned Waters' career. Where else, I wondered at the time, could a listener consistently find programming like this? And where else were you going to find a radio original like Steve Charney?

Recently, I asked Jerry Gillman how all this had come about.

"Well, I was installing a stereo system in my house," Gillman, who is an affable, gravel-voiced man of fifty-seven, told me. "I am so lacking in mechanical ability that I have difficulty with shoelaces, and the idea of my installing this thing and plugging the right wires into the right jack holes was such that my family had fled the house in horror. Anyway, when I was finished I turned it on, and my reaction was 'The damned thing doesn't work. I can't even get the local station.' Well, of course, it *did* work—there wasn't any local station. I discovered, to my astonishment, that the most famous music community in the world did not have a radio station of its own. And when I say 'the most famous music community in the world' I'm referring not just to the rock festival—which, as I'm sure you know, never took place in Woodstock—but to the oldest continuous chamber-



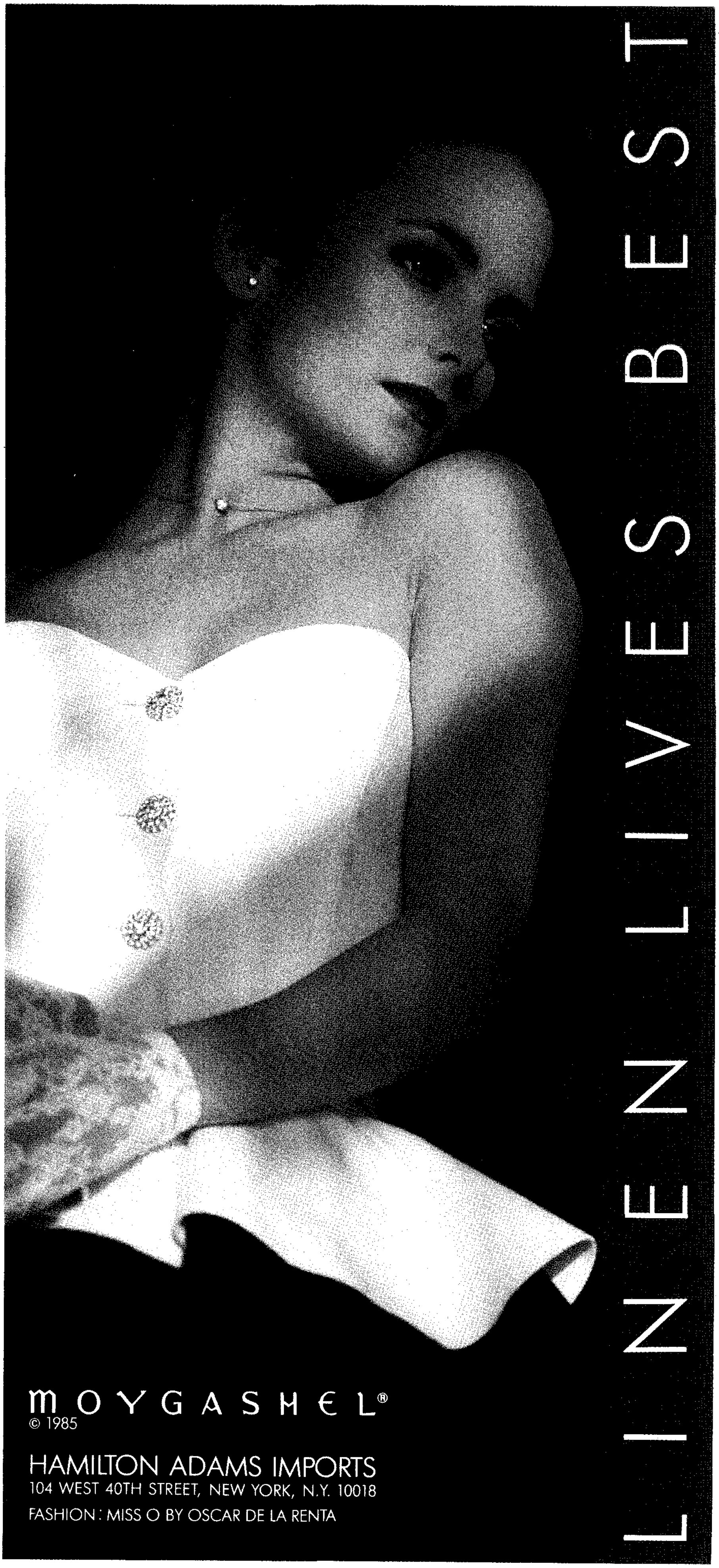
"Well, there goes Atlantis."

music series in the United States and to jazz artists who appear at the local clubs before they open in New York or before they go on world or national tours. In every conceivable discipline of music, it's here."

At the time Gillman was making his personal breakthrough with the stereo system, he and his wife, both of whom worked in public relations, lived in Queens and spent their weekends in Woodstock. "I found that the weekends up here were starting to stretch," Gillman told me. "That is, the normal two-day weekend became a three-day weekend, and a three-and-a-half-day weekend, and when I got to four I realized that I'd better find something to do up here or I would be standing in unemployment or welfare lines."

In February of 1974, after doing groundwork on the feasibility of starting an FM station in Woodstock, Gillman applied to the Federal Communications Commission for the assignment of a broadcast channel for the area—the application that, more than six years later, resulted in the birth of WDST. Of this lengthy process, Gillman said, "People in Washington have described the F.C.C. as the single most inefficient arm of the United States government. And if you're waiting for a broadcaster to gainsay that opinion, you're not going to get it from me—or, indeed, from any other broadcaster in the United States. The bureaucratic process went on for so long that there was no way for us to sustain the expense, and that's how WDST became a corporation. As a matter of fact, a group of stockholders owns it; the stockholders are all personal friends of ours. Incidentally, I think that the government procedure almost mandates that a particular stratum of society shall own broadcast facilities—because the process is so slow that unless you are a person of considerable wealth you cannot decide to open a radio station and wait the required time without going bankrupt."

Gillman turned to the subject of programming, saying, "I really loved radio as a kid. And when television began, radio changed. The radio stations chased a particular demographic, and radio survived in that fashion. In this area, the other radio stations play almost nothing but rock. They can call it M.O.R. or A.O.R. or C.H.R.—middle-of-the-road rock or album-oriented rock or contemporary-hit radio—but it's still rock. In the *Broadcasting Yearbook*, after the listing of



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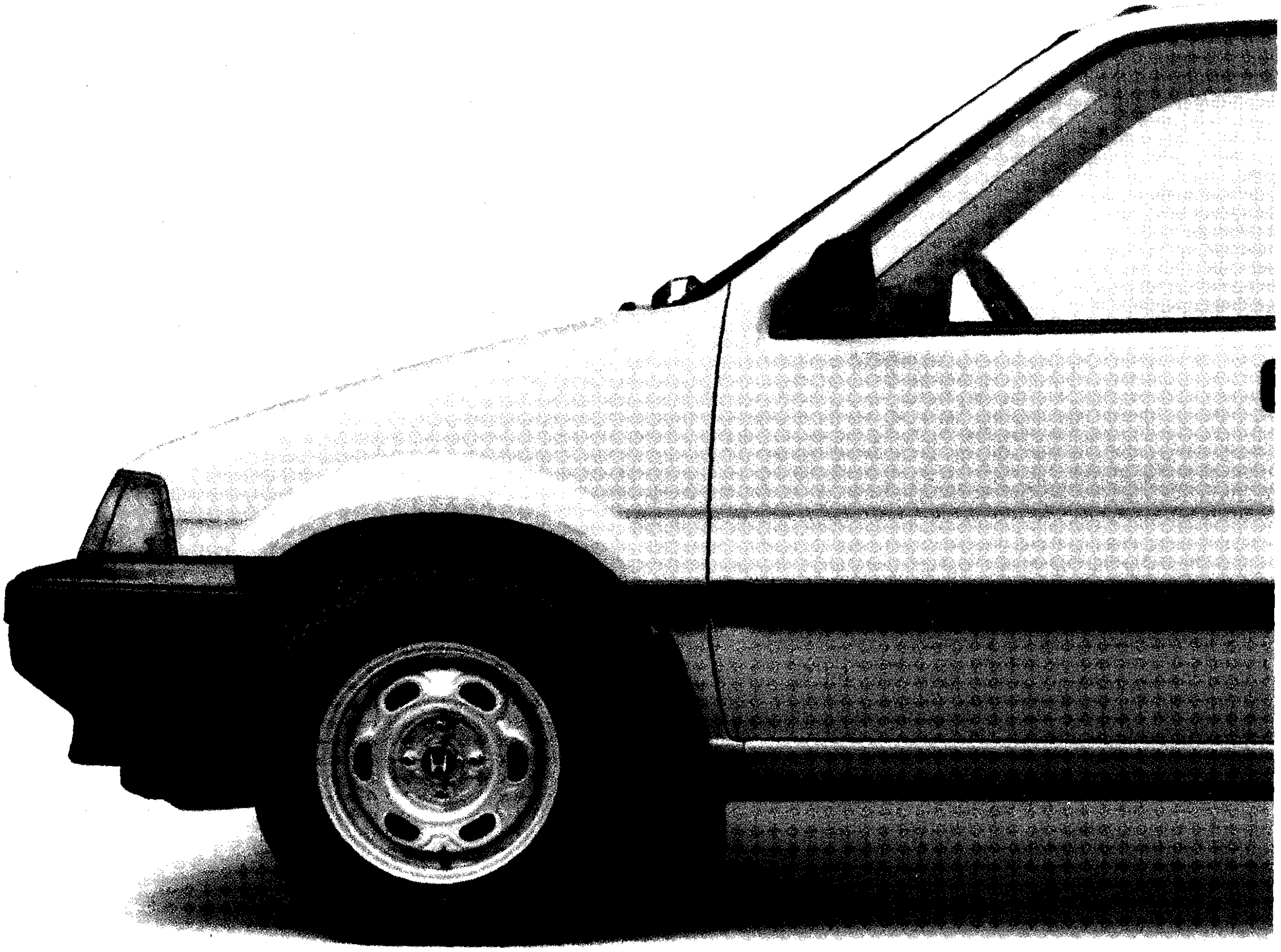
But it has a gr



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The seats don't just sit there either They bend and fold into ten different

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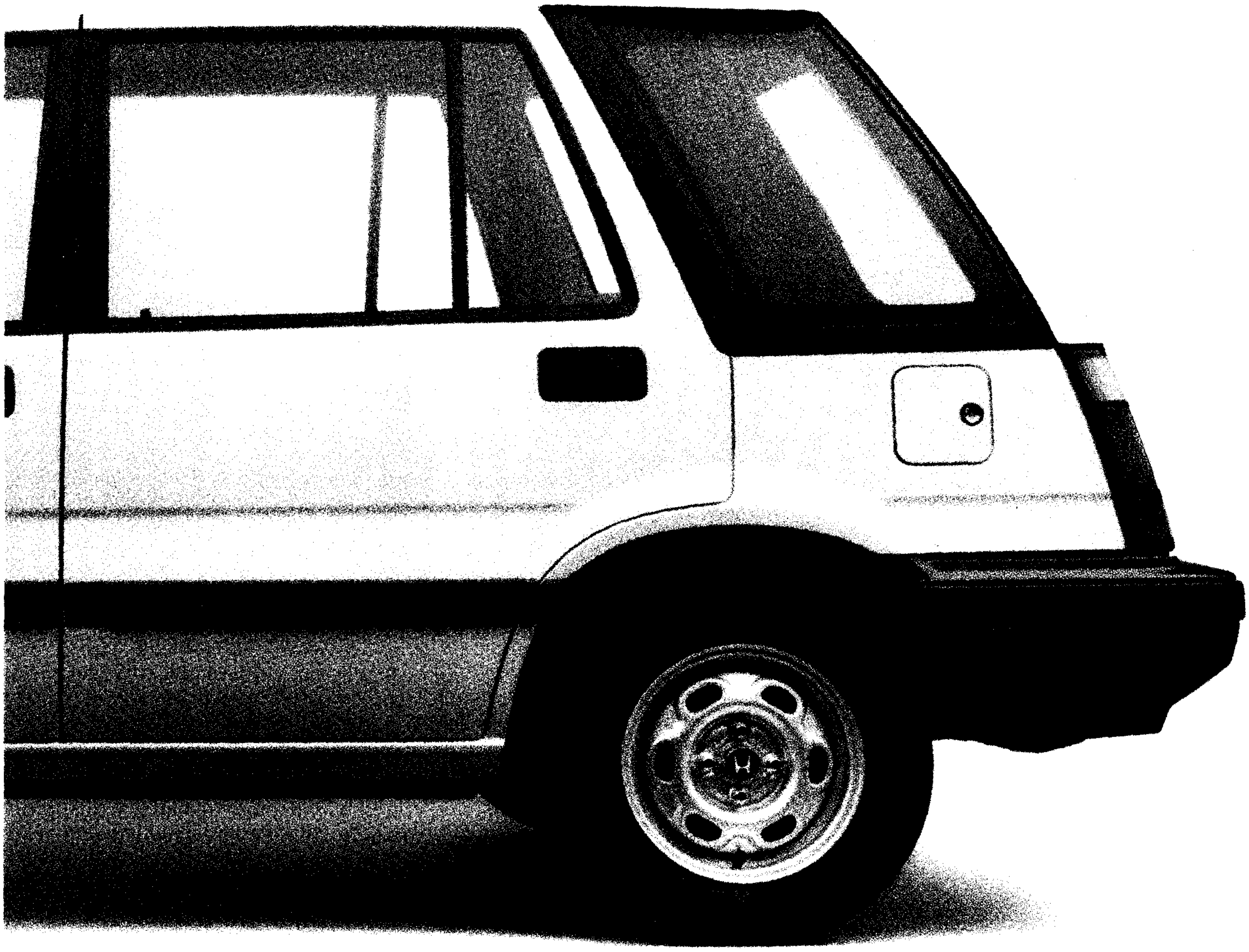
at personality.



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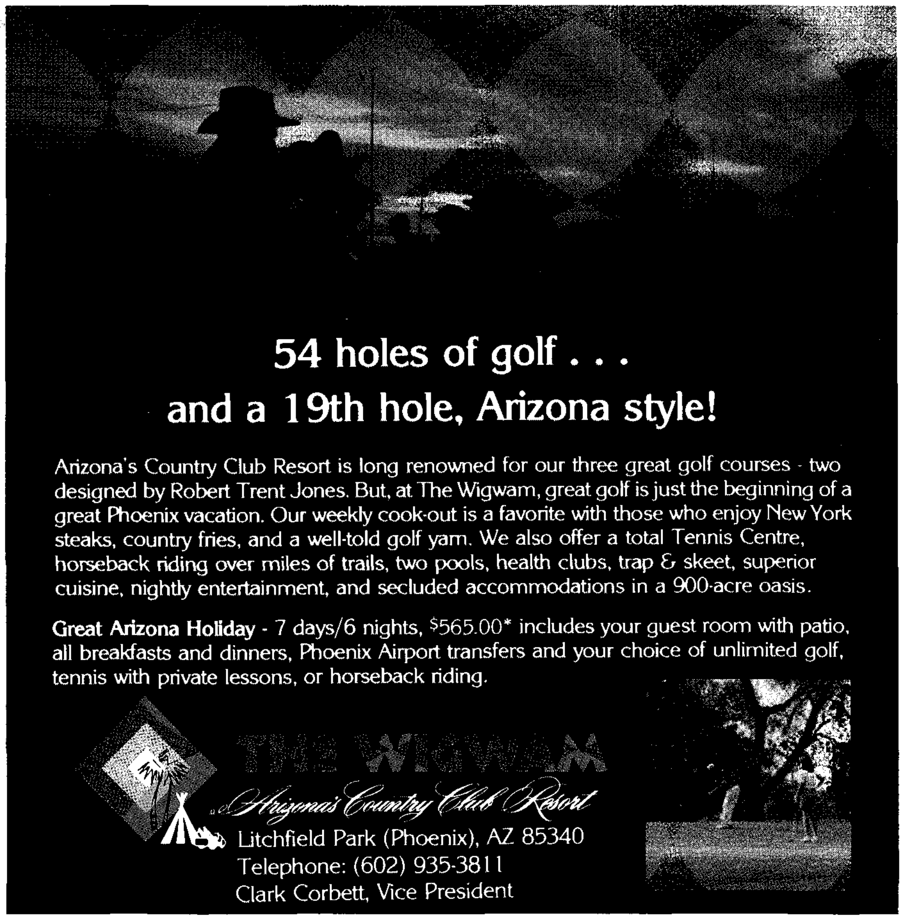
HONDA
The Civic Wagon

every station there's a description of format. There are so *few* formats! Perilously few are anything other than rock. Now, there are some jazz stations, there are some classical stations, there are country stations. I felt that there was no way to hold an audience here by presenting the same thing over and over again. Looking at television stations, in the very early hours—well, there may be something like a cartoon show, then the wake-up show comes on, of either the 'Today' or the 'Good Morning America' variety. And then into midday, with soap operas, sitcoms, news. Then prime time—back to private eyes or sitcoms. And then after the eleven-o'clock news it's either a talk show or movies. The point is that through the twenty-four hours the station is appealing to different demographics, and that's what we're trying to do, too. Only, we figure that one demographic will be interested in rock and another in jazz and another in classical, and so forth. And that's pretty much what radio used to be like. Radio offered all disciplines of music, along with talk shows and kids' adventure shows or something of the sort. So, really, what we do is a rediscovery of the wheel rather than anything revolutionary. But it works."

Charney's first shows were half an hour long, and they seemed rather bland—lacking an edge, without tension. The jokes were often bad, but they were not—as they have since sometimes become—aggressively, charmingly bad. "Harry didn't even exist till three or four months into the show," Charney told me. "I was reading a book on ventriloquism one day, and I found a routine with a dummy. He was in a cloth bag. I did it, and that week six people came up to me and said, 'Who was that little character you had on? It was funny.' And I said, 'Ah!' So I waited a few weeks, and I brought him in again, and his character was so strong that he just took over. It wasn't a conscious decision at all. I said, 'Who can play this other character?' And I said, 'It's Harry'—always Harry. At first, his voice was different—it was much sweeter. Over the years, it has grown nastier. Harry takes over commercials. And he has taken over the whole show a few times—literally taken it over. I've had routines where I was sick and couldn't come in, so he took over. And a routine where he locked me out of the station and decided to take over."

After Charney had been on WDST



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for a little more than a year, a woman who had been doing a half-hour Saturday-morning children's show called "Read Me a Story" left the station, and he started doing that show, too. "The Steve Show" soon swallowed it and expanded to an hour—time enough for Charney to stretch out, to improvise. The show was then free to evolve into its present format, which is basically that of a somewhat eccentric comedy anthology. (The show was initially broadcast every Saturday morning, but in the summer of 1984 it moved to nine on Sunday nights.) Charney has a large collection of comedy records—more than a hundred of them—and the show includes a lot of recorded comedy routines: Woody Allen, Bob and Ray, George Carlin, Bill Cosby, Rodney Dangerfield, Stan Freberg, Gallagher, Monty Python, Soupy Sales, Jonathan Winters. While some of this material may seem to be aimed more at adults than at children—and the show does have a sizable proportion of adult listeners—Charney feels that the children will get it, and laugh at it, even if they don't understand every nuance. "As a kid, I didn't understand everything Jean Shepherd said," he told me. "I didn't understand everything Bob and Ray said. I didn't understand everything Allan Sherman said. But I knew that I was into something really hip, and that I would be brought up to their level instead of their playing down to me. And I don't like to play down to kids. I won't play anything that I don't enjoy myself." A lot of the comedy recordings that Charney plays are musical—Oscar Brand, Tom T. Hall, Spike Jones, Danny Kaye, Jim Copp and Ed Brown, Barry Louis Polisar, Shel Silverstein, Allan Sherman, the Smothers Brothers, Ray Stevens, Uncle Floyd, Weird Al Yankovic. And, of course, Charney sings and plays guitar himself—folk songs and comedy songs, some of which he has written.

The recordings take up a little more than half of each hour, usually, but the heart of the show—the glue that holds it all together—is the slapstick involving Steve and Harry. One day, Harry is forced to picket the station when the dummy local goes out on strike. Steve retaliates by throwing matches out the window at the dummy pickets and later spraying them with water. Harry's troubles continue week after week. He is dragged physically into a radio set by a thuggish announcer. He is forced to wear a bikini to get into the proper mood for singing "Itsy Bitsy Teenie Weenie Yellow Polkadot Bikini." He is invited to play third base for the WDST softball team, and it turns out that the team wants him to play not the position but the base itself. And—probably the worst humiliation to which any dummy has ever been subjected—he is hospitalized for several weeks with an attack of Dutch elm disease. Listeners sent get-well cards to the station.

Harry does not suffer in silence. When Steve decides one day to do the show from a different perspective, Harry asks, "Now, what are you doing standing on your head, Steve?"

"Well, I thought that the show was getting a little bit predictable, that's all."

"Steve, don't you understand that for you to do something stupid like that is predictable?"

Harry demonstrates a calculated inability to do the tongue twisters that Steve is fond of. Having led Harry one word at a time through "Sally sells seashells by the seashore," an exasperated Steve tells him, "Good. Now say the whole thing." Harry complies: "Silly sells eggshells and buys a chain saw."

Infrequently, "The Steve Show" will have a guest. Last year, Charney invited Mike Thaler, the creator of Letterman for the "Electric Company" TV show and the author of dozens of children's books, to appear. A friend had suggested to Charney that he might like to have Thaler, who also lives in Ulster County, on the show, and the two of them hit it off so well that Thaler asked Charney to do voices and sound effects on a record that he would be making for Caedmon. Charney so impressed the Caedmon people that each side of the record—"The Riddle King Tells His Favorite Riddles, Jokes, Stories, and Songs with Steve Charney"—opens and closes with riddles that Thaler has written and Charney has turned into songs. The people at Caedmon are also considering the idea of having Charney make a record, with Harry, of his own songs. That project may be consummated this year. "I really think that good things will happen," Charney said one day when he told me about these developments. "I feel that I'm almost on the brink now."

One of the less overt themes running through the show is how much room radio leaves for the free play of a listener's imagination—unlike television, which, as numerous observers have noted, commands more of one's attention than radio but engages the mind less. Like a lot of comedians before him, Charney enjoys playing with the nature of the medium itself. When he complains that singing in a fish tank might well be physically impossible, Harry responds, "Steve, Steve . . . this is radio. We can do anything we want." On another occasion, Charney goes through the audio motions of dressing himself in a gorilla suit and painting his toenails green and then says, "Isn't radio great? I mean, you can really play with people's imaginations. I love it." On another day, Charney told me that he was sometimes amazed himself, when he listened to a tape of his show, at how strongly suggestive something can be. "The illusion really has a very powerful effect when you hear it on radio," he said. And earlier that day, during the broadcast, he had once again been playing with this notion. "I really love radio, because of the incredible imagination that you can have with it," he had said. "You know, anything can become a reality for you at home by my simply suggesting it with a sound effect or a change of voice. Or even how I phrase a sentence can make you see something in your mind that's not really there. And it doesn't matter how much I tell you that I'm just sitting here at the microphone pressing sound-effects buttons and changing my voice and moving away from the mike—you know, like this—when I want to create the illusion of distance. You know, like this— Hey, I'm off in the distance now. See, it sounds like I'm on the other side of the room, and it doesn't matter how much I tell you, you still see it in your mind."

After Charney's foray into radio metaphysics, Harry, as usual, had the last word. "Steve, aren't you getting a little heady for those people out there?" he said. "The very fact that they listen to us week after week shows that they're not *too* intelligent. And this kind of talk may just confuse them."

—C. P. Crow

LETTER FROM THE PHILIPPINES

> It's two in the morning and I'm ready to hit the sack. . . . This is my 121st day in captivity and yet no one has ever interrogated me or told me the charges against me. Only GOD and Marcos know how long I'll be here. . . . Frankly, while I talked about an impending martial law, my instincts told me it . . . would never happen. I felt the Filipinos would never stand for it, never tolerate it. Curbing freedom of the press? Never! In fact, many of our friends in the defense establishment assured me they'll never go along. . . . But it happened.

THIS was part of a four-page personal letter dated January 21, 1973, that accompanied a fifteen-page memorandum written from military prison by Philippine Senator Benigno (Ninoy) Aquino, Jr., and delivered to my hotel room in Manila later that same day by his wife, Corazón. It was the first of several letters that Aquino, whom I had first known as a young aide to Ramón Magsaysay twenty years before, smuggled out to me during nearly eight years of imprisonment. He had asked Cory, as everyone calls her, to get in touch with me, an American correspondent, he wrote, "because our hope lies with the foreign press, with our own press all but dead." In the letter, Aquino asked, "How does Washington feel about all this? Is the C.I.A. behind Marcos? Did they give him their blessing before the coup? Will Washington give him all-out military and economic support?" The enclosed memorandum was a detailed narrative of the dramatic and often bizarre political events, the economic disintegration, and the general breakdown of Philippine society that had served to give President Ferdinand Marcos an excuse to declare martial law, on the night of September 22, 1972. On the twenty-third, several hundred people were arrested in the Manila area, the most prominent among them being Aquino, who, as an opposition senator, had long been Marcos's harshest critic, and had several times accused him of wanting to set up a "garrison state." Marcos subsequently claimed, among other things, that Aquino had conspired with the Communists to overthrow the government. Aquino vehemently denied this, although he acknowledged in his letter to me, "I've maintained my contact with the dissidents to know what they're thinking, planning, and doing, to know whether they are getting outside support, to know their current directions," adding, "Without effective intelligence, how can I be expected to clean up this mess?" Roundups of political dissidents in the last week of September, 1972, and the issuance of the first of hundreds of Presidential decrees and orders started a process that led to the establishment of what Marcos first called "constitutional authoritarianism" and later hailed as "the New Society." Martial law was maintained for more than eight years—until January, 1981—and during that time the President employed a series of pseudolegal gimmicks and maneuvers, including carefully controlled plebiscites or referenda, one of which gave public approval to a new constitution while others "ratified" amendments and approved measures that in various ways enabled him to consolidate and extend his power.

There was no doubt that Marcos regarded Aquino, fifteen years his junior, as his greatest political enemy. In the Presidential election that, until martial law preëmpted it, had been scheduled to take place in the fall of 1973, Aquino would have stood a good chance of winning. Eventually, he was tried for murder and subversion, found guilty, and sentenced to death by a military court—whose jurisdiction he refused to acknowledge. Except for a brief period when he was released to see his family over a holiday but kept under house arrest, he was held in jail until May, 1980. Then, because he had suffered two coronaries, Marcos allowed him to travel to the United States for a heart-bypass operation.

In his 1973 memorandum to me, Aquino acknowledged something else. "There is no question but that Mr. Marcos has proved himself to be one of the shrewdest and most skillful Filipino politicians ever," he wrote. Neither Aquino nor any of Marcos's other opponents ever saw reason to alter that judgment. In fact, Aquino repeated the observation in a talk I had with him in New York not long before he made his fateful and, as it turned out, fatal decision to return to Manila in the summer of 1983.

After recovering from his bypass operation, and despite the lifting of martial law back home, Aquino had remained for three years in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he held research fellowships at

"That sounds marvellous, Marian. Peter and I would be thrilled, with Peter's usual reservations, of course."

Harvard and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He still had his ardor for politics, but, at fifty, he seemed to have acquired a new maturity and, though he also retained his natural ebullience, a relative serenity that he had never had before. Some of his friends felt he had undergone something like religious conversion as a result of his years in prison and three narrow brushes with death—one when he went on a forty-day hunger strike and the others when he suffered his heart attacks. Although he was still being accused by Marcos of provoking demonstrations and riots in Manila, Aquino denied that he any longer sought an active role in Filipino politics. He did keep up with events, however, and, in lectures and interviews, repeatedly warned that Marcos, by perpetuating his hold on power, by assisting in the glorification of his high-powered wife, Imelda, and by enriching himself, his family, and his friends while trampling on human rights, was bringing the Philippines to the edge of political disaster and economic collapse.

IN spite of such condemnation, Aquino was convinced that Marcos was still capable of seeing the right path and, by following it, could restore democracy to the Philippines, and thereby regain his own honor and his place in history. It was, therefore, to try to persuade Marcos to agree to a peaceful and carefully phased transfer of power that Aquino first determined, in the spring of 1983, to go back to Manila. He had been warned by Imelda Marcos, during an emotional three-hour meeting in New York at the end of May that year, that there were plots by his "enemies" to kill him. According to what he subsequently told his closest Filipino friends in America, Mrs. Marcos even offered him "financial assistance" if he would remain in the United States. In the next two months, threats against his life were mentioned several times by Filipino officials, either through publicized reports leaked to the press or in messages forwarded to him from Manila, and this was done in what appeared to be an orchestrated way. Aquino was also denied travel documents for his trip. His friends and relatives in the United States and in the Philippines—including his mother, Doña Aurora, in Manila—tried to persuade him to postpone the trip, but he went ahead with his plans. Shortly before his departure, he told Alex A. Esclamado,

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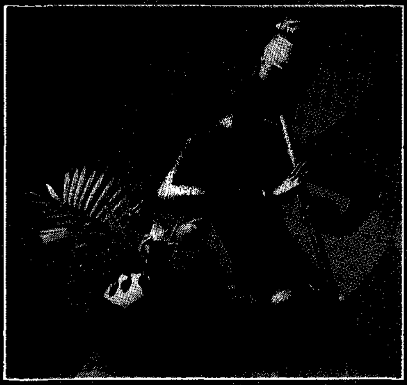

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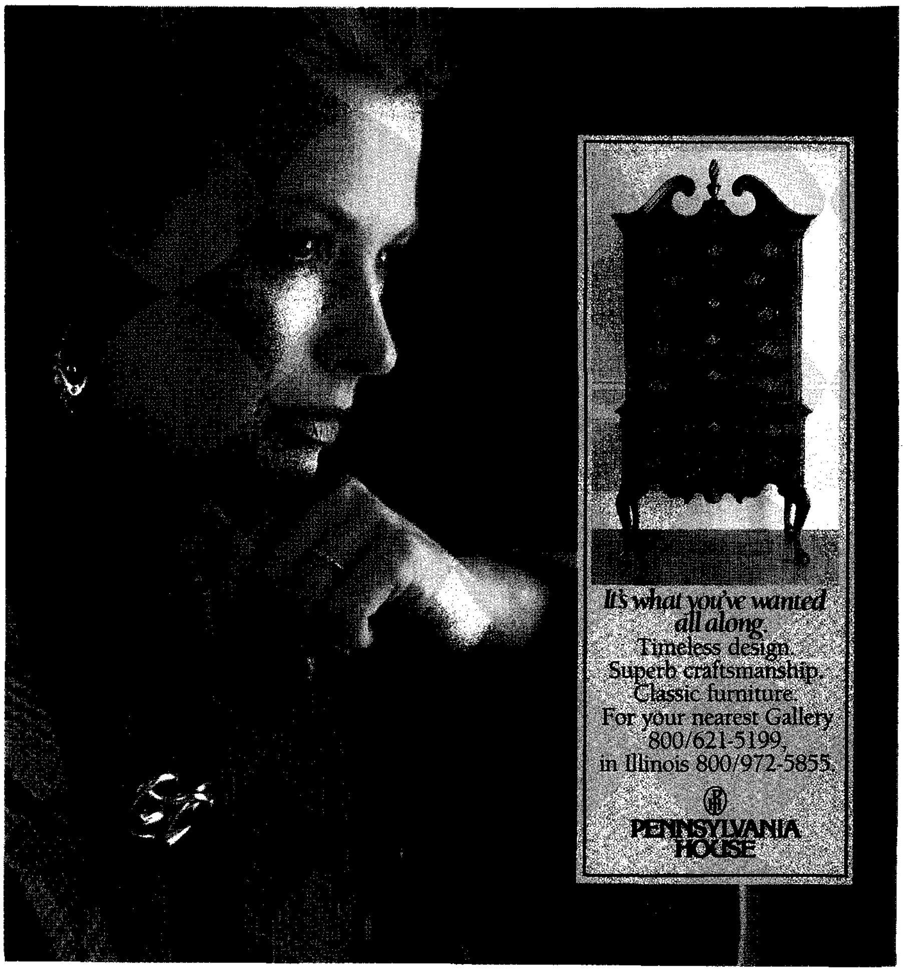

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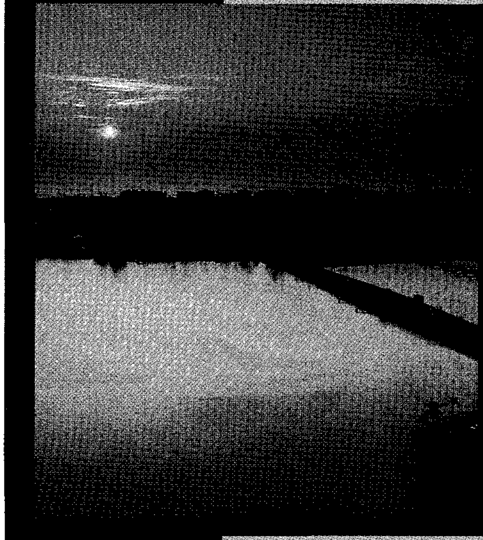
the editor and publisher of the *Philippine News*, a Filipino-American newspaper printed in California, "I am fully aware that this mission of mine may be my last." In view of some of the statements Marcos had been making, Aquino told Esclamado, he suspected that he had been "set up for a kill," either by Marcos or by the Communists. He left Boston in mid-August and, after making several stops in Asia, using a passport he had obtained under the mock-heroic name of Bonifacio (after a famous Filipino patriot), he took off from Taiwan on the morning of August 21st via China Airlines.

As soon as the plane landed at Manila International Airport, about two hours later, it was boarded by military guards, who told Aquino they were there to "escort" him. (His movements had been monitored since he left the United States, and the Army and the police knew he was on the plane.) Minutes later, as he descended a mobile staircase that had been placed at the front exit of the airliner, there was a fusillade of shots, and he tumbled to the tarmac. The bullets, which struck him in the head, killed him instantly. Nearby, almost simultaneously, other guards gunned down one Rolando Galman, whom the police quickly identified as a Communist gunman and Aquino's killer. This story was widely disbelieved from the outset, and last October, after eleven months of investigation, a special five-person independent commission, which had been appointed reluctantly by Marcos, charged that Aquino's murder had been planned and carried out by a group that included some of the country's highest-ranking military officers. The brutal and crude assassination and its aftermath have shaken the national psyche in a way that nothing else could have done, and have placed Marcos on the defensive for the first time in his heretofore astonishingly successful political career.

According to the report of the majority of the commission's members, Aquino was shot in the back of the head by one or more of the military guards who had boarded the plane and were purportedly escorting him to the terminal. This finding, which exonerated Galman, the dead alleged killer, was a main item in the conclusions reached by the commission. Both a majority report, of nearly five hundred pages, submitted by four commission members, and a shorter report written by the group's chairwoman, retired



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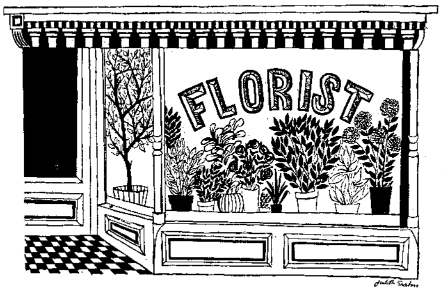
Justice Corazón Agrava of the Court of Appeals, rejected the government's contention that Aquino was killed by Galman on Communist orders. Mrs. Agrava's report named only one general and six soldiers as participants in the conspiracy, while the majority report went much further: it named a total of twenty-six conspirators—three generals, six other military officers, sixteen soldiers and constables, and one civilian. The highest-ranking person accused was General Fabian C. Ver, the Army Chief of Staff, who is a third cousin of Marcos's and one of his oldest and most trusted friends. Although Ver, who ran the Presidential security guard and was also the nation's intelligence chief, immediately proclaimed his innocence, he also asked for, and was granted, temporary leave as Chief of Staff. In testifying before the commission, he had at first denied but then admitted that he had monitored Aquino's movements from the moment Aquino left America, and that the military knew exactly when and on what flight Aquino was arriving in Manila. The naming of Ver as the top man in the conspiracy, many Filipinos felt, signified that the plot could not have been devised and carried out without Marcos's knowledge, and they argued that, logically, Marcos should also have been named. Ver's total loyalty and commitment—indeed, subservience—to Marcos were well known; Marcos was the only man in the country he took orders from, instead of giving orders to, and it was unlikely that on his own he would have mounted something as monstrous and daring as a plot to murder the immensely popular Aquino. Marcos himself, when he was initially asked at a press conference shortly after the assassination whether, if there had been a government conspiracy, he would have known about it, had replied with a firm "Yes." A year later, despite the accusations of a conspiracy in both commission reports, and in what seemed a subconscious oblique reference to his own responsibility, in a fulsome letter granting Ver's request for leave, he referred to "the so-called evidence," and wrote, "The circumstances under which the board has chosen to implicate you [Ver] in its findings are fraught with doubt and great contradictions of opinion and testimony."

Filipinos often joke about their inability to keep secrets and their propensity for gossiping and spreading rumors, and the Aquino murder provided a field day for gossipers and rumormongers. Many people were struck by two aspects of the assassination—its brazenness and its poor execution. If the killers intended from the outset to pin the blame on Rolando Galman, they bungled badly; Galman, it turned out, had no connections with the Communists and was simply a local hoodlum—a hired gun—who was known to some members of the military, including the colonel who allegedly brought him into the plot and was named as one of the conspirators. Although Galman was wearing the blue uniform of an airport maintenance worker, it would have been virtually impossible for him to get through the tight security net without the complicity of those in charge—particularly the Aviation Security Command, which was headed by Brigadier General Luther Custodio, who was named in both reports. Mrs. Agrava's report accused him of having disobeyed an order from Ver, whom she sought to absolve, to arrest Aquino and turn him over to military-security headquarters. Four days before the killing, Galman had been picked up at his home by the military, and on August 21st he had been driven in a van to the airport to a point near where the Chinese plane would taxi to a stop. Just as Aquino was descending, Galman was apparently shoved out of the vehicle onto the tarmac, where he was killed by guards who jumped out of the same van or another one. The bullets that killed Aquino, a chemical report revealed, and that entered his head from the rear, came from .38- or .45-calibre pistols carried by the guards on the stairs; the shots could not have been fired by Galman, who was in front and to the right of the stairs and was carrying a .357 Magnum revolver.

There were reports afterward that the assassination was performed after a last-minute decision, and that there had been two alternative plans—either to refuse Aquino permission to disembark, because his travel papers were not in order, or to rearrest him and return him to prison in Fort Bonifacio, since he was still legally under the jurisdiction of the military tribunal. Although the final decision to kill Aquino had probably been made a day or two before he arrived, the alternatives had been considered, and the indecision over which option to adopt has been partly explained by some Filipino sources as due to the fact that Marcos, who has been chronically ill for the past two or three years, was in particularly bad health at the time. In fact, he was said to have been completely incapacitated, at least until hours before the murder took place. He had not been seen in public for more than a week; the official story he had given out was that he was in seclusion working on two books. In spite of this, two hours after the assassination a statement was issued in his name which, while expressing sorrow for the killing, said, "We may look at this with a clear conscience," and blamed Aquino for not having heeded earlier warnings. Marcos referred to the "intelligence reports" that had made it clear that "the danger against [Aquino's] life . . . was highest and unabated," and he added, "We practically begged him to help us in the efforts to protect his life."

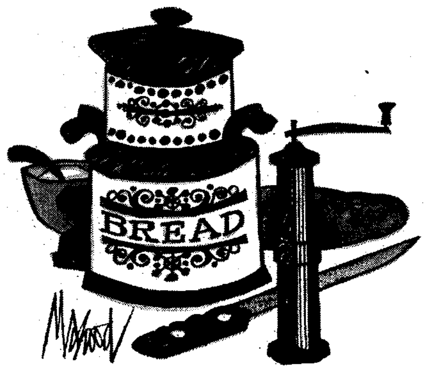


Many Filipinos felt that further delays and obfuscations would preclude aggressive prosecution and pursuit of the truth, but the fact is that Marcos moved quickly once he received the commission reports. When Mrs. Agrava, under obvious emotional stress, handed him her version, at Malacañang, the Presidential palace, he thanked her and immediately turned it over to Bernardo Fernández, the government Tanodbayan, or ombudsman. The following day, when the four other commission members delivered their majority summation to Marcos, he received them coldly and said, "I hope you can live with your consciences, after what you have done," whereupon he curtly dismissed them. Later that day, however, he also sent their report to the ombudsman's office. A special court called the Sandiganbayan, a body created under the 1973 constitution (and activated by Marcos in 1978) to handle cases of wrongdoing by government officials, chiefly matters of graft and corruption, will conduct a trial of defendants charged by the ombudsman. The Tanodbayan and two assistants, after studying the evidence for a month, have just indicted all twenty-six people named in the majority report, including General Ver, who, along with seven other military men, was charged as an accessory, rather than a principal, in the murders of Aquino and Galman.

In calculated contrast to the reaction by Marcos to the majority's report was that of our State Department, whose official spokesman, John Hughes, the Assistant Secretary for Public Affairs, said, "We trust that, as President Marcos has promised, those responsible for Senator Aquino's murder, no matter who they may be, will be held accountable for this terrible crime." He was obviously referring to Ver; and Washington quickly praised Marcos's appointment as Acting Chief of Staff, to replace Ver, of Lieutenant General Fidel Ramos, who had been Ver's deputy and the head of the combined constabulary and national police. Ramos, a West Point graduate who also holds master's degrees in business administration and civil engineering, is widely respected within the military for professionalism, hard work, and efficiency, and he is publicly esteemed for honesty and rectitude. Though he has never been a "political general," he happens to be a second cousin of Marcos's, and in 1981, when Ver received his present appointment, it was generally expected that Ramos, who had had considerably more direct military experience, would be chosen as head of the Army. Ramos was not happy about being passed over, and he was further set back when, two years ago, his command responsibilities were diminished by a reorganization of the armed forces into thirteen national regions under the direct supervision of Ver. After the Agrava report, Marcos announced that, during what he described as Ver's "temporary leave of absence," in effect "nothing has changed in the policies and operational plans of the armed forces."

Unless Ramos has a free hand to clean up the military—which has been accused of habitual graft and theft, and of killing or torturing anyone even vaguely suspected of having any association with the Communists—"the military will be a lost cause," to quote former Senator Jovito Salonga, perhaps the most respected voice in the opposition to Marcos. "Ramos must first try to get rid of the torturers and wrongdoers, starting with the top ten or twenty who are the most guilty," Salonga told me. "That's the way Magsaysay did it when he was Defense Minister, back in the fifties. Ramos must play this to the hilt, because the creation of a climate of trust is vital. The success of future elections and the future of democracy itself in the Philippines will depend on it. A free hand for Ramos, the appointment of an independent prosecutor, and the selection of a truly independent court to try those accused of assassinating Aquino are essential." As for Ramos, he indicated, after three weeks, that he felt "uncomfortable" under the limited directives given him by Marcos and Ver, because there was an urgent need to eliminate "within our ranks such . . . enemies as arrogance, ceremonial pomp, intrigue, waste, abuse of authority, laziness, corruption, and divisiveness."

Whatever the outcome of the trial, and whether or not Marcos and his wife are further implicated, the Aquino case will inevitably have a bearing on who, after all these years, will eventually succeed Marcos as President. Although General Ramos has maintained his neutrality and his apolitical stance, and has said, "My loyalty does not belong to any person but to the constitution and my job," the possibility that the military will take over, for a short or a long period, is not to be discounted, particularly if there is much violence in the streets, continuing economic chaos and uncertainty, and a prolonged political vacuum. Many thoughtful Filipinos feel that even though Marcos has not been shown to have been a part of the conspiracy to kill Aquino, the accusations against Ver and the other officers have politically damaged him beyond recovery, and consequently he should resign. Others, however, including many who hold no brief for Marcos, believe that if he were to quit now there would be an even greater danger of a military coup—possibly one led by Ver and his friends in the Army who owe their jobs to him, including a majority of the generals on active duty (four-fifths of whom signed a newspaper advertisement in Ver's behalf), and perhaps with the tacit approval of Marcos and his wife. A coup backed by Ver and his supporters would create havoc in the Army ranks and would in all likelihood lead to a revolt by the younger colonels, who have no love for the older generals already past retirement age and standing between them and promotion. The professional officers almost unanimously support General Ramos in his desire to clean up the Army and reorganize it. In a showdown between Ver and Ramos, Defense Minister Juan Ponce Enrile, who dislikes Ver and has his own designs on the Presidency, would almost surely support Ramos.



Instead of a military takeover, or perhaps coincident with it, there might be a series of coördinated anti-government attacks around the country sparked by Communist guerrillas. These forces, calling themselves the New People's Army (N.P.A.), consist of an estimated twelve thousand full-time armed guerrillas, another ten thousand part-time militia with some guns, and between half a million and a million sympathizers. Though the degree of their activity varies greatly, the insurgents are now active in virtually all of the seventy-three provinces, spread out over the seven thousand one hundred Philippine islands (many of which, of course, are small and uninhabited). Activity is highest in the two largest islands—Mindanao, in the far south, and Luzon, at the north end of the archipelago. Over all, at least twenty per cent of the rural areas, villages, and smaller towns in the Philippines are under some degree of N.P.A. control or influence, and in Mindanao the figure is closer to forty per cent. The increase of N.P.A. activity was certainly a factor in the thinking of the four members of the Agrava Commission who wrote the majority report. One of them, alluding to the disruptive effect that identifying President Marcos as part of the conspiracy would have had, afterward commented, "We would not have served justice if our disclosure of the killers of one man resulted in the killing of hundreds of thousands of our people and the destruction of our nation."

In an unusual epilogue to its long report, the majority took note of this danger by referring to "the forces around us that will use this report to discredit our traditionally revered institutions as they have unscrupulously done with the valid grievances we have always articulated." Aquino's murder, the epilogue went on,

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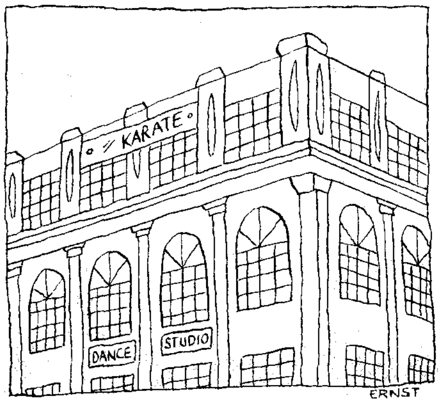
"brought into sharper focus the ills pervading Philippine society," including "the breakdown of peace and order, economic instability, subversion, graft, and corruption, and an increasing number of abusive elements in what are otherwise noble institutions in our country—the military and law-enforcement agencies." In its penultimate paragraph, the majority report went as far as its framers dared in pinpointing Malacañang as the center of the conspiracy: "A tragedy like that which happened on August 21, 1983, and the crisis that followed would have normally caused the resignation of the chief of the armed forces in a country where public office is viewed with highest esteem and respect, and where the moral responsibilities of public officials transcend all other considerations." The chief of the armed forces, of course, is President Marcos.

If Marcos should ultimately resign or die in office, a recently adopted constitutional amendment calls for the Speaker of the Batasan, or National Assembly, to take over as Acting President pending a special Presidential election within sixty days. There is no Vice-President at the moment, and Marcos refused to have one chosen as part of the elections last May for a new National Assembly. He was originally elected President in 1965 and was reëlected in 1969, both times with a Vice-President. According to the original 1935 Philippine constitution, he was not eligible for a third term, but in 1973 he forced the adoption of the new constitution, which in theory established a parliamentary form of government but enabled him to remain as President. With the lifting of martial law in 1981, he pushed a number of new amendments through a rubber-stamp Interim National Assembly, including an amendment that replaced the British-type parliamentary system with a French-type mixed parliamentary and Presidential one, and in June of 1981 he was reëlected President for six years against a token opposition. He then chose César Virata, an able technocrat, as Prime Minister and Minister of Finance. A new national election is now scheduled for 1987, to choose a President and Vice-President, and this is to be preceded by local elections in 1986 for governors and mayors. Marcos, who is sixty-seven and suffers from systemic lupus erythematosus—a chronic disease that can affect the kidneys and can then be treated but not cured by dialysis and medication—announced early this past November that his health was all right and he would run again in 1987. Two weeks later, he was reported to be receiving special treatment at the Kidney Center in nearby Quezon City for a heart condition as well as for kidney trouble. By early December, however, after being absent from view for a fortnight, he was up and about and holding meetings in Malacañang, with his doctor standing by, and he even bared his chest for photographers to dispel rumors that he had undergone heart surgery. In the light of this most recent medical report, however, his announcement about running in 1987, coming three years ahead of the election and amid so many other imponderables, seemed more a macho political tactic than a realistic declaration of intent. In fact, the most recent rumors have been that he will call for special Presidential elections this year or next and choose Mrs. Marcos as his running mate or successor.

Marcos, who still holds a firm grip on power through martial-law decrees, could restore full one-man rule simply by invoking Constitutional Amendment Six, which would enable him to legislate without an Assembly, but he is aware that this action would be highly unpopular and difficult to carry off. Over the past two years, he has moved slowly to restore some political and other freedoms, which have included freedom for what has become a vociferous "alternative," or opposition, press; a half-dozen newspapers and magazines have steadily increased their denunciations of his dictatorial methods and have subjected both him and his wife to constant criticism, ranging from gossip about their private lives to serious charges of mismanagement, corruption, and nepotism. Nevertheless, despite his illness, Marcos remains a commanding figure, and a feared one, and he copes with most accusations by simply ignoring them and evading questions. When I spoke with him for an hour late last summer in his office at Malacañang, he was both defensive and evasive, and also somewhat impatient. I have known him for twenty-five years and have always found him courteous. He was so on this occasion as well, but he avoided direct questions more than before, and blamed others, mostly the United States, for the country's troubles, rather than himself or his government. Dressed in dark trousers with a white barong, or native long-sleeved shirt, he looked surprisingly well, I thought, though his skin seemed somewhat gray and his cheeks were slightly puffy. His movements were a bit slower than usual, and so was his speech, but he spoke clearly and seemed to be making a special effort to show that he was still in charge.



When I asked him if—now that Assembly elections, which the government had won by a two-to-one margin, had been successfully held—he was prepared to meet with the new Assembly and compromise on some key matters, such as Amendment Six, his decree powers, judicial reform, and the accountability of government officials, he replied obliquely that "these are not new issues." Similar ones had been raised against all previous Philippine Presidents, he said, starting with Manuel Quezon during the Second World War. What Westerners failed to understand, he went on, was that there was "a new milieu, a new environment" at present, brought about by "the danger of insurgency and terrorism and subversion." He defended his right as Commander-in-Chief to issue decrees "after a party caucus, which means the approval of the members of the Assembly and some of the governors and political leaders." When I pursued the question about compromise, rephrasing it, he still would not respond. "We have freedom of speech, and freedom of assembly, and all the manifestations of freedom and democracy," he insisted. The most he would say was that if an emergency was not "too severe," if the safety of the republic was not at stake, martial law would not be reimposed and "Amendment Six would be enough." He admitted to being unpleasantly surprised by some of the election results, which had led to opposition victories in Manila and other cities, and said, "We were overwhelmed by a bad press, by black propaganda, which we did not dare to dignify by answering." The fact is, however, that Mrs. Marcos, who is

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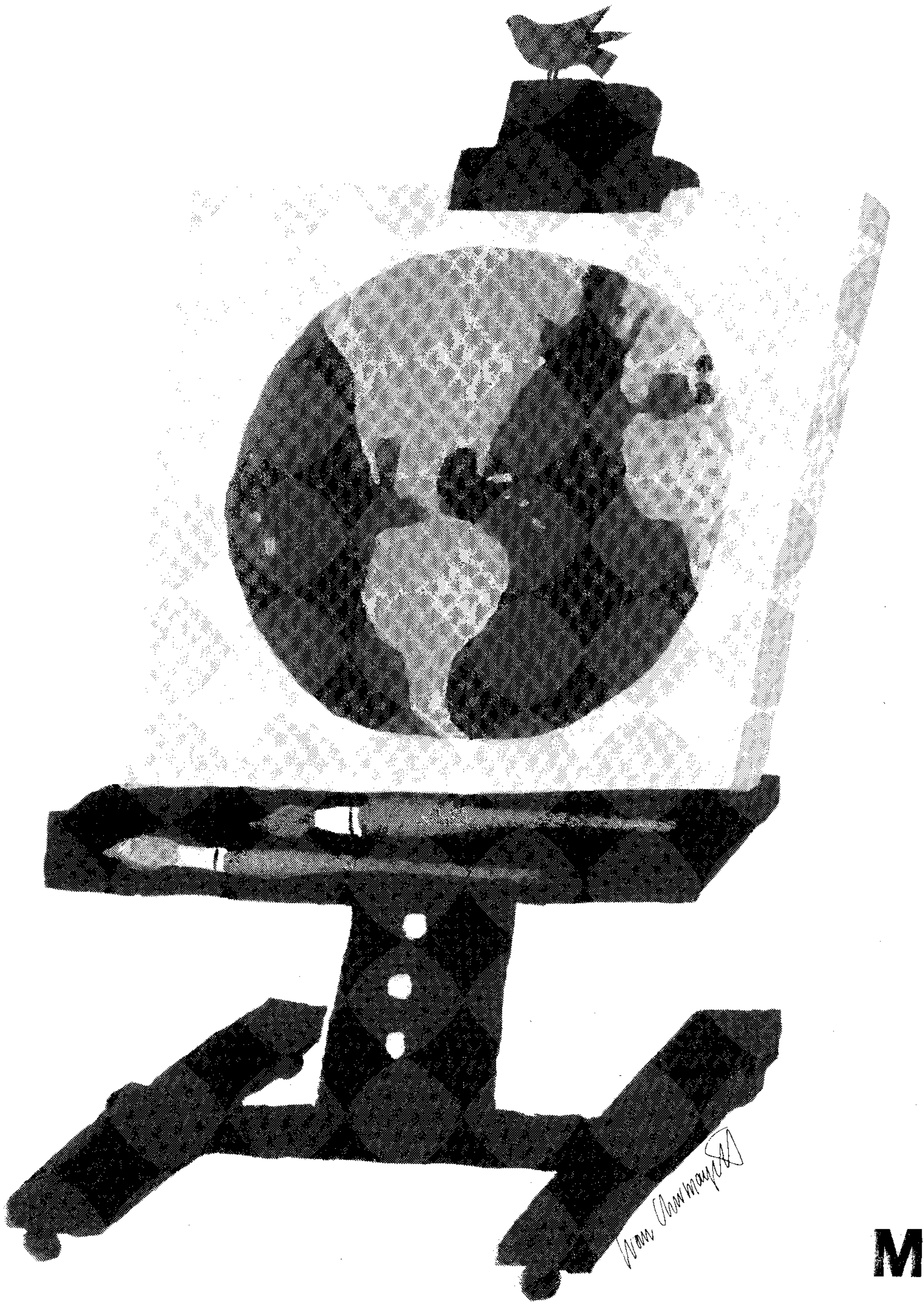

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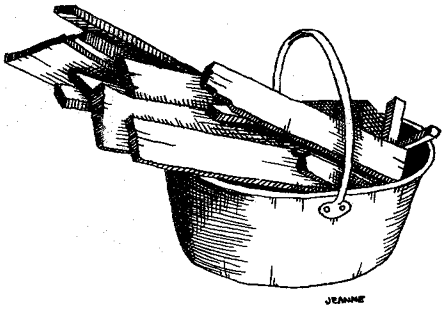
the Governor of Metro Manila and whose slate of candidates had been badly beaten in the city, responded angrily and bitterly to the defeats, charging her party organizers with poor leadership and the voters with "disloyalty." Marcos added that "five thousand" government officials, including two Cabinet members, had been dismissed for having "caused some of the economic difficulties" and "made the wrong decisions," but that those who supported the opposition, including some businessmen, were simply "angry at me for increasing the penalty for salting away dollars and preventing the black market in dollars." He blamed the United States for having increased its interest rates and having lowered its sugar quotas for the Philippines, and said the country's problems stemmed chiefly from the fact that "we are tied to the economy of the United States."

He was especially defensive about Mrs. Marcos, blaming foreign correspondents, including me, for criticizing her and starting rumors that she was no longer indispensable, or even welcome, in the Cabinet as Minister of Human Settlements, a job to which he had reappointed her—despite wide opposition—because, he claimed, a party caucus demanded it. "What you cannot understand is that she is acceptable to the people," and the criticism is "because you have biases and prejudices against her and against our government," he said. As for his alleged cronies, he claimed they were all "self-made men" who had built up their own fortunes, and he denied my allegation that they controlled the economy. "Are you crazy?" he asked. "The Chinese are the ones controlling much of the economy—the Chinese and the mestizos [ordinarily, meaning people of part-Philippine and part-Chinese descent]. This is what we have been working against. We want to develop a group of Filipino businessmen who are loyal to the Republic and who are nationalistic, who think more of their country than of alien influence." Unlike most of his own experts, let alone diplomatic observers, he denied the seriousness of the Communist insurgency, appearing to contradict what he had said at the outset. "We are much, much safer now," he said, alluding to the Hukbalahap rebellion among peasants in central Luzon in the late forties and early fifties, and he added that, while some of the younger leaders of the N.P.A. were becoming more active, the rebellion as a whole "is not only being contained, we are eliminating it."

Four days later, at the opening session of the new Batasan, he was conciliatory toward the opposition, delivering a strong address in a convincing manner. He repeated what he had told me about Amendment Six, but then said, to loud applause, "I have no intention of replacing the powers of this Assembly." He gave a guardedly optimistic prognosis on the economy in some detail and appealed for unity and coöperation in carrying out a new ten-point program, which included less public spending, more emphasis on agro-industrial growth, more social equity, and better accountability at the public levels. Such improvements had, in fact, lately been insisted upon by the International Monetary Fund as conditions for financial assistance to the country. He concluded on an emotional note, declaring, "If you have anger in your hearts against me, let me suffer but do not let our people and our country suffer."

A number of opposition members did not attend the session, and those who did were critical. "I've heard all this before; it's an old tune," said former Senator Ramón Mitra, a striking-looking man with a gray-streaked goatee and a gleaming smile that reminded me of a scythe. "The economic stuff was a myth. You'd think the country was in good shape and recovering. Things are not getting better; they're getting worse. Talk to the people in the villages. What he said was insulting to them."

Others I spoke with agreed that Marcos, in the manner of an old soldier, which he takes pride in being (a week or so later, he donned a fatigue uniform and went to northern Luzon to accompany troops on a counter-insurgency mission), has an extraordinary ability to rally his strength and demonstrate that he can still move about, and also that he is still the craftiest politician and has one of the sharpest legal minds around. "Marcos is way ahead of the others—he's the smartest lawyer I know," Carlos Rómulo, the retired Foreign Minister, now in his late eighties, remarked to me. "He may have a tiger by the tail, and the economic situation is worse today than it's ever been, but there's no one on the scene to succeed him—that's the trouble." Rómulo's son Ricardo, one of Manila's top lawyers, who has become an active behind-the-scenes opposition strategist, described Marcos as being "out of touch but not out of power," and went on, "He doesn't really know what he's doing or saying much of the time—like insisting that the economy is O.K.; that our troubles are due to the world depression, to the financial collapse in Central and South America; to the Communists; and so on. He talks as if it were 1972. The rhetoric hasn't changed, and that's what is so discouraging." A social scientist at Ateneo University, Willy Arce, commented, during a long conversation we had, "Our problem is not that we have a dictatorship—it's that no one is really in charge." Professor Arce, who feels that "we get the government we deserve," pointed out that the problems of graft and corruption, which have long been endemic in the Philippines, stem from the fact that "profits are derived not from efficiency but from being able to manipulate the environment," and explained, "That's the way the pysche is structured here. In the West, it's a matter of motivation and achievement; entrepreneurs are achievers, with internal drives. What counts here, however, is managing your personal relations well, one way or another. Everyday events are writ large in the case of the crony system, and this is how it works all the way up the line, from the small entrepreneur who needs good relations with his bank, to law-enforcement agencies, and so forth. The smart businessman knows this and cultivates it, and crony capitalism under Marcos has brought the system to its finest form. Corruption has become the norm. Laws are looked upon in terms of 'If it works in my favor, fine, and if not, smile.' This naturally builds up a cynicism, a bifurcated view of how people regard norms in their society in relation to laws. You go back and forth in these domains with relative ease. With no one in charge, there's no one to safeguard the public good. It's not just leadership—it's followership as well." Arce said that Marcos knows he has to have the loyalty and support of certain people; that he will persuade them, buy them, and then, if need be, get rid of



them, “but that's the limit of his power.”

Ricardo Rómulo, in looking back on the past ten or fifteen years of crony capitalism under Marcos, sees him today as “unable to make bold moves, including actions against his cronies, because he's scared of his power base for the first time—he sees his political power eroding.” Joker Arroyo, a prominent liberal lawyer who has long been active in civil-rights affairs, believes, as many other observers do, that “the place in history Marcos so much wanted has eluded him, and now he has boxed himself in, behind his corny programs and devices,” and says, “He wants to recoup even as his popular support wanes, and the guy still thinks he can do it. He still wants it all—money, power, fame, and acclaim. He believes in this so much that it's become self-justifying and self-devouring.” Still, Arroyo, who was among a minority who favored boycotting the Assembly elections last May, feels that the election outcome proved that Marcos in fact succeeded in “defusing the situation—it was a master stroke.”

Not all members of the opposition, or even all of the former boycotters, agree, and particularly not the opposition assemblymen and assemblywomen who won fifty-nine seats out of a hundred and eighty-three, or a third of the Assembly. But if it is true that Marcos has lost much of his earlier popularity, it is also true that the opposition remains fragmented and too weak to pose a serious challenge. The chief reason that the opposition did not win at least twenty more seats, and perhaps even a majority of the Assembly, was that Marcos retains a tight hold on the Commission on Elections—Comelec. It ruled in favor of the government candidates in a number of crucial races and, in others, refused to question the balloting, which in fact was marked by flagrant violations of the rules and almost visible cheating, especially in the countryside, where there were fewer observant poll-watchers. One prominent businessman said to me, “Comelec was Marcos's insurance agent. It's supposed to be impartial, of course, but four of the five current members were loyal to Marcos, and he had refused to fill the four vacancies.”

Marcos is notorious for his ability to play a divide-and-conquer game, and he is bound to do so with the opposition members of the Batasan. Aware of this, they have managed so far to hang together better than most observers thought they would; but the opposition as a whole, having been suppressed for so many years, lacks strong candidates, with the experience and the national following that Aquino had gained. Aquino's younger brother Agapito—he is known as Butz—is emerging as one of several new popular figures, but while he has become the acknowledged leader of street demonstrations against Marcos, he has never held office and is regarded by most other opposition politicians as naïve and susceptible to undue pressure from the left wing, including some elements close to the Communist Party. Until recently, Aquilino Pimentel, a former mayor of the southern city of Cagayan de Oro, who was elected to the Assembly by a narrow margin, in May, and served as head of the Philippine Democratic Party and the People's Party (P.D.P.-Laban), was regarded as the leading candidate to head a national ticket against Marcos. In November, however, Comelec, undoubtedly acting under Marcos's orders, ousted him from his seat after a belated recount of ballots. Pimentel had been arrested and jailed for almost three months after the imposition of martial law, and he has since been briefly imprisoned twice on charges of political fraud and subversion; the latter charge was dismissed by the Supreme Court about a month ago, but he has since been renamed on a similar charge and may face rearrest when he returns to the Philippines shortly, after a trip to the United States. His being ousted from the Assembly is regarded here as a typical Marcos maneuver, and a particularly blatant one, in that Pimentel, who is fifty years old, is known to be a favorite of the Aquino family and has recently been seeking and obtaining a wider public exposure. He has appealed his Assembly ouster to the Supreme Court, which at present has refused to allow him to keep his seat pending another recount.

A small number of older and more experienced opposition politicians are still around, and they are likely to play important roles over the next few years, either as power brokers or as possible candidates themselves. They include another of Aquino's former associates in the old Senate, José (Pepe) Diokno; a lawyer and active civil libertarian who spent nearly two years in jail with Aquino at the start of the martial-law era, he has recently returned to Manila after being successfully treated for cancer in the United States. Jovito Salonga went back to Manila in the third week of January after nearly four years in the States, where he had gone for medical care and to escape imprisonment after indictment in the same subversion case as Ninoy Aquino. Marcos recently indicated that the charges will be dropped and Salonga will be free to resume his political career. “I welcome a stronger opposition as a healthy sign that democracy is very much alive in the country,” Marcos said last week in his most conciliatory statement to date. Salonga is ready to resume partial leadership of the old Liberal Party, though there are still some differences between him and Eva Kalaw, also a former senator and Liberal Party leader, who is now a member of the Assembly. In pre-martial-law days, Salonga was the biggest vote-getter in senatorial contests, and since Aquino's murder many look to him as the most likely opposition candidate for President. Diokno, Salonga, Kalaw, former Senator and current Assemblyman Ramón Mitra, and, on the government side, Foreign Minister Arturo Tolentino, also a former senator, are, in effect, elder statesmen, along with such even more venerable figures as former Senator Lorenzo Tañada, now in his mid-eighties but still an active lawyer, who has regularly planned and participated in anti-government demonstrations by what has come to be known as the Parliament of the Streets.

In the year and a half since Aquino's assassination, well-organized street demonstrations have been the most significant new political development, especially in Manila, and they are bound to continue and to become, along with strikes and sit-downs, the main offensive weapon of the activist opposition. Even on the government side, there is the likelihood of considerable infighting and dissatisfaction. A number of younger politicians of promise who belong to the Kilusang Bagong Lipunan (K.B.L.), or New Society Party, are by no means wholehearted supporters of Marcos, and their enthusiasm will diminish even further if they feel that he and his regime are tottering. In fact, it is more than likely that a realignment of political forces will take place over the next few years—or sooner if Marcos dies, or resigns for reasons of health. But in spite of the twilight atmosphere and the mood of a beleaguered bunker which seem to hang over Malacañang, it is Marcos and the people around him—notably his vocal and hyperactive wife—who still hold the key to the future. Marcos's awareness of this fact undoubtedly prompted his premature announcement that he would run again. If he does, in 1987 or sooner, Defense Minister Enrile is most often mentioned as the most likely candidate, other than Mrs. Marcos, for Vice President.

In what appeared to be an important political development in December, the opposition, prompted mainly by the reports of Marcos's poor health, got together long enough to make emergency plans to choose a potential successor as a candidate for President if Marcos, one way or another, hastily leaves the scene. With the backing of a group of opposition businessmen, three prominent figures—Jaime Ongpin, the president of the big Benguet Corporation; former Senator Tañada; and Cory Aquino, the widow of the slain man, all of whom, by their own wish, are not regarded as potential candidates—were chosen as so-called "convenors" to draw up a list of twelve possible Presidential candidates. The list included, among others, Salonga, Diokno, Mitra, Kalaw, Pimentel, and former Senator Salvador Laurel, the head of the United Nationalist Democratic Organization, which won forty-nine seats in the May Assembly elections. Laurel did not run himself, but his older brother, José, did and was chosen minority leader. Though the formulators of the unity plan stressed that they were trying to "avoid the kind of scrambling, quarrelling, and infighting that will leave the opposition in disarray," no sooner had they drawn up their announcement than they began to engage in just such battling. Laurel and Kalaw refused to sign the final declaration of unity because they felt the choice of Presidential candidates was not broad enough and had been drawn up without sufficient consultation with all opposition members of the Assembly. Since then, despite countless meetings not much progress has been made; there remain many differences, not only among members of the opposition "old guard" but between them and the younger opposition members. The contentious issues include how strong a stand to take against the continued existence of the two big American military bases in the Philippines—Clark Air Base, north of Manila, and Subic Bay Naval Base, to the east, on the South China Sea—and whether or not the Communist Party of the Philippines should be legalized. Though she has disavowed any political ambitions of her own, many look to Cory Aquino for inspiration and leadership. Her cool head and her open, unaffected style, plus the fact that she is thoroughly committed to full honors for her late husband, have inevitably kept her in the political limelight; she has become increasingly active at public meetings and behind the scenes, and is bound to be an important broker in choosing candidates. Her early choice for President, it is known, is Pimentel, who is said to have been her husband's favorite as well.

In the forty years since I first went to the Philippines, during the invasion of the island of Leyte by American forces in October, 1944, and the subsequent recapture of Manila in February, 1945, I have never seen the country in such a state of uncertainty and confusion. Economically and fiscally, it is a mess, with a national debt of some twenty-six billion dollars. Even under an austerity program imposed recently by the International Monetary Fund, and with the promise of substantial new or renewed loans from nearly five hundred commercial banks in the United States, Europe, and Japan, the restoration of solvency and confidence will take several years. Inflation is running at an annual rate of between fifty and sixty per cent, and poverty is worse than ever, with nearly seventy per cent of the population living at or below the poverty line. In Manila, beggars of all ages are ubiquitous, many of them organized into syndicates, which also run child-prostitution rings. There are as many or more slum areas as ever, and they seem to grow larger each time I come here. (In the area of Tondo, one of the largest, false, decorated fronts to hide the squalor are one of Mrs. Marcos's latest gimmicks.) The 1984 national growth rate was minus five and a half per cent, in contrast to positive rates of between five and ten per cent for the other nations in Southeast Asia, and 1984 over all was described as the worst year economically since 1946. Mismanagement and greed, largely on the part of Marcos's cronies, who have pyramided business monopolies of one sort or another into vast fortunes, are chiefly responsible, but the ultimate responsibility is Marcos's, for countenancing corruption for so long, without oversight or demand for accountability, and for reaping his share of the profits, some of which have been hidden away in personal accounts or real estate abroad or in the accounts of something called the Marcos Foundation. Many of his friends and associates in the official hierarchy and in the business world are fellow-Ilocanos—natives of the same region of northern Luzon—among whom there exists a special loyalty, superseding all other values. This Filipino attitude, known as *utang na loob*, derives from the old feudal relationship between patron and ward, landlord and peasant, and it can best be defined as a lifelong debt of gratitude for an act performed by one person in behalf of another. The prideful, clannish Ilocanos are especially inclined to practice *utang na loob*, and even political enemies will protect and support one another, or, at least, refrain from attacking one another, under this unwritten code. Marcos, who is known as a loner and has few close friends apart from his business cronies, has nevertheless demonstrated *utang na loob* to the extreme on a number of occasions; this partly accounts for his tolerance toward certain members of his inner circle in condoning their profiteering and peccadillos. His daughter, Imee, who is a member of the Assembly, recently admitted that abuses were committed by people close to the Marcos family and to the palace, which she described as a "snake pit," but she said she sympathized with her father, adding, with refreshing candor, "It's not easy to fire all these people."

Over and above the climate in the government of secrecy, manipulation, and self-preservation at all cost, there is a social turbulence in the country at large, and especially in the cities, that I have not seen before. It is a mood of activism and participatory politics, represented most clearly by the Parliament of the Streets, and it can be directly ascribed to the impact Aquino's assassination had on the entire nation. It was surely the most moving single event since the Philippines gained independence from the United States, in July, 1946. Whatever Aquino might have achieved had he lived, his murder instantly inspired a national drama with which the emotional Filipinos identified themselves as with a passion play. Two million people marched silently in the rain to his funeral, at Santo Domingo Church in Quezon City, where Jaime Cardinal Sin, a friend of the Aquino family and an increasingly outspoken critic of Marcos's, delivered a personal and touching eulogy. This past August—a year later—a million people attended a commemorative outdoor meeting in Luneta Park, near the harbor. "I Love Ninoy" stickers and slogans are still to be seen everywhere—on the bumpers and windows of cars, on T-shirts and blouses, and on the walls of buildings. His death has become a symbolic source of rejuvenation, transcending anger and remorse, and, in a nation that loves to celebrate heroes, he has become a hero as well as a martyr.

The assassination has prompted some salutary developments. Hundreds of people from different social strata—including prominent businessmen; church, academic, and professional leaders; and a growing number of concerned women—are now taking part in public affairs and in demonstrations, and the net impact of all this activity, even amid the generally adverse conditions of the country, has provoked a certain optimism about the long-term future. Filipinos customarily tend to shy away from confrontations, but once they have been galvanized by an event such as Aquino's murder they respond with what amounts to a crusading ardor, both to avenge and atone and to seek rectification and renewal. Marcos, for his part, has continued to react with more bravado and disdain than remorse, and on occasion he has shown flashes of anger. Up to now, he has permitted the small but vocal adversarial press to criticize him almost at will, though he has been sensitive to attacks on his wife and has issued warnings that things could get out of hand. He can still demonstrate his old leadership style, as he did in his speech at the opening of the Batasan. His occasional note of moderation, as I have suggested, has not been altogether spontaneous or voluntary but stems from his desire to win the approbation of the United States and of a large group of international financial institutions, in order to obtain more funds. The chances are that if it had not been for the anger and dismay that the Aquino assassination provoked, especially among Americans, Marcos would never have allowed the Assembly elections last May to be as free as they were—at least not in Manila and in the other cities, where the opposition was well organized, with a hundred and fifty thousand volunteer members of the National Citizens Movement for Free Elections (NAMFREL) playing a formidable watchdog role at the polls. Having seen to it that his henchmen controlled the votes in the more remote countryside, which provided the government with its over-all majority, Marcos commented afterward in an interview, in a tone of cynical mockery that did not altogether hide his irritation over the opposition's urban gains, "I would presume that our instructions to our people to allow the opposition to win some seats might have been taken too literally."

ALTHOUGH the United States, in pronouncements from the State Department and from some members of Congress, somewhat overenthusiastically hailed the election results as a triumphant revival of democracy, it has been quietly reassessing its role in the Philippines ever since Aquino's murder. The process has been a typically long and complicated one, involving hearings and reports by Senate and House committees and discussions among the State Department, the Treasury, the Pentagon, and the White House. At bottom, extending beyond the Aquino case and all its important moral and political overtones and implications, is America's concern over the viability and the strategic value of Clark Air Base and Subic Bay. Under an agreement originally made in 1947 and amended forty-two times since, these bases, the only major ones the United States has between Japan and the Indian Ocean, are now owned by the Philippines but subject, under rental terms, to "unhampered" military use by the United States until 1991, by which time the bases will, in all likelihood, begin to be phased out as a result of the growing Philippine opposition to them. The most recent five-year review of the agreement, completed in 1983, provides a total economic- and military-aid package to the Philippines of nine hundred million dollars over the subsequent five years, ending in 1989. For fiscal 1985, ninety-five million dollars was initially earmarked for economic-support funds and eighty-five million dollars for military expenditures, but after the Aquino murder Congress transferred forty-five million dollars of military sales credits to economic support. The switch reflected congressional concern over giving undue military aid to the Marcos regime.

The oddly ambivalent and, to the public, often confusing ups and downs of American policy toward the Philippines must be looked at in the context of the long relationship between the two countries, which is unlike that between the United States and any other nation. From 1900 on, most Americans never really adjusted to the role of imperialists, and unless they were personally involved in or benefitted from the Philippine connection they paid little attention to what went on in the islands. This remained true after independence was granted in 1946. In fact, even those who were involved never seemed quite able to identify a fixed role for the United States. The current American Ambassador, Stephen Bosworth, who is an economics expert with a sense of both history and humor, alluded to this predicament recently in a speech to the Rotary Club of Manila, when, looking back to the American occupation after the Spanish-American War and the suppression of a major rebellion at that time, he referred to our initial involvement in the Philippines as "one of our brief periods of extra-continental adventurism, an episode which was extremely controversial in the United States."

From the outset, benevolent American rule marked by widespread education and health benefits was accompanied by strict military supervision and by the development of profitable trade advantages for the Americans in sugar, mining, fruit, and other enterprises. Two things—the continued welfare of American business firms and the preservation and security of the American bases—have always been uppermost in the minds of our policymakers, and our large Embassy in Manila has devoted much of its time and manpower to these major concerns, while taking care of a steady flow of immigration matters and the payment of benefits over the years to Filipino veterans who have fought alongside the United States in several wars. The American government, under both Republican and Democratic Administrations, has always insisted

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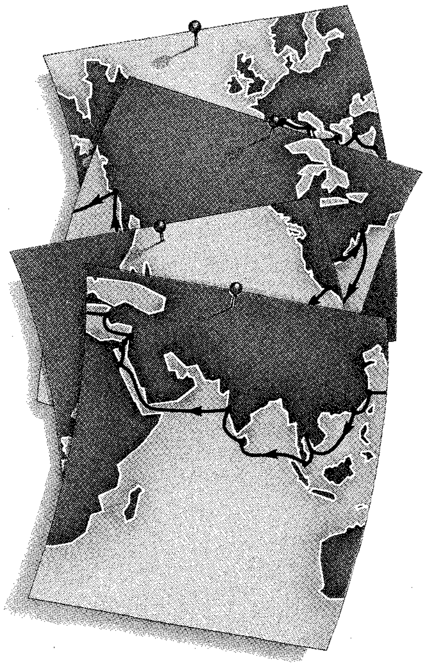

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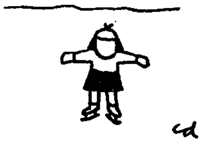
not only that American business interests be protected but that the earlier colonial advantages in trade and investment be maintained. When Filipino nationalist leaders gradually nibbled away at the remnants of colonial favoritism, regained possession of some of the American military properties in the islands, and sought more equitable trade arrangements, Washington retaliated to safeguard its remaining concessions and benefits, including profitable terms for multinational corporations, by balancing these advantages against continued military and economic aid.



For the most part, the pro-American stand of successive Filipino Presidents made it relatively easy to maintain this mixture of benefits and beneficence. If the average Filipino did not derive many advantages from the postcolonial relationship—if, indeed, the gap between the poor and the rich kept widening through the years—he did not rise up in anger or rebellion but, being easygoing and adaptable, enjoyed life as best he could, while sharing in the democratic liberties and traditions handed down by the Americans. Even when trouble loomed, as it did during the late forties, when the Moscow-oriented insurgency movement of the Hukbalahaps first became a threat, a combination of luck and circumstance, plus perseverance, provided a solution. The political and policy choices were also narrower and easier to make then than they are today. The ascendancy of Magsaysay, a one-time garage mechanic who became a guerrilla leader against the occupying Japanese in the Second World War and then a member of the Philippine Congress before becoming Defense Minister and later President, was a matter of his fortuitous appearance on the scene at the right moment and of the recognition and support that the Americans were quick to give him. Magsaysay's cause in fighting the Huks had the backing of the majority of the Filipinos, and American intervention was accepted and welcomed, as it is not now. The Americans, in fact, were still regarded as godfathers, with the wherewithal to carry out successful social and economic programs as well as military ones. Magsaysay, moreover, had both charm and moral stature, and he matched his imaginative and forceful counterinsurgency campaign with a vigorous drive against corruption.

The situation now is far different. In 1965, when Marcos became President, the country faced deep social and economic problems, which the two Presidents who had served in the years following Magsaysay's death, in 1957, had failed to solve. Whereas Marcos's immediate predecessor, Diosdado Macapagal, brought some able technocrats into the government and tried with some initial success to meet the challenges of poverty in the country barrios, he ended by preaching reform more than he practiced it, and failed to solve the basic ills of unemployment, street crime, and chronic business malpractices, including rampant smuggling of expensive foreign goods, which boosted inflation. In defeating Macapagal, Marcos brought political flair and dash to the Presidency, and inspired a sense of confidence, both in himself and in the country—despite doubts about some of his past dealings, such as alleged land-grabbing in northern Luzon and payoffs to avoid involvement in a number of tax and business scandals. He was hailed as a savior who would pull the Philippines up by its nationalist bootstraps and make it thrive on its own, for all of his pro-American bias. Initially, he did accomplish some worthwhile things: he carried out land reform and built widespread irrigation systems; he improved the country's communications, transport, and utility networks; and he introduced more order into the Administration. But his inclination to usurp power and to indulge in political overkill had become apparent by the time of the election of 1969, which he won overwhelmingly by spending far more money than was necessary to defeat a weak rival, and he thus became the first Philippine President to win two terms. After his reëlection, he disavowed any urge to be a dictator, declaring, "Any move to impose a dictatorship will invite a violent reaction from the people."

The remark was ironically prophetic. He soon set in motion the chain of events that led to the takeover by him, his wife, and his agents of a specially elected constitutional convention called in 1970. In a flagrant demonstration of power asserted through bribery and chicanery, Marcos crippled the convention and eventually forced the adoption of a new constitution, which set the stage for his reëlection, by plebiscite, in 1973. By then, most of the opposition had been neutralized one way or another, including by violence. In the summer of 1971, two grenades were thrown onto the platform of a Liberal Party rally in Manila, killing ten people and injuring eight leaders of the Party—among them, most seriously, Senator Salonga. (Aquino arrived late, and thus escaped being hurt.) Thereafter, law and order collapsed, and violence—with evidence that some of it was government-inspired—became more prevalent. By September of 1972, when Marcos declared martial law, many Filipinos, including most businessmen, welcomed its imposition. In the following year, the economy showed signs of improving and crime diminished, but the bloom soon wore off; a public groundswell against the deprivation of freedom gained momentum and spread, especially among exiles who had fled the country. Businessmen soon saw that martial law, instead of making possible the order and system they had hoped for, only served as a pretext for a coterie of friends and favorites of the Marcoses to grab control of key enterprises and create empires for themselves. Marcos, by manipulating bodies called Citizens' Assemblies that he had set up everywhere and by modifying a 1953 law to allow fifteen-year-olds and illiterates to vote, had no trouble obtaining huge majorities in a half-dozen plebiscites and referenda, which he had called to create the illusion that the nation was almost unanimously behind his new authoritarian society. He and his wife, holding court in classic dynastic style, became one of the richest ruling couples not only in Asia but perhaps in the world. Imelda, with her jewels, her jamborees, and her jet-set way of life, flaunted their wealth more than the President did. He mostly stayed in the Philippines with his cronies and golf partners, while she dashed around the globe on private trips or on "official" diplomatic missions he assigned to her. She also had a passion for building. She erected a Cultural Center (which was, in fact, generally admired) and also spent hundreds of millions of dollars on new hotels and other tourist attractions that quickly proved unprofitable. One of her fanciest projects was a plush guest house for the visit of Pope John Paul II in 1981. He refused to stay in it, because it was too ostentatious.

Marcos's prediction that dictatorship would prompt violence came true in the early and middle seventies, when students and workers took to the streets and demanded an end to martial law. By 1981, the role of the United States in supporting Marcos was being challenged not only in the Philippines, where the more extreme nationalists and the leftists had always opposed the American bases, but also in Washington, among liberal members of Congress, and in this country as a whole, where the Vietnam debacle had challenged the tenets—and, indeed, the moral foundation—of much of the nation's foreign policy, with its tendency to support random dictatorships ostensibly for strategic reasons. During the Carter Administration, when the human-rights issue was actively advanced, some attempts had been made to push Marcos toward liberalization, but the attempts had not been consistent, and events elsewhere held the larger limelight. When Reagan took over, the pendulum swung back toward fuller support of Marcos. With the increasing Soviet naval presence in the Pacific and in the Indian Ocean following the takeover of bases in Vietnam, the White House tended to ignore what Marcos was doing at home, and to think mostly in terms of geopolitical strategy, which in the Philippines meant Clark Air Base and Subic Bay. Less attention was paid to the growing number of stories of torture and killing of alleged pro-Communist peasants and others by government soldiers and police—a process that is oddly called by Filipinos "salvaging," the derivation of which I have been unable to pin down. (It may come from the Spanish word *salvaje*, meaning "savage" or "wild," but in the Tagalog and Visayan dialects the word denotes "a bad person," and the military may avail themselves of the Spanish definition to imply getting rid of undesirables.) The Reagan Administration's policy of indifference toward the violation of rights in the Philippines reached a ludicrous extreme during Marcos's inauguration in June, 1981, when Vice-President George Bush, in what could charitably have been considered either a moment of confused euphoria or extreme jet fatigue, exclaimed, "We love your adherence to democratic principles and to the democratic processes!" The Marcoses had not paid a state visit to Washington in sixteen years, but in 1982 the Reagans accorded them a lavish White House welcome.

IT took the Aquino assassination to bring the message home to Reagan's Washington that the Marcos dictatorship meant business and would

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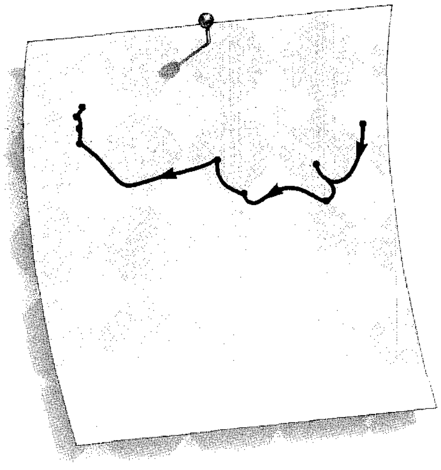

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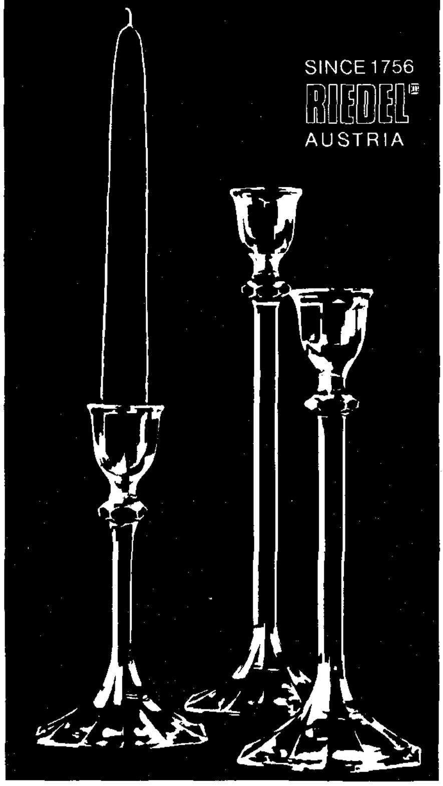

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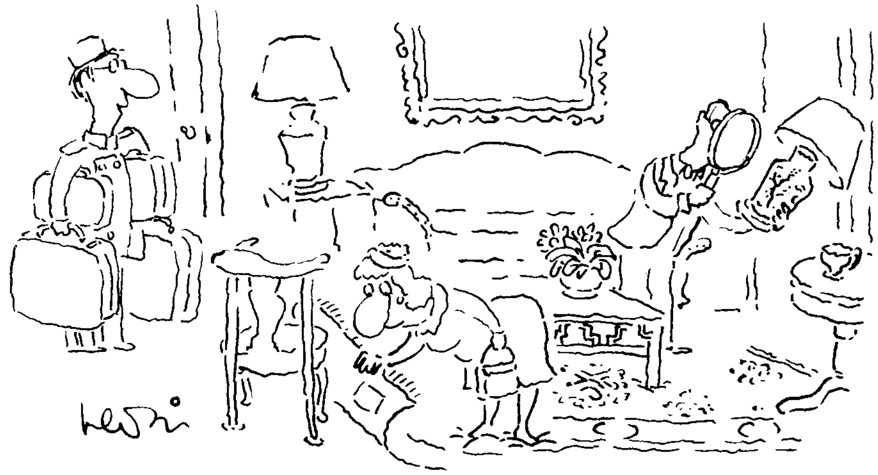
take extreme measures to protect itself. President Reagan cancelled a visit to Manila that he and his wife had been scheduled to make in November of 1983, and, even before the Agrava Commission reports came out, the Administration, partly as a result of committee hearings held in both houses of Congress, and of mounting anti-Marcos press criticism around the country, began taking a firmer position. Paul Wolfowitz, the Assistant Secretary of State for East Asian and Pacific Affairs, said in September, “We expect the circumstances surrounding this brutal assassination to be clarified and those responsible to be held accountable and brought to justice.” Wolfowitz, after noting some of the “important steps toward political accommodation” that had been taken since Aquino’s death, including the Assembly elections, which, he said, “though far from fully open, proved to be a more successful demonstration of democratic vitality than most observers expected,” went on to conclude that the process of reform, after years of martial law, “remains far from complete.” After the Agrava reports were made public, late in October of 1984, Marcos, striking back at his critics both at home and abroad, and seeking to show that he was still in control, denied that a Communist takeover was the only alternative to his regime, as President Reagan had said in his second debate with his Democratic rival, Walter Mondale. Shaking his fist during a television talk, Marcos maintained that the insurgency did not now and never would constitute a threat, and said—in an apparent rebuke to the State Department, which, after Reagan’s comment, had pointed out that the moderate opposition represented another alternative to the Marcos regime—that neither “the bullet nor the ballot” would succeed in overthrowing his government. Then, in response to the Department’s quick praise for his having turned over the reports of the Agrava Commission to the government ombudsman, Marcos, brushing the compliment aside, said brusquely that he wasn’t “doing things here in order to satisfy the State Department but in order to meet the requirements of law provided for in our constitution.” And, in an obvious attempt to steal some of the nationalist thunder from left-wing demonstrators, Marcos added, “We certainly don’t want to appear before our Asian brothers as if we were the pet dog of any Western ally.”

Today, with the issue of bringing Aquino’s murderers to justice coming to a boil, the Philippines’ economy showing scant signs of improvement, and the United States role in the islands being questioned more than ever before, Washington’s policymakers are faced with some difficult choices, not the least of which concerns dealing with Marcos himself. For the moment, the official line has been to pursue a somewhat nebulous middle course of admonishing the Philippine regime without denouncing it or cutting off aid, and of stressing the importance of “institutional reforms.” In view of Marcos’s apparent reluctance to do away with the remaining paraphernalia of martial law or either to introduce judicial, legislative, and administrative measures restoring democracy or to allow the Batasan to pass such measures, the Reagan Administration has adopted an attitude toward the Marcoses, husband and wife, that is aloof, not to say cool. In September, Mrs. Marcos was in New York as the leader of the Philippines’ United Nations delegation, and she went to Washington to hear a speech that Reagan made to the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund, but Reagan did not meet with her personally. The snub had added meaning because earlier that month Cardinal Sin, who was visiting the United States, had met with Reagan, in the Presidential Suite of the Waldorf-Astoria in New York City, and had given the President his critical views of the situation in the Philippines. When the Cardinal returned to Manila, he encouraged people, including prominent businessmen, to march in an anti-government rally in Makati, the financial section of the city, on October 7th. Just before the rally, Marcos attacked the Cardinal in a television address, accusing him of trying to destabilize the nation and of violating the principle of separation of church and state; he also warned businessmen in Makati that they would be arrested if they demonstrated. The rally was the first in which the business groups had planned to take part, and it assumed particular significance because two previous rallies, dominated by activist students, workers, and church people, had been broken up by the police with tear gas, night sticks, and guns, and had resulted in

several deaths and more than a hundred injuries. Marcos finally agreed to give the businessmen a permit to demonstrate if they pledged not to engage in violence, and the demonstration, in which thirty thousand participated, went off peacefully. But it reopened some old wounds between activist and non-activist opposition groups, dating back to the May elections, when fifteen per cent of the electorate boycotted the vote. The activists objected even to bargaining with Marcos.

THE feeling one has in the Philippines nowadays that violence is always close to the surface continues to be supported by events. A number of political murders have taken place recently, including those of two prominent opposition leaders. On October 19th, Alexander Orcullo, the regional secretary of an opposition party in Mindanao, was shot dead by men wearing military fatigues, who were suspected of belonging to a right-wing group with close military connections. On November 14th, the colorful mayor of Zamboanga, in Mindanao, sixty-eight-year-old César Climaco, was shot in the back of the head by a man using a .45-calibre pistol.

The rising level of political unrest and economic discontent and the increasing activity of the Communist insurgents add to the United States' difficulty in determining how strongly to continue supporting the Marcos government. The predicament is not unlike the predicaments confronting the Reagan Administration in South America. The durability of Marcos—the question of whether or not he will be around in 1987—and the anomalous role of the military are further factors to be considered in assessing what, if anything, should be done to help and encourage potential opposition candidates. The tactics being pursued by opposition leaders emerging from the long, stultifying years of martial law remain uncertain—as evidenced by the recent failure to forge unity—despite the fact that criticism of the regime is now heard from an ever-widening variety of sources, including moderate, and even conservative, elements as well as left-wing workers and students. This growing anti-Marcos constituency continues to seek outlets at meetings and demonstrations and in the press, most notably in a two-year-old weekly newspaper called *Mr. & Ms.*, which has rapidly acquired a circulation of more than two hundred thousand and includes on



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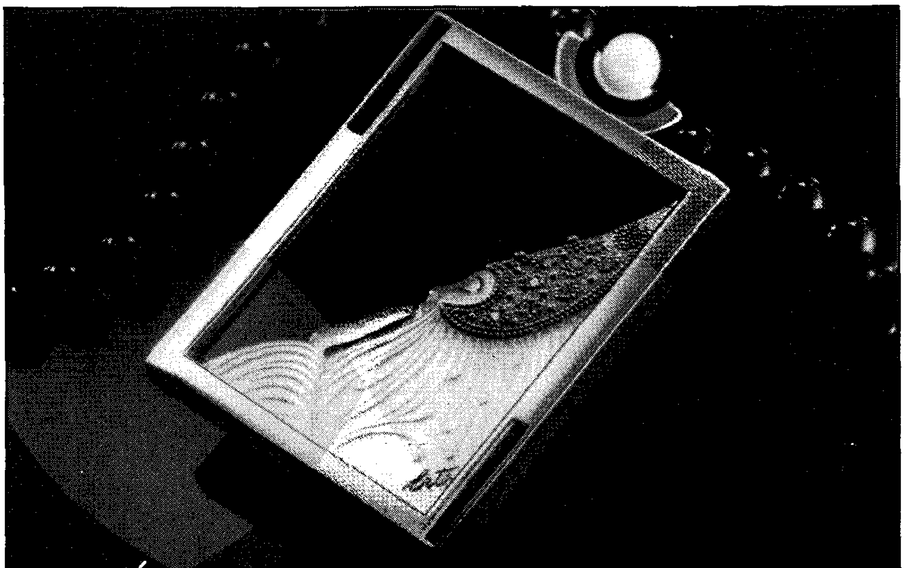

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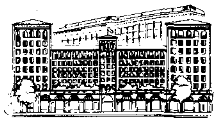

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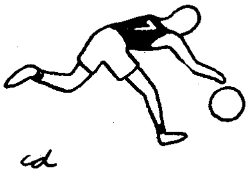
its staff and among its contributors most of the best-known writers in the Philippines, some of whom were under arrest or steady surveillance during the martial-law years. Week after week, *Mr. & Ms.*, edited by an experienced journalist named Eugenia Apóstol, publishes exposés of the Marcos regime and revealing interviews; it did a particularly thorough job during the investigation of the Aquino murder, being the first to print the photographic chronology that provided the crucial evidence that the military rather than the lone gunman Galman shot Aquino. Another outspoken weekly, *Veritas*, edited by Félix Bautista, has the support of the Catholic Church and of liberal laymen. *Veritas* also owns a radio station, and that station broke the news of the assassination hours before the pro-Marcos stations announced it. A number of older publications that have managed to survive martial law—especially the highly esteemed *Business Day*—now regularly criticize the government, while even pro-Marcos papers like the *Bulletin Today* and the *Express* are no longer afraid to print sometimes disparaging comments by columnists and contributors. After years of subjugation, the Philippine press has once more become in many respects the freest in Southeast Asia.

As the pressure on Marcos has mounted, coöperation between the Parliament of the Streets and the opposition in the Assembly has grown, and a number of Batasan members have joined the demonstrations. "We need to work together, because we complement each other," Pimentel told me. "It's important for those of us in the opposition to create a working unity in behalf of legitimate dissent. We need all kinds of pressure, both within and outside the Batasan." Even though Pimentel is at least temporarily without a seat, he is determined, as are others in the opposition, to encourage government as well as minority assemblymen to demand repeal of Amendment Six, which allows Marcos to reëstablish full control in an emergency and, if necessary, to disband the Batasan. "Amendment Six is simply a constitutional way of recreating martial law," Pimentel says. "It reduces the Batasan to a subaltern of the Presidency."



Of almost equal importance is what Pimentel refers to as "rationalization of the military to prevent its encroachments on civilian life." He is one of those who hope that General Ramos, as Acting Chief of Staff, will be able to introduce new standards of discipline and measures of reform in the Army, the constabulary, and the police. So far, however, aside from pronouncements about the need for such actions, and about the deteriorating military situation, Ramos has not yet succeeded in carrying out any significant reforms, and as long as Ver remains in the wings Ramos's hands are largely tied, despite the fact that the United States backs him and foots part of the military bill. The Batasan has castigated the military for using violence to break up recent street demonstrations, and has initiated investigations of brutality. In nearly two months in the Philippines, I witnessed a number of demonstrations and saw examples of what were obviously undue uses of tear gas, water cannons, and clubs to disperse crowds. Guns were freely brandished, and shots were fired, which resulted in a number of injuries and deaths. In September, 1983, on the anniversary of the imposition of martial law, which the opposition always observes, ten people were killed outside Malacañang in the most violent demonstration to date. Then, for nearly a year, until last summer, the military obeyed Marcos's orders to show "maximum tolerance." Since then, the activists and the soldiers and police have engaged in several showdowns, during which they have, in effect, dared each other to step across imaginary lines drawn in the dust. Most of the demonstrations continue to be led by Butz Aquino, who, at forty-four, is athletically built and has rough good looks enhanced by an engaging smile and a brisk but friendly manner; he was once an actor, and knows how to handle crowds and microphones. "Our strategy and tactics are based on active nonviolence," Aquino says. "In seeking to regain our political and economic freedom, we can't remain passive, because that means compliance. Our response is to be nonviolent but courageous, to maintain human dignity even against our oppressors. But if the military starts tear-gassing and using truncheons, we stand ready. We're the shock troops of the opposition."

The chief battleground of Aquino and the Parliament of the Streets has been the Mendiola Bridge, adjacent to Malacañang Palace, which has been the scene of demonstrations as far back as 1970. The demonstrators in the past year, mostly students and workers and organized groups of urban poor, together with young nuns and other church activists, have marched several miles from different parts of the city on several occasions and have insisted on the right of peaceful occupation of half the bridge—or, at least, a few feet of it. The military and the police have refused to give them any access, and the symbolic demand and response have resulted in several major confrontations. A second area of tension has been the Welcome Rotunda, in the entrance from the adjacent Quezon City. The authorities have insisted that permits be obtained for all rallies and outdoor demonstrations, but many of these have been either denied or purposely delayed beyond deadlines or revoked at the last minute on the ground of terrorist or Communist infiltration. Some of the demonstrators admit that Communist agents have tried to insinuate themselves into their ranks, and at recent rallies leaflets of the National Democratic Front of the Philippines, a left-wing umbrella organization with close ties to the Communists, have been openly distributed for the first time. The N.D.F. was formed, a year after martial law began, to build political alliances with other sectors of the opposition and to promulgate the goals of the Maoist-oriented Communist Party of the Philippines, which was created in 1968, fifteen years after the defeat of the Hukbalahaps, who had looked more to Moscow; a year later, it established the first units of the New People's Army. The N.D.F. has grown in numbers over the past few years and has succeeded in organizing chapters and units in the labor movement, among the urban poor, and in the universities. One of its leaders said not long ago, "Up to now, our concentration has been on the armed struggle. But the political struggle is gaining more and more importance. It is no longer just an auxiliary to our battles in the countryside."

Butz Aquino and the other leaders of the Parliament of the Streets maintain that the increasing N.D.F. presence, openly or behind the scenes, is no reason for officials to prohibit peaceful marches or demonstrations. To the accusation that he is being "used" by the Left, Aquino replies, "I reserve the right to choose the groups that are trying to use me. And I want a say in their tactics. They are committed to provocation, but so far I feel I'm still

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on top of the situation." In the odd way things happen in the Philippines, Aquino has been allowed to confer on a number of occasions with Horacio (Boy) Morales, the formal leader of the N.D.F., who is now being tried on subversion charges. Morales, who was once a brilliant student at the University of the Philippines and won an award as one of the ten outstanding young men in the nation, served for a time as an administrative assistant on development under President Marcos before he went underground. Most of the meetings between him and Aquino have taken place in the courtroom during the trial, and all that Aquino will say about them is "We're discussing some kind of working together to achieve our goals." Although the military have handled Aquino with kid gloves, in view of his name, the guess is that they are setting him up for the time when they may want to arrest him. In the meanwhile, however, in the Catch-22 atmosphere of contentious confrontation, he has remained a commanding figure on the streets.

Late last September, I followed a crowd of thirty thousand demonstrators led by Aquino as they marched to Mendiola Bridge from a gathering point a mile or so away. They were carrying red placards and banners denouncing Marcos and the Americans, and, for the first time, I noticed some hammers and sickles among these. The N.D.F. was apparently the main organizer of the march. The bridge, when the crowd reached it, was closed and heavily barricaded with coils of barbed wire. Armed soldiers behind large metal shields carried tear-gas cannisters, and riot vans stood by with reinforcements and water cannons, heavy rifles, and machine guns. After speeches by Aquino, Pimentel, and others, a drizzling rain drove many in the crowd home, but the hard core stayed all night, for the stalemate continued, without any compromise on letting the demonstrators set foot on the bridge. Then, at dawn, the riot squads attacked, dispersing the remaining crowd of several thousand with truncheons, heavy streams of water, tear gas, and rifles fired in the air. The demonstrators retaliated by throwing empty cannisters, rocks, and a few Molotov cocktails. Hundreds were driven to the ground by the streams of water, and scores were injured, in what was universally condemned the next day, even by pro-government papers and by a majority vote of the Batasan, as a needless display of brutality. A few days later, an even more violent confrontation took place in Quezon City, during which at least one person was killed and many were wounded. In the months since General Ramos has taken over, the violence has again diminished, but the threat of its renewal remains and could be triggered by any number of sensitive issues.

While the street activists have held the opposition spotlight, an equally significant development in the past two years may well have been the emergence of a number of forty- to fifty-year-old business and professional leaders as, in effect, the ideological and intellectual antithesis of the National Democratic Front. With support from economists and other present or former members of Manila's traditionally influential academic community, these people have been building ties with the opposition members of the Batasan and with some government members as well. Their aims are to create unity among all those who seek to dismantle the remaining framework of the Marcos dictatorship—notably Amendment Six, the still operative martial-law decrees, and restraints and strictures on the judiciary—and to create a free and responsible moral, social, and economic climate that can encourage and sustain reform. Among the groups that have taken the lead in this new movement are the Bishops Businessmen's Conference and the Makati Business Club, which hold regular meetings to discuss specific issues and programs. These two organizations and seven other business clubs or associations have formed a Project Batasan, to brief individual members of the Assembly on topical economic issues, to prepare staff studies for Batasan committees, and to appraise the performance of the assemblymen. Another group—consisting of a dozen or so academic and professional men led by Dr. Emanuel Soriano, a former president of the University of the Philippines, who now runs a management-consultant firm—meets weekly to discuss political and economic matters and to plan short- and long-range strategies for future action. It plans to hold regular seminars with Batasan members, and one such meeting was held in September in Davao, Mindanao, with half a dozen new opposition assemblymen. Last summer, NAMFREL, led by José Concepcion, Jr., a prominent businessman

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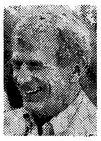

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with close ties to the Catholic Church, began to reorganize itself, since its accreditation by the Election Commission was withdrawn. The reorganization of Comelec itself and the writing of a new election code are among the most vital issues that have not yet been resolved.

Pressure brought by these new citizens' groups and by a half-dozen or so older activist organizations, such as the National Alliance for Justice, Freedom, and Democracy, which are more radical than the new bodies, will play an important part in determining the success or failure of the coming local and national elections. At the moment, virtually all the groups, including the former boycotters, are willing to take part in the 1986 vote, but much will depend on whether the desired election reforms are adopted first, without interference from Marcos. Cardinal Sin summed up the general view when he said to me, "Marcos will have to adapt to the new situation or face a growing activist threat, and an angry one." This is undoubtedly true, but as long as Marcos's health holds up sufficiently and he remains in power he will not easily give in to all the demands of the opposition and especially not to those that concern the mechanisms of power he knows so well how to manipulate. It is unlikely that Amendment Six will soon be abolished, since he retains a two-to-one majority in the Batasan—though some members of his own party are urging him to relent on this issue. But electoral and judicial reforms, including full restoration of the tenure of judges and of the writ of habeas corpus, both of which are still circumscribed by Presidential decrees, stand a better chance under the pressure of public opinion. Whether the new moderate organizations will be able to coöperate indefinitely with the radical groups that gravitate toward the Parliament of the Streets is uncertain. On this score, there are as many skeptics as optimists in the Philippines today. Those who favor a gradualist approach, attempting again and again to persuade Marcos to restore a democratic system, as Ninoy Aquino hoped to do, and those who insist on Marcos's resignation, which is the activists' demand, may be on a collision course. There are as many signs of polarization as of accommodation. American pressure for institutional changes to diminish Marcos's rigid rule may help delay a confrontation, and an improvement in the economic

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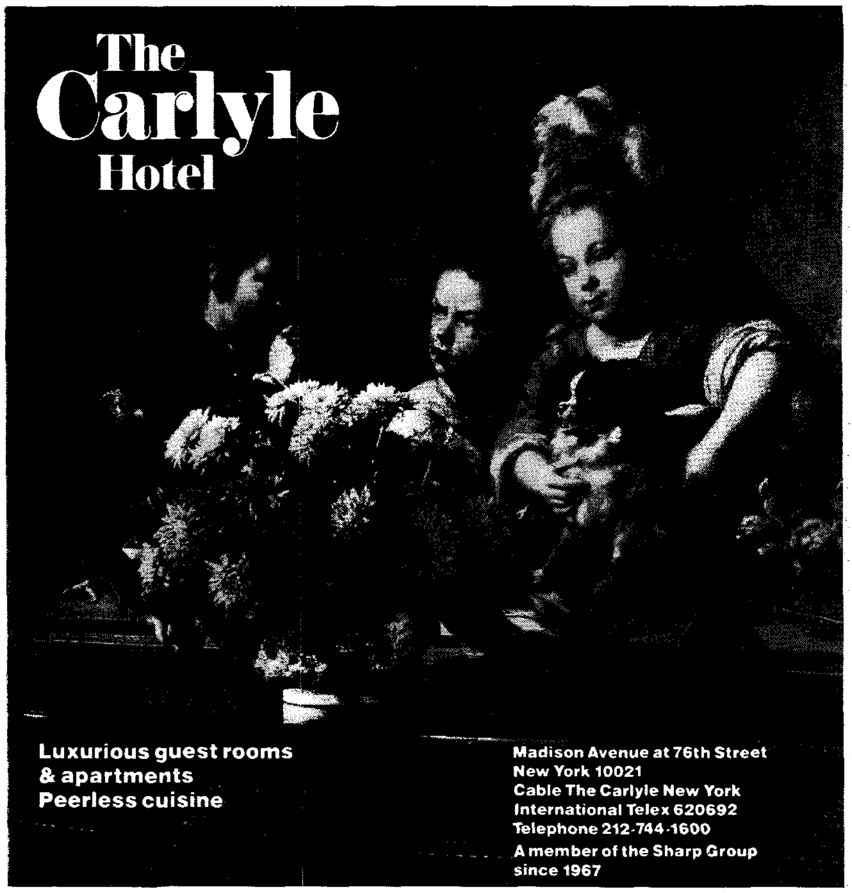

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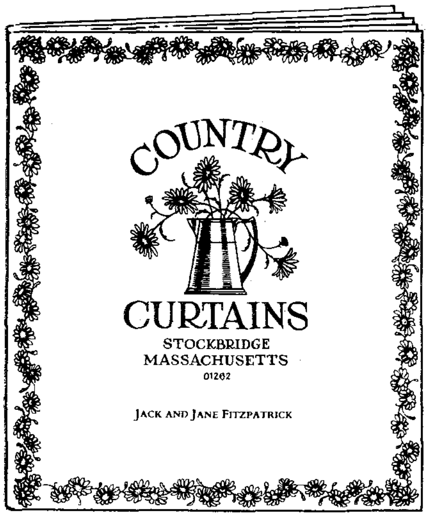

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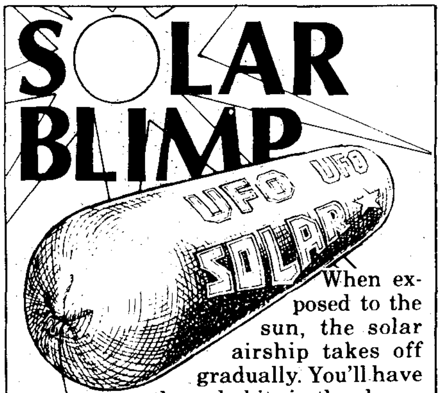

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and fiscal situation might help, but political considerations and events are likely to prove more imperative. Of those, the most important will surely be a satisfactory resolution of the Aquino murder trial, and the skeptics who doubt whether the present court, composed of Marcos appointees, will render a fair verdict are in the majority. Demands for a special tribunal with direct access to the Supreme Court are increasing. A whitewash of General Ver and the other military defendants could easily trigger further violence. Perhaps the key question is: Will Marcos be willing to sacrifice Ver permanently for his own preservation?

At the more hopeful end of the clouded spectrum, a real interest in politics and the country's future is being increasingly expressed throughout the islands by local groups of citizens as well as by the national reform bodies. There is a demand I have not seen before for a new type of leadership, as demonstrated by Pimentel, for example, and by a number of other assemblymen of his generation, or younger, who are also beginning to make their voices heard. Perhaps most encouraging is the direct participation in opposition planning and debate of the new group of business leaders. The man who has taken the lead in criticizing Marcos and his economic policies is Jaime Ongpin, the forty-six-year-old president of the Benguet Corporation, which is the country's oldest mining and engineering company, whose gold sales alone in 1983 totalled over one hundred million dollars. Like so many businessmen in the Philippines, Ongpin is of mixed Chinese and Filipino heritage. He has a mild, almost studious manner that hides a passionate determination to restore a free business atmosphere and eliminate the favoritism and rampant wheeling and dealing that have characterized the Marcos era. While denying political ambitions, he has gained attention and growing popularity by making consistent attacks on Marcos in speeches, articles, and interviews that have the effect of a verbal stiletto. The attacks are all the more telling because his brother Roberto, who is a year older, is Minister of Trade and Industry and an important member of Marcos's inner circle. Bobby Ongpin, as he is known, has control over some of the largest government-owned or government-operated corporations, which are blamed in large part for destroying competition and causing a flight of private capital from the Philippines of about ten billion dollars over the last decade. While the brothers maintain cordial personal relations, the differences between them erupted with the takeover by the government in 1983 of the huge Construction & Development Corporation of the Philippines, which, under the leadership of Rodolfo Cuenca, one of the Marcoses' cronies, had vastly overextended itself and, with debts of more than seven hundred million dollars, was facing bankruptcy. To prevent the firm's collapse, the government simply transferred its huge debt into governmental equity, and wound up with ninety-five-per-cent control. Bobby Ongpin became chairman, though Cuenca retained a sizable ownership stake. The move was necessary, Bobby Ongpin said, to avoid further unemployment and to uphold the company's national and foreign reputation for fulfilling its contracts. Jaime Ongpin, however, denounced the bailout, which involved an amount equal to a quarter of the government's total money supply, as "the most obscene, brazen, and disgraceful misallocation of taxpayers' money in the history of the Philippines."

Like other business leaders in the district of Makati and the area of Pasay, where Benguet's headquarters occupy a dark-gray modern building, Jaime Ongpin agrees that the 1972 declaration of martial law initially brought about a restoration of economic discipline and set off a boom which more than doubled the national growth rate in one year. During that period, a group of able technocrats, led by Alejandro Melchor, Executive Secretary of the Cabinet, provided sound planning and direction, but by 1975, when Melchor was pushed aside, because Mrs. Marcos disliked him—though he still has Cabinet rank as an adviser—a dozen or so Marcos cronies, including Cuenca, were given control of key agricultural monopolies in sugar and coconuts or of other major new "impact projects" to create what Jaime Ongpin describes as "instant industrialization." He maintains that as a result of overborrowing by the government of billions of dollars abroad and the misallocation to incompetent "crony capitalists" of billions of pesos for grandiose new projects—an integrated steel plant, and petrochemical, pulp, and paper plants—as well as other ill-advised investments, the economy suffered a "very grave crisis," which threatened its total collapse. The crisis could have been avoided, he says, if the nation's scarce capital and credit resources had been used from the outset to stimulate agricultural productivity and build a strong consumer base among the rural communities that embrace seventy per cent of the fifty-three million population. There was certainly no way, he goes on, that consumer buying capacity could have absorbed the products of the new large-scale industrial plants, whose unit costs would never be low enough to compete with those of larger and more securely established factories abroad. The value of the peso kept dropping, eventually causing three devaluations, and at the same time mismanagement of the national economy and an almost total lack of accountability led to further disasters. An important example of the sort of misuse of administrative funds which Jaime Ongpin and other critics cite was the huge amount allocated to the Ministry of Human Settlements, presided over by Imelda Marcos, who concurrently was, and still is, Governor of Metro Manila and has never ceased her efforts to gather ever more political and economic power.

In 1979, during the second world oil crisis, which hit the deficit-ridden Philippines badly (although the dependence on oil for energy has since been drastically curtailed), the flight of capital increased sharply. The emigration of large numbers of Filipinos to the United States and elsewhere had already caused a gradual withdrawal of funds; but, as the domestic situation got worse, there was a heavy salting away of savings and earnings outside the country. This activity, which Marcos decried, was in fact accelerated by the transfer of huge sums by the Marcoses themselves and their extended family and circle of friends. Early in 1981, a major financial crisis occurred when a flamboyant Chinese-Filipino financier named Dewey Dee, who had overborrowed on the money market, went broke and fled—first to Haiti and then to Canada. The money market collapsed, and panic set in as the vulnerability of the whole shaky economy and fiscal structure became readily apparent. The assassination of Aquino furthered the loss of confidence and led to a fresh flight of capital. Soon it was revealed that the Central Bank had overstated its foreign reserves by at least six hundred million dollars. Jaime Ongpin and virtually all other businessmen agree that no matter what rescue operations are un-

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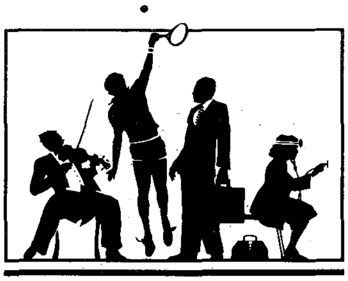

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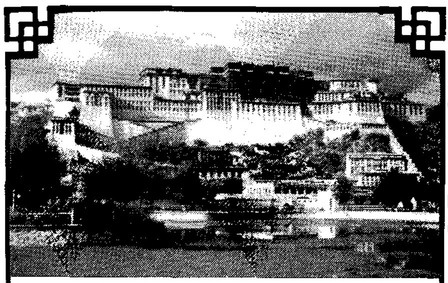
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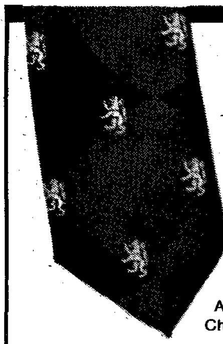
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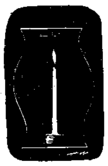
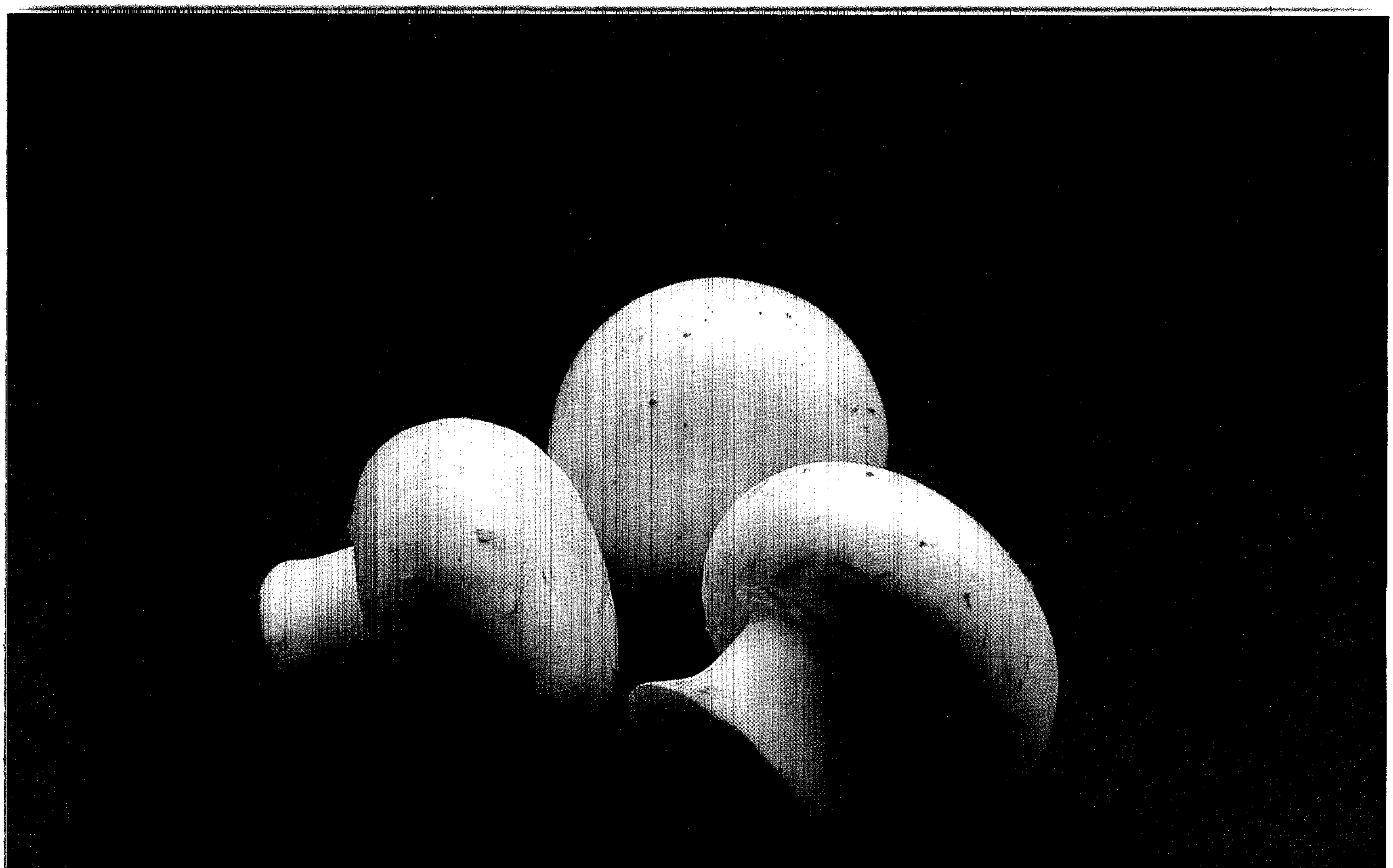
dertaken now by the International Monetary Fund and by foreign commercial banks, only new investment by the private sector can eventually resolve the crisis. Jaime Ongpin, however, has said, "The private sector simply will not make new investments unless radical, credible, and—most important—equitable changes are made, first in the manner of allocating the scarce resources of our debilitated economy and, second, in applying a uniform and consistent set of rules for everyone, regardless of whether they are conjugal collaborators, compliant compadres, conniving classmates, crony capitalists, or common citizens." The nation, he says, must confront the moral dilemma caused by its "incorrigible propensity" for "instant gratification." "In plain English," he concludes, "there are simply too many crooks and too many charlatans in our country."

The bleakest but frankest and most literate analysis of the sorry state of the Philippine economy was made last June by some young members of the faculty of the School of Economics of the University of the Philippines. Placing the blame for the crisis directly on the nation's leadership, their report, a long one, noted that "the Aquino assassination . . . simply tore through the already weakened fabric of the economy," and warned that "unless the most important economic issues are squarely confronted, the outcomes of recent and forthcoming political contests [will] hardly be of any consequence to the daily lives of the majority." The report called for decentralization of political and economic decision-making, more public accountability and participation, and a reduction in the role of government in the economy, including its support of agricultural monopolies and "the privileges given to various political banks by the Central Bank." In its summary, the report noted that "it would surely be wrong to suggest that improvements in the lives of the people must wait upon a resolution of global problems," and to blame such problems for domestic ills, as Marcos has done, does not absolve a nation or a regime of guilt.



It has taken more than a year to reach agreement on how to solve the complicated fiscal problems resulting from the Philippines' international debts of twenty-six billion dollars. The harsh conditions set by the I.M.F., which include new domestic taxes, the reduction of spending, tighter control over various public corporations, the breakup of the agro-industrial "crony" corporations (especially in sugar and coconuts), plus allowing the peso to seek its own level without rate differentials or exceptions of any kind, have been difficult pills for the Marcos government to swallow. Slow and painful negotiations have been conducted all over the world by Prime Minister Virata and the Central Bank's governor, José Fernandez, with the management board of I.M.F.; with a twelve-member Advisory Committee representing four hundred and eighty-three commercial lending banks in the United States, Europe, and Japan, as well as with scores of the principal lending banks individually; and with members of the so-called Paris Club, a loose organization of various lending bodies to which debtor countries can appeal for delays in meeting payments. The step-by-step process went like this: The Philippines told the I.M.F. what it was prepared to do to obtain a new standby credit of six hundred and fifty million dollars. (In effect, the I.M.F. told the Philippines what it *had* to do.) Long negotiations then began in New York with the Advisory Committee, headed by the Manufacturers Hanover Trust Company and working in coördination with a hundred or so major banking creditors around the world, for restructuring debts totalling almost six billion dollars; for new loans of about a billion dollars; and for continuation of nearly three billion dollars in revolving trade credits. Many of the major banks in America and elsewhere were reluctant to go along with the plan, partly because of President Marcos's precarious health and the uncertainty about the nation's political future, but the State and Defense Departments, no doubt stressing the over-all importance of avoiding a Philippine collapse, intervened quietly to help resolve the complicated negotiations. The talks with the Paris Club members over trade terms, requiring visits to various capitals by Fernandez and Virata, were the final step. Only after all the negotiations were completed was the whole aid apparatus set in motion, by the release of I.M.F. standby credit. The credit is being extended in several installments, each depending on the prior performance of the Philippines in reform and readjustment; similarly, the commercial lending agreements are subject to different



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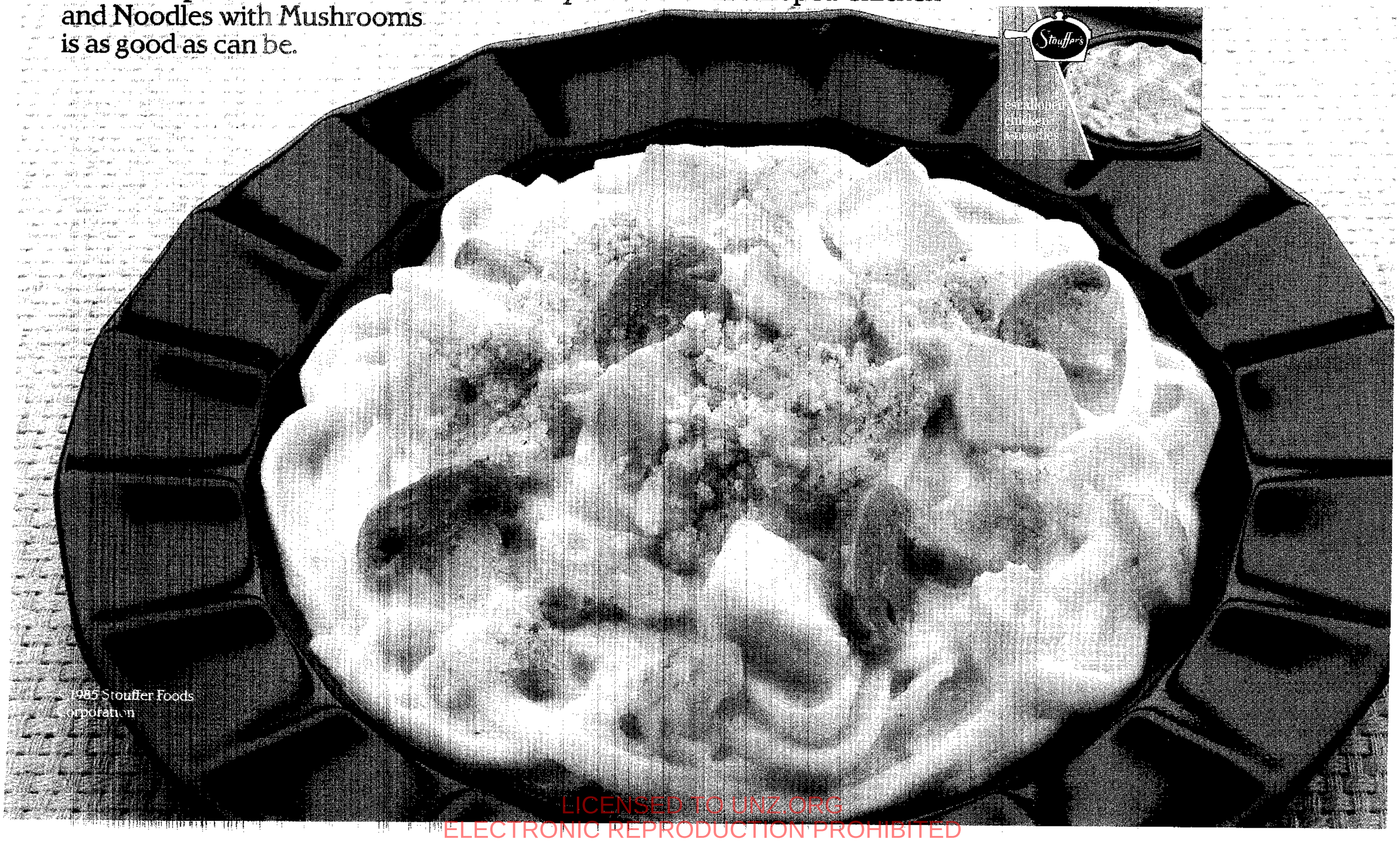

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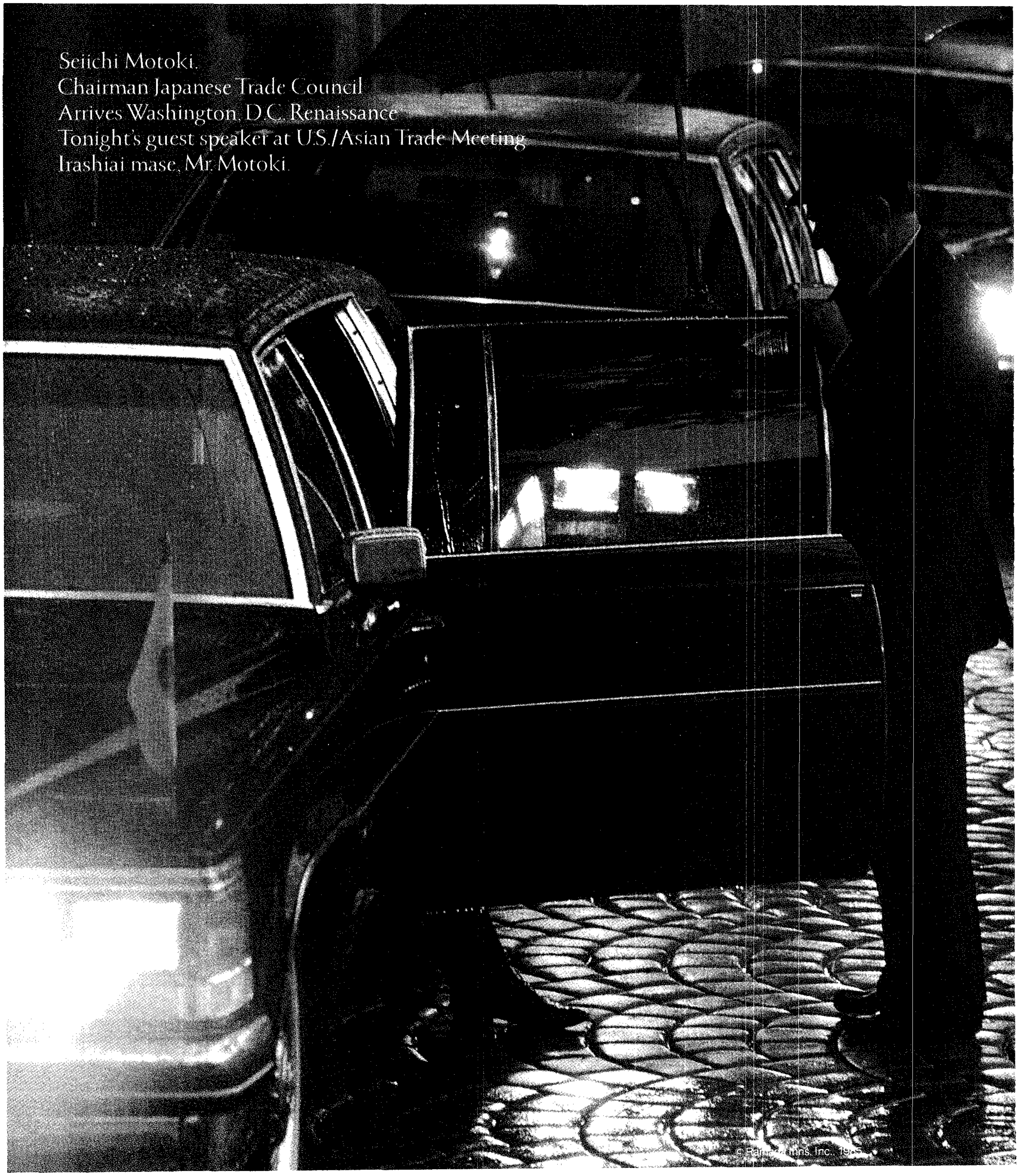

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sets of conditions and deadlines. The I.M.F. agreement is said to be perhaps the toughest ever drawn up. "The Filipinos are going to have to tow the line indefinitely," one expert said. "If they don't, they won't get the money." To tide the Philippines over the continuing emergency, the United States, Japan, and South Korea made "bridging loans" of eighty million dollars. Additional amounts were provided by the World Bank and the Asia Development Bank.

Among the new national taxes levied was one on petroleum products, which prompted new price increases for a number of consumer goods and services. Although in the past months, reflecting the world oil glut, petroleum prices have dropped, and in December the inflation rate dropped to fifty per cent, continuing high prices have been only partly compensated for by an increase in the minimum wage to nearly three dollars a day. The goal for fiscal 1985 is to raise taxes by four hundred million dollars. Taxes have also been imposed on heretofore exempt government-backed corporations and on interest on savings and securities—both steps that Marcos accepted reluctantly. Collecting some of the new taxes won't be easy. For example, a tax levied on bets and winnings from horse racing and jai alai had to be rescinded by Marcos when track owners refused to hold races. Several palace cronies have had their wings clipped over the past year or so, however. One is Roberto Benedicto, who ran the vast national sugar monopoly and also owns a number of banks; a decline in the world price of sugar to four or five cents a pound from more than sixty cents in 1974, coupled with a decline in the price of copper, another bulwark of the economy, were major factors in causing the economic crisis, but poor management, especially of Benedicto's sugar monopoly and his banks, made the situation worse and brought him into disfavor.

One businessman who has survived and prospered, and is closer to Marcos today than anyone else except Mrs. Marcos, is Eduardo Cojuangco, Jr., who dominates the coconut industry and recently gained a controlling interest in the San Miguel Corporation, the nation's largest producer of beer, food products, ice cream, and soft drinks. Cojuangco maintains a sizable private army of thirty thousand men in Mindanao and in Central Luzon—whose main functions are protection of his properties and demonstration of his economic and political power—and is regarded as the most powerful man in the country after Marcos. Some people believe he will be the next President, or certainly the kingmaker; he is said to favor Defense Minister Enrile. But he is also close to Mrs. Marcos and to Ver, who don't like Enrile, and who, with Cojuangco, are collectively referred to in the critical press as "the unholy trinity." The Cojuangco family's original base was Tarlac province, in Central Luzon, which was also the ancestral home of the Aquino family, and Mrs. Aquino's maiden name was Cojuangco. She is, in fact, Eduardo's cousin, but she is closer to her brother, José Cojuangco, and the family is deeply divided both personally and politically. Eduardo Cojuangco's friendship with Marcos goes back to the pre-martial-law days, when Cojuangco was a congressman; later, he helped Marcos draft some of the martial-law decrees. He got into the coconut business after resolving a cooking-oil crisis caused by high export prices in 1973, as a result of which Marcos in effect made him the country's coconut czar, with control over the whole industry, which affects a third of the country's population—smallholders, middlemen, processors, retailers, and exporters. Through a series of decrees, Marcos established a levy system to subsidize the industry's development by means of a vast replanting scheme to develop higher-producing hybrid trees. Gradually, Cojuangco took control over the crushing and milling of coconut meat—copra—and the export of coconut oil and other products, and established the United Coconut Planters Bank as the financial centerpiece of the operation. While the farmers initially received good prices for their copra, they had almost no control over any of the institutions that carried on the industry, for these were almost all under Cojuangco's direction. When prices fell after 1981, Cojuangco retained his monopoly over exports of copra and coconut oil, and began paying the farmers prices that his critics maintain were and still are far less than they should be, or would be if the farmers were free to mill and market on their own. They receive insurance and other benefits under corporate "guided capitalism," which seems to be the old paternalistic hacienda system in modern dress. He will not give up his control over the coconut industry

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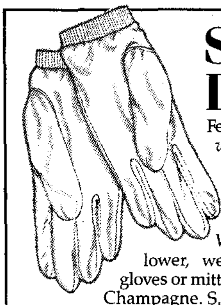

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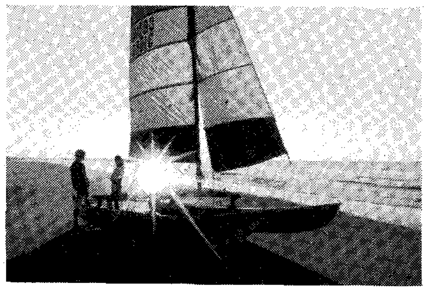

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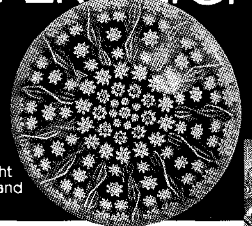

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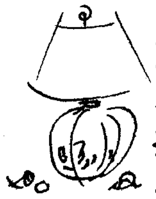

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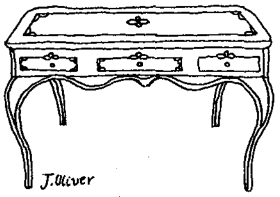
without a fight, but he will probably have to give ground and make some concessions. Unlike other Marcos cronies, Cojuangco is a staunch nationalist and a good manager, and he reinvests his vast wealth in the Philippines instead of salting it away abroad. A quiet man who mistrusts the press, he is admired by his peers for his business acumen but is also considered ruthless and highly ambitious. He is probably the most feared private citizen in the Philippines today.



While liberalization of the national economy is one of the basic objectives of the new breed of Filipino businessmen like Jaime Ongpin, and is also a goal of the I.M.F., the international bankers, and the United States, it seems doubtful whether the government monopolies run by Cojuangco and by others will soon disappear. Nor will the highly centralized structure of business in general or the obtrusive role that the Marcoses and their friends play in it be quickly eliminated. It should be remembered that although crony capitalism has reached new heights of excess under Marcos's authoritarian rule, monopolistic enterprise in the Philippines, particularly in agriculture, dates back to Spanish times and, before that, to the days of Malay sultans who ruled before the Spaniards. Powerful individuals and corporations were hallmarks of the American colonial era, too, and, in the immediate post-independence period, American-controlled insurance companies and banks, utilities, and sugar, tobacco, fruit, and mining corporations maintained their dominance. As the older oligarchs, Filipino or Spanish or mixed, were squeezed out or died off, their places were taken by a new oligarchic breed and by multinational concerns. Under the circumstances, the limited though important objectives of the current fiscal reforms, as Central Bank Governor Fernandez told me, are meant "to create a more buoyant investment atmosphere by reëstablishing confidence and financial stability and accountability." In an important speech in mid-September to an audience consisting of the most influential financial and commercial groups in the country, Fernandez, an imposing white-haired man with a benevolent but no-nonsense manner, said that the principal aim of the I.M.F.-supervised program is to reëstablish "our creditworthiness in the financial markets of the world." He referred to the long negotiations as tantamount to "preparing a launching pad" for the revamped economy and warned that "the freewheeling international banking relationships of yesterday will certainly be more subdued" and that the emphasis henceforth would be on "domestic financial mobilization."

Important as economic and financial reforms are, most Filipinos and most Americans and other foreigners living here are at least as much concerned with the problem of national security—specifically, with the rising insurgency. The I.M.F.-sponsored reforms will do little good, they point out, if the country is caught up in growing disorder and rebellion. What is vital if insurgency is to be contained in the long term, everyone agrees, is, in the old phrase, "to improve the lives and welfare of the people." Comparisons with Vietnam and Nicaragua are constantly being made, but though there are some similarities there are more differences. Unlike Vietnam, the modern Republic of the Philippines possesses no real ideological or revolutionary heritage, and has developed nothing on the order of the anti-imperialist, nationalist-Communist crusade set in motion over many years by Ho Chi Minh and his Vietnamese comrades. Instead, despite the wrongs that have been committed, and the wide social and economic gaps that still exist, the democratic heritage passed on by the Americans remains strong; it has not been eroded by the relatively small numbers of Marxist-Leninists or Maoists, most of them former university students and instructors, who make up the local Communist Party. The former head of the Communist Party here, José María Sison, is in prison, and his place has been taken by Rodolfo Salas, who is thirty-seven years old and holds the title of chairman; little is known about him or about two others one hears mentioned, Rafael Baylosis and José Luneta, except that they are dropouts from the University of the Philippines. The Nicaraguan comparison is perhaps more apt than the Vietnamese, though the Sandinistas, who have adopted the strategy and tactics of the Cuban revolutionaries and are receiving some help from the Soviets, are far stronger and better organized, militarily and politically, than the New People's Army is —so far. Though the insurgents have become more active over a wider area in the past two or three years, and have more consciously adopted traditional Maoist strategy and tactics, they have not gained sufficient strength to mount and sustain major offensives. They are still in the first stage of the Maoist "strategic defensive," but nevertheless have made a number of attacks in company strength and a few of battalion size. Their targets in these forays have included mines and plantations, including two of Cojuangco's properties, but for the most part they have preferred to exact "taxes" of a few thousand dollars at a time from such enterprises, with which to buy weapons and other supplies on the open Asian markets. Since they have no neighboring sanctuaries on which to depend for assistance and are not currently receiving any regular flow of weapons from foreign sources, and are also short of funds, they have to depend primarily on capturing guns and ammunition from the government armed forces, which total about two hundred thousand, of whom half or less are considered effective. Estimates of the number of guns the N.P.A. has vary from ten thousand to twenty thousand; they are known to include some captured American M-60 machine guns and M-79 grenade launchers but to be mostly M-16 rifles and older carbines. Ammunition is always in short supply and hard to obtain.

A good portion of the insurgents' weapons have been seized from the Civilian Home Defense Forces, the local militias sponsored by the government, with many units composed of village hoodlums and criminals who operate on their own and steal or buy their guns on the black market. Other weapons have come from the soldiers of the Moro National Liberation Front, in Mindanao, which until two or three years ago was a greater threat than the N.P.A. (By promising the Moro separatists autonomy and buying them off in groups with bribes, Marcos was able to break the back of the movement, even though he reneged on many of his pledges. The Moros have also suffered badly from factional disputes. For a time, they coöperated with the N.P.A., and there have recently been indications that they are doing so again.)

A big reason for the poor performance of the government's armed forces is poor pay. Members of the Civilian Home Defense Forces receive a negligible allowance of two hundred pesos a month, or about ten dollars,

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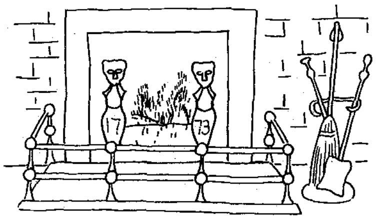

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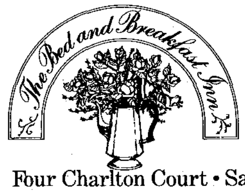
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while soldiers in the Regular Army and the constabulary get only a thousand pesos a month, when they get paid at all. The consequent poor morale has led to large-scale theft of food, money, and property from the people, and has been responsible for a good deal of violence and "salvaging," not only killing of peasants but also of townspeople, who may or may not have helped the N.P.A. Much of this, including murder and rape, is simply rampant violence, and robbery is as much the motive as politics. The insurgents have also used terrorist tactics from time to time—mobile killers called "sparrow units," operating in twos and threes, assassinate "bad elements" such as policemen or "corrupt" village officials—but by and large the N.P.A. troops have managed to retain the Robin Hood image they adopted from early Maoist handbooks. For example, Mao's "Three Main Rules of Discipline" and "Eight Points of Attention" prescribing good behavior for the People's Liberation Army in China are espoused by the N.P.A. and the Communist Party of the Philippines, and though these precepts are sometimes violated, they account for the fact that the insurgent soldiers are better behaved and consequently more popular than the government troops.

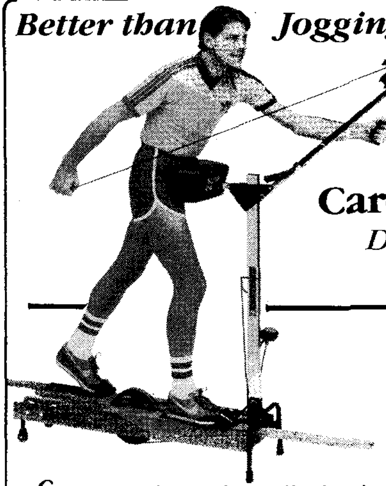
Minister of Defense Enrile and General Ramos, with both of whom I spoke, admitted the need for substantial reforms in the armed forces, including not only better pay and more effective use of weapons but also strategy and tactics better suited to dealing with the insurgency. F-16 planes and new naval vessels had been requested from the United States but the request was soon dropped from the Philippines' shopping list. Far more necessary are spare parts, individual weapons, vehicles, and communications equipment. Neither Enrile nor Ramos has been given a free hand to do what is necessary to clean up and reorganize the armed forces—a job that Magsaysay did more or less on his own thirty years ago when he subdued the Huks. Enrile, whose estimates of the N.P.A. strength in men and weapons are substantially lower than those of Ramos and of American military observers, concedes that "there must be someone with blanket authority and command responsibility to handle the whole program, and it should logically come under the Ministry of Defense." But until the future of Chief of Staff Ver is known, and the status of some thirty-five older generals is determined, no one is likely to be given full command responsibility. This is a source of deep concern to the capable younger colonels. "Unless something is done soon, we will lose the country by default," one of them who is close to the high command told me.

I SPENT four days during my recent trip visiting Davao, the nation's third-largest city, in southeastern Mindanao, where most of the people had no hesitation in voicing their grievances. Ramos had told me that Davao was a prime example of Communist infiltration, with the insurgents controlling between a third and a half of the countryside around the city. Mindanao as a whole, with a population of eleven million six hundred thousand—almost a fourth of the Philippines' total—and a wealth of natural resources, is the main area of insurgency: here the N.P.A. controls large chunks of territory, moves freely around most of the countryside, and interdicts the roads. On the way from the airport to Davao's Hotel Insular, my driver pointed out a traffic checkpoint in the middle of the street where a shootout between a sparrow unit and the police had taken place the day before. "Two police and two Communists were killed," he said, laughing. "It happens all the time." I spent my first morning in the city attending a forum on "The Current Situation in Davao and in the Country," during which I heard a litany of complaints from local men and women about everything from the high price of utilities and daily necessities and poor health conditions and poor nutrition to the bad law-and-order situation. Over the last year and a half, sixty policemen had been killed in the city, one speaker said, and just in the last year nearly two hundred civilians had been murdered. "Deliberate killing has become an obsession," the speaker declared. "Davao is no longer the Queen City of the South—it's a city of fear and death. It's bleeding to death from lead poisoning."

Father Emeterio Barcelón, the president of Ateneo de Davao University, was more sanguine. "Davao is not as badly off as some other places," he said. "Cocoa prices are up, and there's a boom in gold panning on the Agusan River. Chinese prospectors are making a fortune. The calibre and behavior of the Army have improved in the past year or so. Most of the killing that takes place now is due to criminal vendettas or is the result of shooting contests between the N.P.A. and the military. But it's safer for civilians to walk the streets here than in Manila. There's still some salvaging, by both sides, but it's more selective than it was. A few months ago, it was an unusual day when there wasn't at least one killing. We hit bottom then. Everyone waited for the 'tok-tok,' the knock on the door."

Father Gus Nazareno, a teacher at Ateneo de Davao who also works on community and agricultural programs at a development center, felt that the N.P.A. and the National Democratic Front were gaining ground in Davao and the adjacent rural areas, but wasn't sure how far this could go. "You hear a lot of nationalist jargon now from professional people—lawyers and doctors and teachers—as well as students and workers," he said. "There's no doubt that the left is mobilizing for action, but I'm not sure they'll convince the farmers and others who simply want to survive and be left alone. A lot of them are beginning to fear the N.P.A. as much as they fear the military. There's more anti-American feeling than there used to be, but that's because the United States tolerates Marcos—the people's expectation of America has diminished."

The radicalization of the churches, in a primarily Catholic country, and also among the local Protestants, has been a significant development over the last decade. Forty years ago, I met a number of Jesuits in the Philippines who were among the first labor priests, but the great majority of the priests and bishops in the islands in those days were conservatives, who supported the hacienda society and culture. Poor peasants were faithful and loyal parishioners, but the Church did little except offer them a place to worship and hold weddings and funerals. There are still a good many among the clergy who disapprove of the Church's becoming involved in social, let alone political, affairs, but a majority of the Catholic hierarchy today supports the activist movement in Manila and other cities and towns—and, more quietly and sometimes surreptitiously, in the rural communities. A number of radical priests have been arrested and imprisoned, and some others are in the hills with the insurgents—most notably Father Conrado Balweg, who leads an N.P.A. unit in the Cordillera Central in northern Luzon, with the result that the government has put a two-hundred-thou-



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sand-peso price on his head. Cardinal Sin's increasingly outspoken views have had a lot to do with the new attitude of the Church, and the Marcos government would like nothing better than to see the prelate, who is part Chinese and comes from the Visayan island of Panay, transferred to the Vatican, where he already occupies a number of appointive posts. (There are predictions that he might someday become the first Asian Pope.)

Not only the Jesuits but also the Columbans, the Carmelites, and the Maryknollers have played active roles in social and economic matters and have been in the forefront of the fight for civil liberties during the long Marcos era of repression. Many consider the Maryknoll Fathers the most radical order nowadays; two members have been deported, and three have been refused permission to enter the country. In Davao, I spoke with two American Maryknoll priests, Father James Kroeger and Father Tom O'Brien. "Ten years ago, we concentrated on parish work, but we've gradually become involved in housing and community programs and, more recently, as the condition of farmers got worse, with the plight of the poor peasants," Father O'Brien said. "When you see injustice first hand, you naturally get more concerned." The two agreed that the salvaging operations of the military and the forced evacuation of villages from N.P.A.-dominated areas—a procedure borrowed from Vietnam and called "hamleting" in the Philippines—have helped turn the population against the government. "Until a couple of years ago, the average farmer and villager thought in terms of having a safety cushion, but this gave way to active self-protection and resistance, and now more and more people are taking risky, if not illegal, stands against injustice," Father O'Brien said. "With the election-boycott movement, which the extreme left was pushing but the non-Communist activists also joined, it became harder to distinguish the various opposition positions. The extremists were acting for their own ends. It would have been better if the others had begun their activism five years ago," he went on. "Now there's the danger that if the economic situation gets worse the polarization will become irreversible."

Zafiro Respicio, a thirty-six-year-old opposition assemblyman from Davao, who was a student leader and then a city councillor before being elected to the Batasan in May, thinks that the best hope is for the economy to get worse and the Marcos regime to be further destabilized. "We can't solve the problems as things stand now," he told me. "The N.P.A. units have become stronger because of Marcos, and they're more effective. They have five armed fronts in this region now. We must keep up the pressure against Marcos, in the Batasan and down here as well. I expect to come back to Davao twice a month to help organize the opposition in the barrios, where I grew up. I'll fight the legal way, but I'll set up cadres to fight illegally if we have to. We could work with the N.P.A., but we'd pay a price. I'm not for them, but I can't afford to be against them, either." Respicio is considered one of the bright young stars of the opposition, but he faces a struggle to stay alive politically—and perhaps physically, too, since, like so many in the opposition, he is caught in the middle. During my stay in Davao, I sensed more keenly the predicament that is felt by so many in the Philippines today when I attended a meeting of the local chapter of the Integrated Bar of the Philippines, which has a national membership of thirty-two thousand. The meeting, a two-day seminar to indoctrinate young law students as paralegal assistants, was held at a seaside resort on the outskirts of the city, a few hundred yards from a back road that, I was told, was a dumping ground for salvage victims. Along with such activist organizations as the Free Legal Assistance Group (F.L.A.G.), the I.B.P., which has the support of the Asia Foundation, based in San Francisco, has in the last few years taken a more active position on civil-liberties and social-reform issues. The students attending the seminar listened attentively as the various speakers talked about national and regional issues, but it was obvious that they most enjoyed sitting around afterward on wooden benches until early in the morning discussing politics and their own futures. The more they talked, the more cynical they sounded, and the more despairing; their sympathies were a lot closer to the goals of the N.P.A. than to those of the government.

One of the speakers they had listened to with close attention was a young nun, Sister Regina Pil, who works for Task Force Detainees, an activist group that spends most of its time gathering evidence of violence and wrongdoing in the countryside and turning it over to the I.B.P. for prosecution whenever possible. I went to see Sister Regina one evening at a house in town where she was staying. A small, pert, intense woman, she was busy writing up a report on her latest trip through the rural areas. She told me she had had eleven years' experience working in Mindanao, during much of which she has travelled alone in contested and dangerous areas. "The government keeps losing its credibility," she said. "The salvaging has a lot to do with it. There's a new word the military now uses when people are killed—'accidenting.' The hamleting has been officially ended, mainly because the I.B.P. gathered enough evidence on the effect it was having on people to convince Minister Enrile that he should tone it down. But the other abuses are continuing, and the worse they get, with all the economic troubles the people are having, the more support there is in the barrios for the N.P.A. The Communists pay for their food, or the people give it to them. There seems to be more hope in the barrios that the N.P.A. controls—or, at least, less despair. 'N.P.A.' used to be a bad word, but now it's become more acceptable. It will take a long time for the government to undo the damage that's been done."

I left Sister Regina to her notes, and my jeep driver drove me back to the hotel along the dirt road in the dark. We passed a few "sari-sari shops"—small rural general stores—that were still open, with a few customers chatting with the owners. The air was hot and sticky, and the breeze that had come in from the sea earlier in the evening had died. A huge rat darted in front of the headlights. Suddenly, I heard several bursts of gunfire not far away, and the driver accelerated the jeep. "*Bugoys*," he said, using the Cebuano word for "goons." "Maybe *bugoys*, maybe N.P.A. Maybe more people get killed."

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

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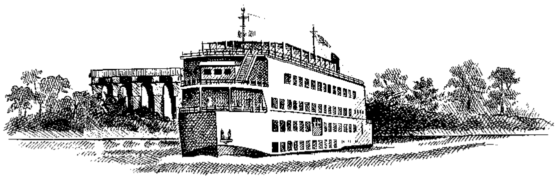

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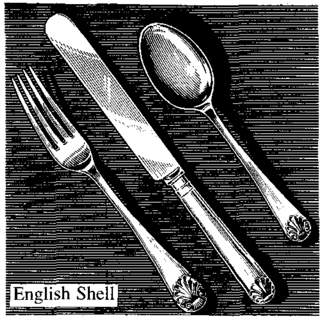

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THE THEATRE

Off Broadway

"TRACERS," at the Public, is a production of the Vietnam Veterans Ensemble Theatre Company; it was conceived and directed by John DiFusco and written, in 1980, by members of its original cast, who based the episodes on their own experience in Vietnam. Its present cast, all of them professional actors, are, of course, veterans as well. What a surprise it was—to me, at any rate—that what sounded like only a worthy cause should turn out to be such effective theatre. It is the result, like "A Chorus Line" before it, of workshops and rap sessions, and this process accounts, at least in part, for its passion and humor and credibility. "Tracers" is a composite, a collage, of small scenes, but the line of the play—and it is a play—is the development of the characters as they endure or withdraw from the unendurable circumstances of their lives. It opens on a bare stage with just an arrangement of platforms in back; voices are heard over a public-address system making random comments or asking questions—"You were there?" "How was the heat?" "What about drugs?" "Did you kill anybody?" (These are not exact quotes.) Much of the material of the show is familiar by now from any number of books and movies and other plays—the hard-bitten sergeant trying desperately to make fighting men of his recruits, the talk about native women, the edgy conversations on civilian topics, the friendships, the first experience of shooting up heroin, the sad "Dear John" letter from home, the ghastly "blanket party," where the men assemble parts of corpses on the battlefield for shipment to the States. (This last, by the way, was the subject of David Berry's fine play "G.R. Point," some years ago; Mr. Berry, himself a Vietnam veteran, acted as dramaturge on "Tracers.") However familiar-sounding the material, though, this play is different. The difference lies in the clarity with which it portrays confusion and frustration—a matter of perspective, perhaps, after so many years have passed.

The acting is credible, and often stirring or touching or funny. The actors, all new to me, know and feel what they are doing. They are Vincent Caristi, Richard Chaves (both members of the original cast), R. J. Bonds, J. Kenneth Campbell, Anthony Chisholm, Josh Cruze, Brian Delate, and Jim Tracy. The performance gains much strength from the absence of elaborate sets and unnecessary props. Scenery by John Falabella, costumes by David Navarro Velasquez, and lighting by Terry Wuthrich.

"HENRIETTA," by Karen Jones-Meadows, a presentation of the Negro Ensemble Company at Theatre Four, is about an old woman in Harlem who masquerades as a derelict and half masquerades as a lunatic, because her life has been more than she can handle, and about the efforts of a younger woman to rehabilitate her. We first see Henrietta sitting on a crate in front of the shabby brownstone rooming house where she lives, shouting remarks at passersby and talking to herself. She keeps addressing the younger woman—a stranger to her—commenting on her clothes, until the younger woman, whose name is Sheleeah, becomes annoyed and snaps back, thereby starting an association. Henrietta "left part of my mind" on purpose, she explains; she may or may not have been a teacher at one time, and she makes some money by putting up fruit salad in mayonnaise jars. Eventually, she talks Sheleeah into visiting her and tells her of the three children and two husbands who have died, and the women become close friends—Sheleeah, in a sense, replacing a dead daughter. Sheleeah has a job as an accountant downtown and does a bit of prostitution on the side, and she determines to set Henrietta up in the fruit-salad business. The third character present is one Thomas, the janitor of the house where Henrietta lives; he looks after her, and she does small chores for him.

The first act is more or less a monologue, not to say a vehicle, for that lovely actress Frances Foster—a monologue with interruptions, of course, by the two other characters. It sounds right most of the time, with only a few passages or lines that hit the ear wrong. By the second act, a play of sorts has developed when, not unexpectedly, Sheleeah and Thomas almost come to blows over Henrietta, who also slugs away. At the end, again not unexpectedly, we see Henrietta on her crate in front of the house shouting remarks to the passersby with a deceptive grin on her face. Miss Foster holds the stage, beginning to end, and her frowzy clothes and messy hair make no inroads whatever on her good looks. William Jay, an N.E.C. stalwart, and Elain Graham do very well as Thomas and Sheleeah. The expressive setting of Henrietta's room, jammed and cluttered, was designed by Llewellyn Harrison and lighted by Sylvester N. Weaver; the costumes are by Karen Perry. Samuel P. Barton was the director.

"LIFE AND LIMB," the first full-length play by the young actor Keith Reddin, which opened last week at Playwrights Horizons, was done originally as a staged reading at the O'Neill Playwrights Conference at Waterford, Connecticut, a couple of years ago. When I saw it then, I had no idea what Mr. Reddin was driving at, and I have no idea what he is driving at now. Which doesn't mean that I didn't enjoy quite a lot of it, scene by scene. There is no question of Mr. Reddin's talent and liveliness (or of his self-indulgence). The action takes place during the years 1952-56, and the story is about a young couple named Franklin and Effie, whom we meet right before he goes off to the Korean War. They are in Atlantic City. Why? Who knows? Back at their apartment, they are joined by Effie's best friend, a Rumanian movie nut named Doina. Doina and Effie go to the movies together and think about the movies and are obsessed by the movies, and Doina drives Franklin crazy. Next time we see Franklin, he has recently lost his right arm in the Battle of Pork Chop Hill and is waiting for a plane to take him home. With him is a youngster of nineteen named Tod, a whimsical dime-a-dozen tormentor (the character has become a dramatic commonplace these days). Franklin suggests to Tod that he go into the artificial-limb business once he gets home. These are the basic facts. From here on, goodbye, coherence; the scenes—more like skits or blackouts—are often macabre or mildly disquieting. Anyway, Franklin gets a job at the limb factory with Tod, who grows ever nastier. Effie and Doina are killed when a balcony in a movie house collapses. Reappearing in Hell, they work in a laundry or dry-cleaning establishment under a sadistic boss. They also appear in a supermarket, pushing carts, where they are joined by a couple of subsidiary characters and Franklin. (I can't imagine why Franklin is in Hell.) The play ends with Franklin and Effie and Doina back in Atlantic City.

It should be apparent even from this sketchy outline that some sort of social commentary is intended, and it can be said right off that the social commentary is negligible, Mr. Reddin's ideas deriving more from literature than from observation. What he invents, in short, is more interesting, more original than what he thinks. Doina, for example, is a truly comic creation, and there are many funny lines and surprising moments. For a first try, Mr. Reddin's is certainly to be commended. In the performance, under Thomas Babe's capable direction, every point is made. The actors are capable, too; they include Robert Joy as Franklin, Elizabeth Perkins as Effie, Robin Bartlett as Doina, and Patrick Breen as Tod. Scenery, costumes, and lighting are by John Arnone, David C. Woolard, and Stephen Strawbridge, respectively.

IN Emilio Carballido's "Orinoco," which opens the season at the Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, Miriam Colón (producer, artistic director, and Founding Mother) and Ivonne Coll appear as two seedy entertainers aboard a vessel on the Orinoco River, bound for an engagement at some dreadful South American *boîte*. When they discover, early one morning, that, with the exception of a murderous, drunken deckhand (who has passed out in a cabin), the entire crew is missing from the ship, the action, such as it is, assumes spooky overtones. The play—in its English version, at any rate—is nebulous, to say the least, but it is never dull, and twice, when the actresses break into a Spanish song and dance, it snaps into life. Miss Coll is a slim pessimist, easily tearful and ready to give up, while Miss Colón is a sturdy optimist in the face of some pretty daunting circumstances, and their feelings for and dependence on each other are very strong. Vicente Castro directed. "Orinoco" is performed in English on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, and in Spanish on Saturdays and Sundays.

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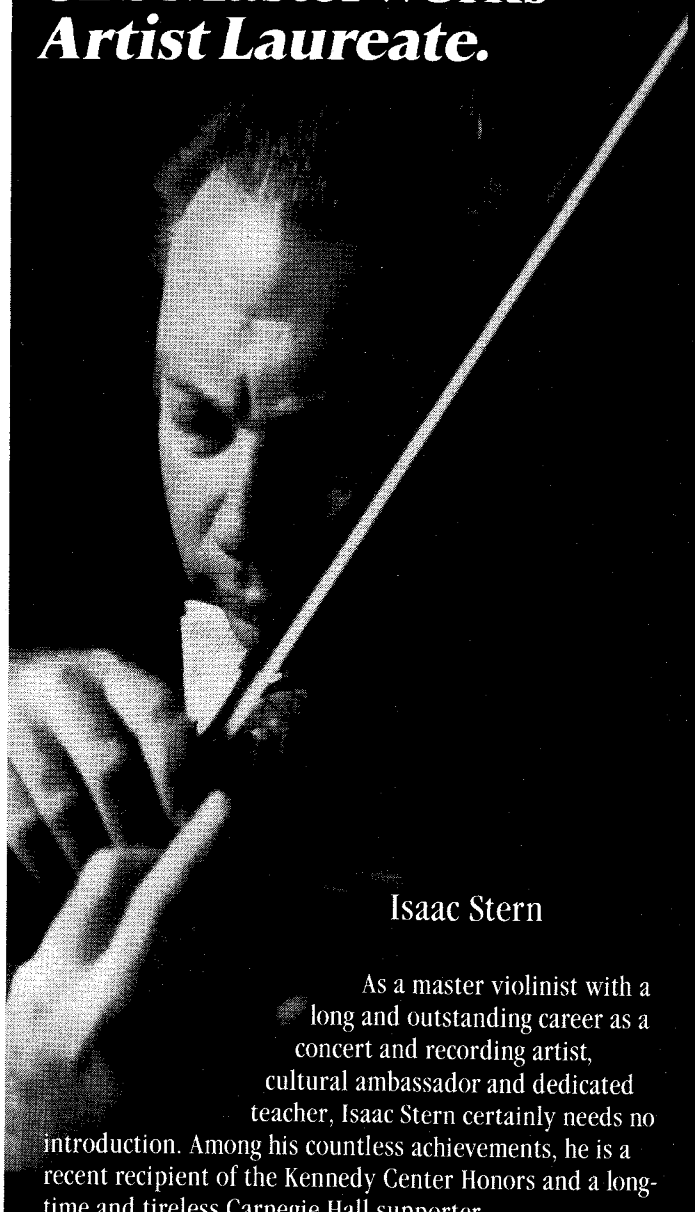

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BOOKS

Ungreat Lives

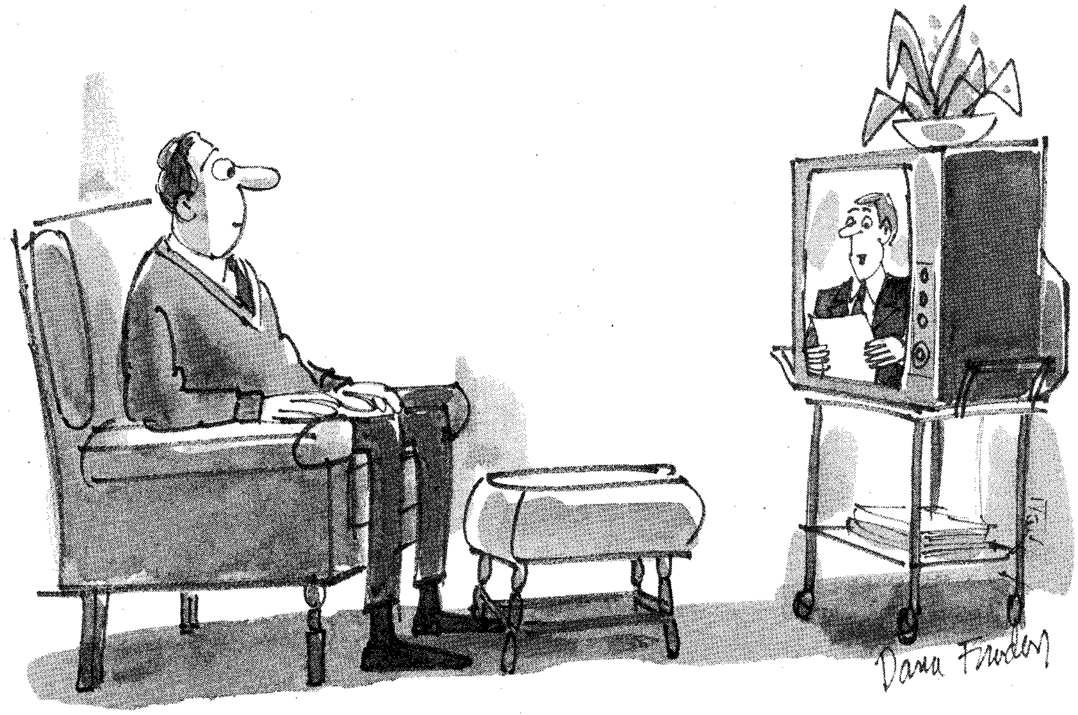
AS a writer, Andre Dubus has come up the hard way, with a resolutely unflashy style and doggedly unglamorous, unironical characters. These characters have tended to live to the north of Boston's urbane suburbs, in the region of Massachusetts bordering southern New Hampshire, from Newburyport to Haverhill, the city where Mr. Dubus now resides. The Merrimack Valley was the New World's first real industrial belt, and has been economically disconsolate for decades; the textile mills moved south, and then foreign imports undermined the leather and shoe factories. But life goes on, and life's gallant, battered ongoingness, with its complicated fuelling by sex, religion, and liquor, constitutes his sturdy central subject, which is rendered with a luminous delicacy and a certain attenuating virtuosity in his new, very short novel, "Voices from the Moon" (Godine; $12.95).

The title comes from a poem by Michael Van Walleghen, mentioning "the several voices / Which have called to you / Like voices from the moon." The voices, presumably, are the six characters whose points of view and interior monologues the reader shares in the course of nine chapters. The action takes place in one day, and its principal event is the announcement by Greg Stowe, the forty-seven-year-old owner of two ice-cream stores, that he intends to marry his twenty-five-year-old former daughter-in-law, Brenda. Along with Greg's and Brenda's, we get to eavesdrop on the thoughts and perceptions of Joan, Greg's first wife; Larry, Brenda's first husband and Greg's older son; Carol, Greg's twenty-six-year-old daughter; and Richie, his twelve-year-old son. The story, really, is Richie's; we begin and end in his mind, early in the morning and late at night, and two more chapters trace, as the day progresses, his inner turmoil over this confusing proposed change within his family. He has been living with his father, visiting his mother in the nearby town of Amesbury, and often seeing his brother, who will now, he fears, shun the new household. Richie is a normal-appearing boy—"a lean suntanned boy . . . neither tall nor short"—with the heart of a saint. He likes horseback riding and softball and cross-country skiing well enough, but the Catholic Church forms his deepest preoccupation and solace. He attends Mass, by himself, almost every morning, and hopes to become a priest:

> Now Father Oberti lifted the chalice and Richie imagined being inside of him, feeling what he felt as the wine he held became the Blood of Christ. My Lord and my God, Richie prayed, striking his breast, immersing himself in the longing he felt there in his heart: a longing to consume Christ, *to be consumed through Him into* the priesthood, to stand some morning purified and adoring in white vestments, and to watch his hands holding bread, then God.

On a different plane of attraction from Father Oberti stands Melissa Donnelly, who is three months older than Richie and, at barely thirteen, one of the youngest temptresses in fiction since Nabokov's Lolita. In the course of the never violent events of this summer day—a day, like most, of modest revelations and adjustments—we see Richie's priestly vocation just perceptibly erode. Though the novel bares a number of hearts, in a range of tough, detached, and even perverse adult attitudes, its supreme and presiding achievement is its convincing portrait of this benign male child, from whom the trauma of parental divorce and the instruction of the Church have elicited a premature manliness. When his father asks him his opinion of the coming marriage, Richie merely says, "I want you to be happy," and the gritty older man has the grace to blush and become momentarily speechless.

A dramatically versatile overview, as in "Voices from the Moon," risks reminding us too much of the overviewer. Mr. Dubus has taken especial care with his three women, and has much to tell us about female sexuality and, contrariwise, the female lust for solitude: Joan, having "outlived love," rejoices in her manless apartment and the comradely after-hours company of her fellow-waitresses. Carol and Brenda also live alone, but have not yet outlived love, and seem therefore a bit doomed; one of the novel's theological im-



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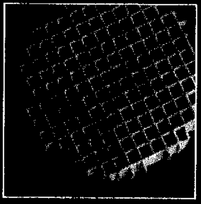

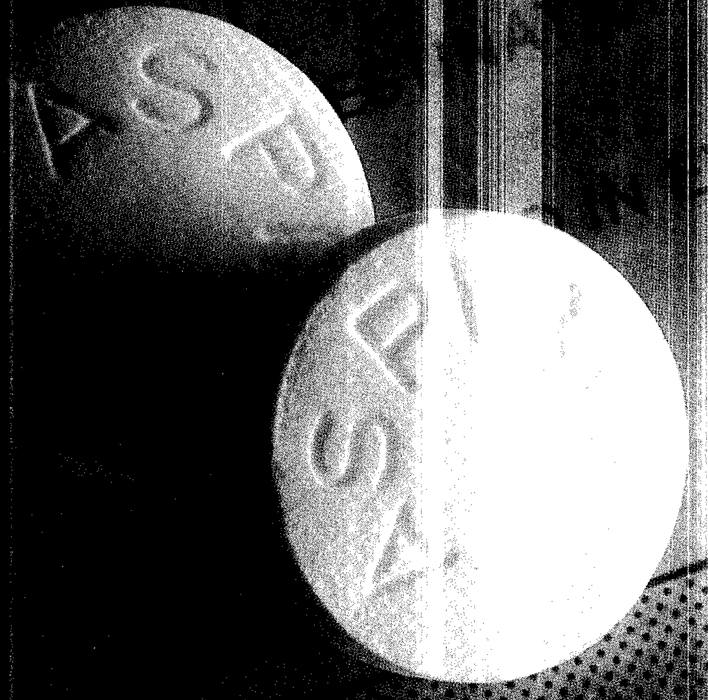

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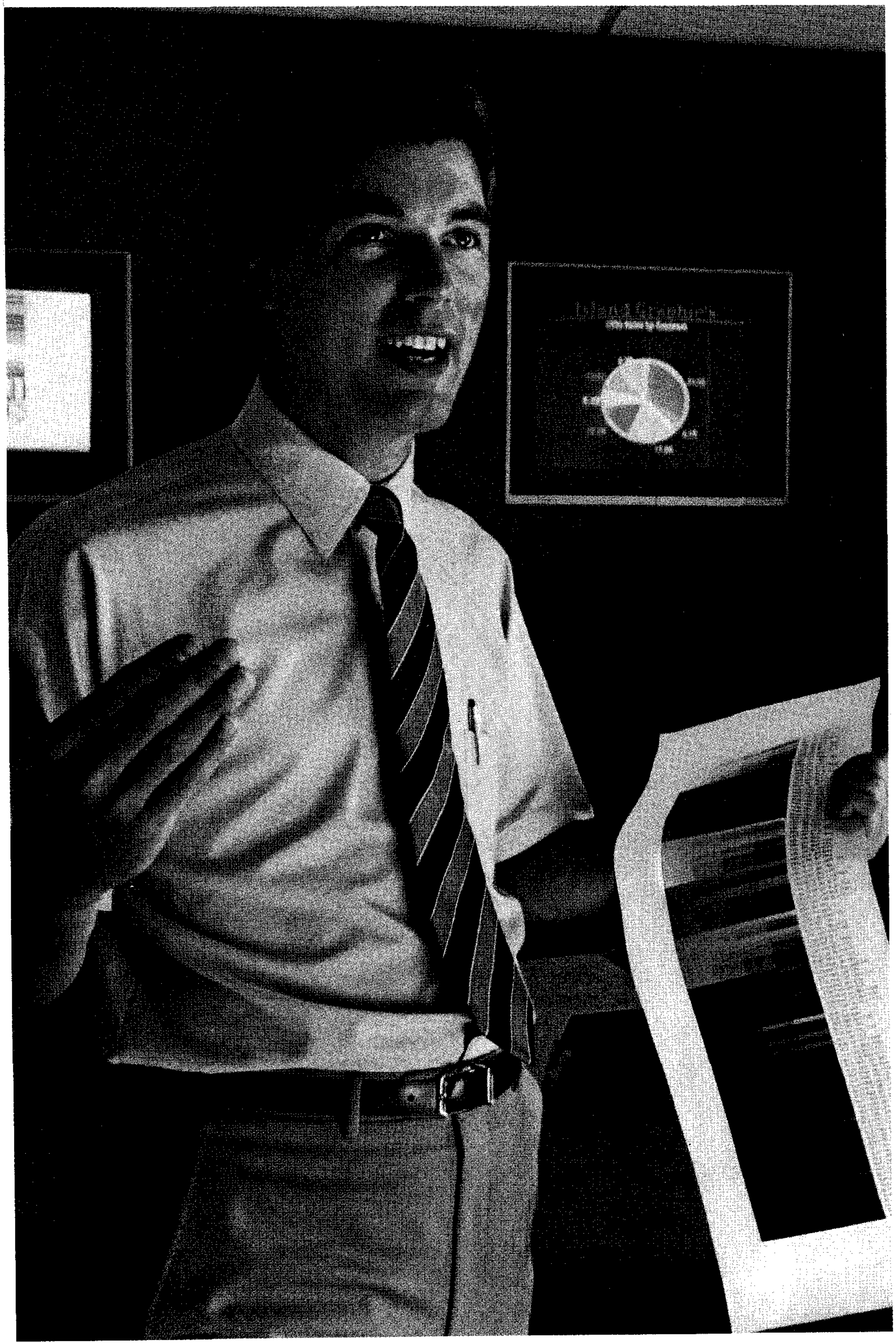

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REQUIRED READING FOR THE BUSINESS CLASS.

FORTUNE

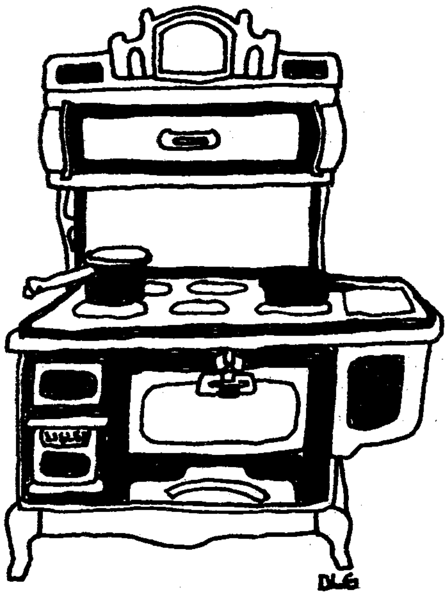
plications is that in seeking relief from solitude we sin, and fall inevitably into pain. Joan reflects that "Richie had always been solitary and at peace with it;" so it is with a distinct sense of loss that the reader sees him, at the end, turn toward a human comforter. All three women, though assigned different attributes, are given neither much physical presence nor a palpable distinctness at the core; all three are too ready, perhaps, to train their thoughts upon the bumbling, rugged wonder of the masculine. Brenda fondly marvels at the way male friends never really talk about their lives, standing together at bars for hours, and how they fight "like two male dogs" and how "also like dogs they would not hurt each other." And Carol, looking at her own father, comfortably sees "in his lowered face, and his smile, that look men wore when they knew they were bad boys yet were loved by a woman anyway." For Dubus's men, as for Raymond Carver's not dissimilar quasi-blue-collar, six-pack-packing heroes, women tend to loom larger than life and to merge into one big, treacherous, irresistible lap. Carol, whose daughterliness cuts across the great sexual division, and Larry, who by a twist in his nature somewhat straddles it, are relatively cloudy stops in Mr. Dubus's tour of the Stowe family. Of his nine chapters, too many end with an embrace, with or without tears, and sometimes the language becomes overemotional: "And in the sound of his expelled breath Greg heard defeat and resignation, and they struck his heart a blow that nearly broke him, nearly forced him to lower his face into his hands and weep." The language can also wax portentous: "Because when you fought so much and so hard, against pain like this . . . so you could be free to lie in the shade of contentment and love, the great risk was that you would be left without joy or passion, and in the long evenings of respite and solitude would turn to the woman you loved with only the distracted touch, the distant murmurs of tired responsibility." At the opposite pole, the demythologizing simplicities of Hemingway intrude: "He crouched to lock the rear wheel and was very hungry and hoped his father was making pancakes." And there is an excess of procedural detail, relating not to catching fish in the Big Two-Hearted River but to food preparation along the Merrimack: pancakes and bacon, tequila, lunch for the diet-conscious, vodka with onions and pepper—we learn how to prepare and consume them all. These characters are well catered to.

Yet Mr. Dubus's willingness to brood so intently above his disturbed, divorced, mostly lapsed Catholics lends his survey an aerial quality, an illusion of supernatural motion, that reminds us of what people used to read novels for. How rare it is, these days, to encounter characters with wills, with a sense of choice. Richie and his father both muster their inner strengths, make resolves, and grieve over their decisions. The most threatening opponents, Greg believes, are those without bodies: "Self-pity, surrender to whatever urged him to sloth or indifference or anomie or despair." In this book the streams of consciousness are channelled by mental exertion; the mind is a garden where some thoughts and impulses can be weeded out and others encouraged. Purity beckons everyone to a clean place described by the epigraph:

No, there is
Nothing left for you
But to stand here

Full of your own silence
Which is itself a whiteness
And all the light you need.

Greg daydreams of walking beside an unspoiled Amazon, "where each step was a new one, on new earth." Brenda renounces promiscuity, and Joan has walked away from motherhood, at enduring cost to herself; when the opportunity arises to "tell one of her children something she knew, and to help the child," she seizes it, spelling out for Larry, who feels humiliated by losing his ex-wife to his father, the way in which the wound will heal and life will go on. For Jack Kerouac, another Franco-American from the Merrimack Valley, Roman Catholicism had dwindled to a manic spark, a frenetic mission to find the sacred everywhere; for Mr. Dubus, amid the self-seeking tangle of secular America, the Church still functions as a standard of measure, a repository of mysteries that can give scale and structure to our social lives. The family and those intimate connections that make families are felt by this author as sharing the importance of our souls, and our homely, awkward movements of familial adjustment and forgiveness as being natural extensions of what Pascal called "the motions of Grace."



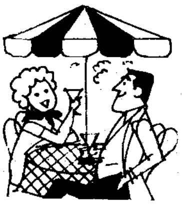
MOTIONS of another sort, in another country and on another social level, are described in Thomas Bernhard's "Concrete" (translated from the German by David McLintock; Knopf; $12.95). Mr. Bernhard is an Austrian born in 1931, whose work has been highly praised in Europe and here; this is his fourth novel to be translated into English. I confess to having only read *in* some of the others; Mr. Bernhard's particular contribution to the armory of the avant-garde, and a daunting one, is the elimination of paragraphs, so that the bitter pill of his writing is administered as steadily as an I.V. drip, and solid page follows solid page as if in an album of Ad Reinhardt's black paintings.

However, his sentences make lucid sense. Trained as a musician, he writes for the ear, and in "Concrete" the voice of the narrator flutters on and on, unravelling in a fascinating comedy of self-incrimination. The narrator's name is Rudolf, and he is writing these "notes," it turns out, in Palma, on Mallorca. But most of the action (if you can call it that) occurs in Rudolf's country estate of Peiskam, where his delicate nervous system is recovering from a visit by his sister and he is trying to sit down at last to "a major work of impeccable scholarship" upon the composer Mendelssohn. Rudolf, who lived in Vienna for twenty years, was active in musical circles there and may even have published a critical article or two but has long since retired to Peiskam; there he fulminates, takes medicine, stalls, and becomes more and more of a recluse, seeing on a regular basis only Frau Kienesberger, his housekeeper. He is, we eventually learn, forty-eight years old and for most of his life has been dependent on medicine: "I myself owe everything to chemicals—to put it briefly—and have done for the last thirty years." A life so fruitless and self-indulgent requires money: "Basically I have no right whatever to lead the life I do, which is as unparalleled—and as terrible—as it is expensive." His wealth is inherited, and rouses his prose to one of its few surges of enthusiasm:

> My sister's business sense, which is her most distinctive trait, though no one would suspect it without knowing her as well as I do, comes from our paternal grandfather. It was he who made the family fortune, in the most curious circumstances, but at all events, however he did it, he made so much money that my sister and I, the third generation, still have enough for our existence, and all in all neither of us leads the most modest existence. . . . In fact, even though I am the most incompetent person in all so-called money matters, I could live for another twenty years without having to earn a penny, and then I could still sell off one parcel of land after another without seriously impairing the estate and thus lowering its value, but that won't be necessary, and it's absurd to contemplate it in view of the fact that I have only a very short time left to live, thanks to the incessant and inexorable progress of my illness.

Devotees of modern literature have met Rudolf's type of neurasthenic, self-doubting, hypercritical, indecisive, and demanding personality often before—in the letters and works of Kafka and Proust above all, but also in the luxuriant nervous systems and imaginations of Henry James, Virginia Woolf, and Thomas Mann. These all, of course, got down to work, and it is doubtful whether Rudolf ever will; but the artistic sensibility, and a certain power of fascination, are his. His diatribes have a swing to them—Austrian politics become "all the horror stories emanating from the Ballhausplatz, where a half-crazed Chancellor is at large, issuing half-crazed orders to his idiotic ministers [and] all the horrendous parliamentary news which daily jangles in my ears and pollutes my brain and which all comes packaged in Christian hypocrisy." The suggestion that he get a dog to relieve his solitude prompts a magnificent caricature, not without truth, of the global dog situation:

> The masses are in favour of dogs because in their heart of hearts they are not prepared to incur the strenuous effort of being alone with themselves, an effort which in fact calls for greatness of soul. . . . If the dog has to go out, I have to go out too, and so on. I won't tolerate this dog comedy, which we can see enacted every day if we only open our eyes and haven't become blinded to it by daily familiarity. In this comedy a dog comes on the stage and makes life a misery for some human being,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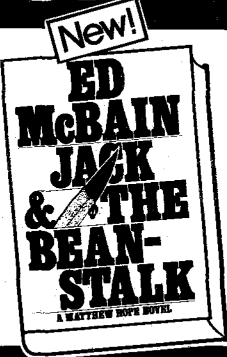
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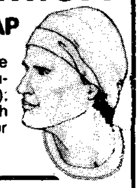

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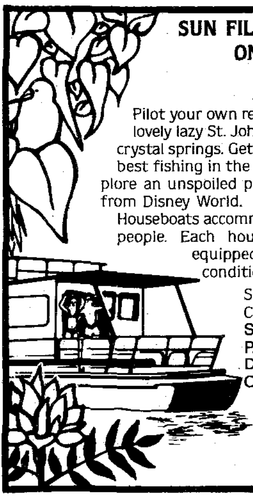
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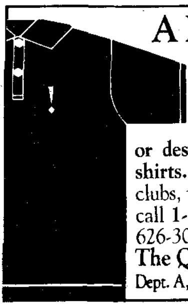
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exploiting him and, in the course of several acts, or just one or two, driving out of him all his harmless humanity.

Sudden aphorisms dart from Rudolf's freewheeling discourse: "Everyone is a virtuoso on his own instrument, but together they add up to an intolerable cacophony." "Everyone wants to be alive, nobody wants to be dead. Everything else is a lie." His own maneuvers—changing rooms, arising at a certain hour—to minimize his discomforts and secure a foothold in which he can begin writing his book have the beguiling energy of Kafka's nameless hero's futile efforts to secure his "Burrow." These movements and the shifts of his monologue suggest less Pascal's motions of Grace than what Nathalie Sarraute described as "numerous, entangled movements that have come up from the depths," and whose "restless shimmer" exists "somewhere on the fluctuating frontier that separates conversation from sub-conversation." Rudolf's sister exists in his discourse as elusively as a sea monster in deep waters: she first appears to be a vulgar ogress whom he detests, but as he goes on, and describes her active life as a real-estate agent among the very rich, we see her as a normally dynamic woman of a certain set and style, faithfully trying to tease and goad her neurotic little brother into something like her own health. He does not hate her; he loves her, with the resentful adoration the ineffective feel for the effective, an emotion given its classic expression in Kafka's "Letter to His Father." Rudolf goes Kafka one better, however, in finally identifying with his sister, for all his protests against her: "We're both like this: for decades we've been accusing each other of being impossible, and yet we can't give up being impossible, erratic, capricious and vacillating."

And, just when the reader has resigned himself to another Beckettian study of total inertia and claustrophobic captivity, Rudolf manages to get himself out of fogbound Peiskam and to Palma. There he describes the scenery, the relative warmth, his agonies of recuperation after the adventure of the flight, and a story told to him over two years ago, during his previous visit to Mallorca, by a stranger, a Bavarian named Anna Härdtl, whom he and a local friend met on the street. Her tale, of a young woman's rather pedestrian misadventures with marriage and an ill-advised appliance shop, was as relevant as a shaggy-dog story to Rudolf's normal concerns,

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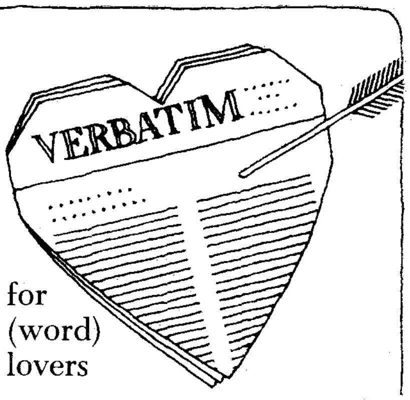

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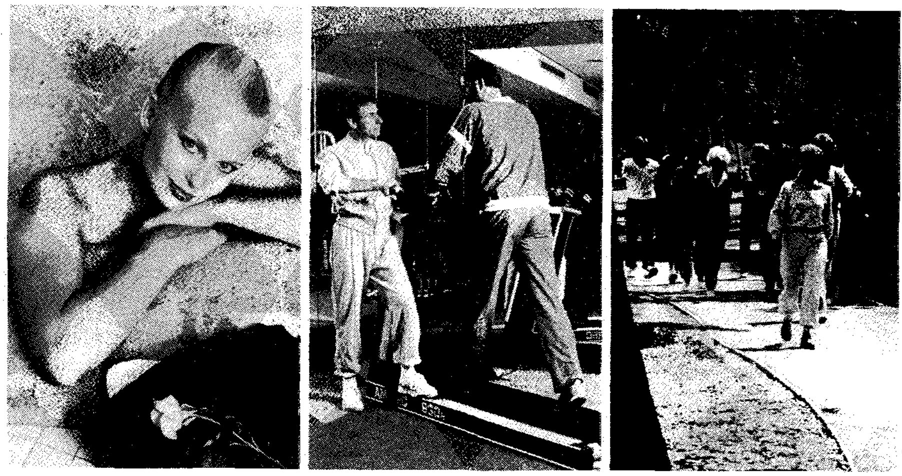
but he listened and now relates it, briskly and circumstantially, in his normally self-obsessed "notes." On his present visit to Palma, his memory of Anna Härdtl causes him to visit the local cemetery, where all the tombs are of concrete, giving this book its title. The hardness of Palma concrete contrasts with the soft fog and musty furniture of Peiskam, and, though Rudolf ends in his usual, typically modernist state of "extreme anxiety," he has been brought, for an interval, to think of somebody else's troubles.

THESE two small novels of slight movements within the heart yield morals that are modest, even bleak. "In the end we don't have to justify ourselves or anything else," Rudolf writes. "We didn't make ourselves." And, in "Voices from the Moon," Joan tells Larry, "So when I'm alone at night—and I love it, Larry—I look out my window, and it comes to me: we don't have to live great lives, we just have to understand and survive the ones we've got." Relief from what Ibsen, in "The Wild Duck," called "the claim of the ideal" is being prescribed. "Oh, life would be quite tolerable, after all," Ibsen's Dr. Relling concludes, "if only we could be rid of the confounded duns that keep on pestering us, in our poverty, with the claim of the ideal." Clearly enough, Rudolf's ardent wish to write a great "life" of Mendelssohn is preventing him from getting the first word onto paper; perfectionism is the enemy of creation, as extreme self-solicitude is the enemy of well-being. But have the people of "Voices from the Moon" been trying, except for Richie, to lead "great lives"? Joan's statement has this context: Larry is a dancer, and his mother has just asked him why he doesn't leave the Merrimack Valley and throw himself at New York. He won't, she knows. So, since more people, through humility or inability, must live in the Merrimack Valleys of the world than on the heights, she says what she can, which isn't much—for what does it mean, really, to "understand" and "survive" your own life? Religious resignation without religion is cold comfort. Traditional preachments promised a better life, an afterlife or a Messiah-led revolution. Joan promises nothing, and Mr. Dubus promises little more, though he does imagine Richie lying on his back on "the soft summer earth" and feeling himself sink down into a normal human life, still "talking to the stars."



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But then Richie is only twelve, years short of such concrete realizations as "Everyone wants to be alive, nobody wants to be dead. Everything else is a lie." —JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

FATHER ABRAHAM, by William Faulkner, edited by James B. Meriwether (Random House; $16.95). A manuscript fragment—twenty-four holograph pages—that seems to be the earliest version of the novel that was published in 1940 as "The Hamlet." Mr. Meriwether tells us that this fragment, now housed in the Arents Collection of the New York Public Library, was probably written late in 1926. It has to do largely with the famous episode of the wild spotted horses from Texas that are auctioned off to a group of gullible farmers gathered at Will Varner's store in Frenchman's Bend. The interest here lies in the conception in embryo of the vicious Snopes clan, the Frenchman's Bend neighborhood, and the dead-right redneck dialogue. The descriptive writing is crudely poetic ("The ponies huddled like phantom splotched fish in the violet lambence of the lot"), but there are flashes of the mastery that was to come. This is a well-made book, with pleasant wood engravings, by John DePol, and a reproduction of one of the manuscript pages.

GENERAL

JOURNEY TO KARS, by Philip Glazebrook (Atheneum; $12.95). The ancient Armenian city of Kars is one of the easternmost cities in Turkey, one of the remotest and most Asian, and Mr. Glazebrook, an English novelist, journeyed there and back along a rugged route that included the onetime Ottoman (now mainly Iron Curtain) cities of Belgrade, Athens, Istanbul, Sofia, Bucharest, and Budapest, and more than a dozen dirty little towns in present-day Turkey, each of which defined and redefined the Turkish passion for loud music, loud colors, and sweets. He travelled alone, by train, by bus, and by boat, and he travelled not as a tourist but as a traveller—a man on his own, a foreigner in search of foreignness, of difference. And he was, he soon discovered, truly an alien. It is "disquieting" but also stimulating "to know what con-

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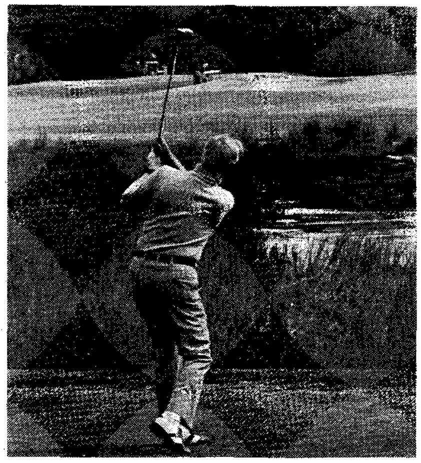

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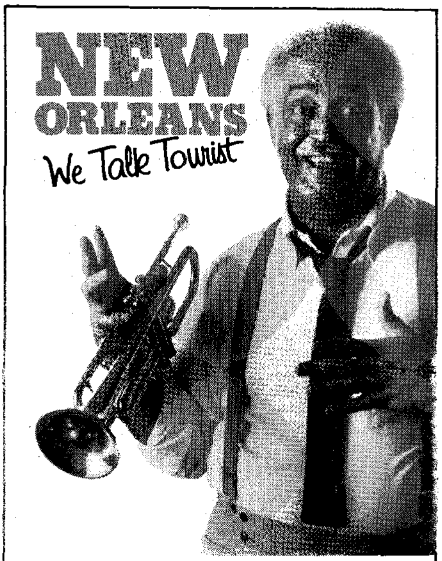
tempt exists [in Islam] for . . . all 'Christians;' unbelievers, pig-eaters, infidels, *giaours*, dogs," he tells us. "The cup you have drunk from is broken. It is a new view Islam makes you take of yourself, that you defile what you touch." He found in this strangeness, in the discomfort of mind and body and self-esteem, a kinship with similarly motivated English travellers of the early nineteenth century, and his awareness of their writings, of their comparable romanticism, forms an interesting counterpoint to his experience. But it is the singularity of his own observations—the turn of his thinking—that gives his book an uncommon richness. He sees, and he responds to what he sees, directly, vividly, imaginatively. His responses may not always be ours, but he has the force of character and expression to make us, too, respond. It is not too much to suggest that no one has written a more satisfying, more enjoyable travel book in our time. There is a useful map.

The Glenn Gould Reader, edited by Tim Page (Knopf; $20). The late Glenn Gould was a wonderful, if quirky, critic and thinker about music in general. Here he pronounces Richard Strauss the greatest composer of the twentieth century, puts Stravinsky in his place, and regards Gustav Mahler as a monster. He goes on to analyze Schoenberg (whom he thinks of as a misunderstood composer) and to discuss his own theory that the public concert is obsolete, or will soon become so, and the future is in recorded music.

Julius Caesar: The Pursuit of Power, by Ernle Bradford (Morrow; $17.95). Caesar, the born aristocrat who from his first essays into Roman politics allied himself with the enemies of his class, has been looked upon by contemporaries and historians alike either as a champion of the common people against the oligarchs or as a power-hungry rabble-rouser whose rule spelled the ruin of the Roman republic; the fact seems to be that he was both. This solid biography reconstructs the career of the politician, orator, poet, prose writer, and soldier, taking us through the great military campaigns in Asia Minor, Africa, Europe, and Britain, through the political intrigue of Rome, and through the tangle of Caesar's licentious personal life. As a final judgment, the author finds de



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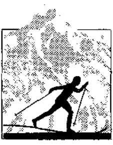

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Tocqueville's characterization of Napoleon to be even more applicable to Caesar: "He was as great as a man can be without morality."

FRANCE: A HISTORY IN ART, by Bradley Smith (Doubleday; $39.95). A richly produced volume of color photographs of works of art illustrating the history of France from earliest Celtic times to about the nineteen-seventies. Mr. Smith, the author of similar books on other countries, took most of the photographs and wrote the text. Both leave something to be desired. The history, which is divided into ten periods, is treated in a chatty style that cannot hide its lack of comprehensiveness (modern French literature, for instance, is wrapped up in a few paragraphs on Colette), and the choice of pictures seems whimsical. In an apparent effort to avoid the overfamiliar, the author has included poor or unrepresentative examples of various artists' work, or ones of startling inappropriateness: a painting by Marcel Gromaire of some faceless, lumpy semi-abstract forms on a beach is captioned "Along the French Riviera, bathing suits became brief while some women went topless on the beach as early as the 1920s."

MYSTERY AND CRIME

DEATH OF A UNICORN, by Peter Dickinson (Pantheon; $13.95). The voice we hear is that of one Lady Margaret Millett. We hear her first in the summer of 1952 as the heir to a ducal estate called Cheadle—a cheerful woman of twenty, happily at work on a magazine called *Night & Day*, happily in love with its new proprietor, a man of uncertain background and apparent great wealth. This happy year ends with the shooting, in Rio, of her lover. We then move up to the present, in which Lady Margaret has a divorcing husband, children, an invalid mother, and a prosperous career as a popular novelist—and, abruptly, a clue to the character and death of her onetime lover. Everything here is exactly right—the pitch, the tone, the pace, and the teasing, come-along suspense.

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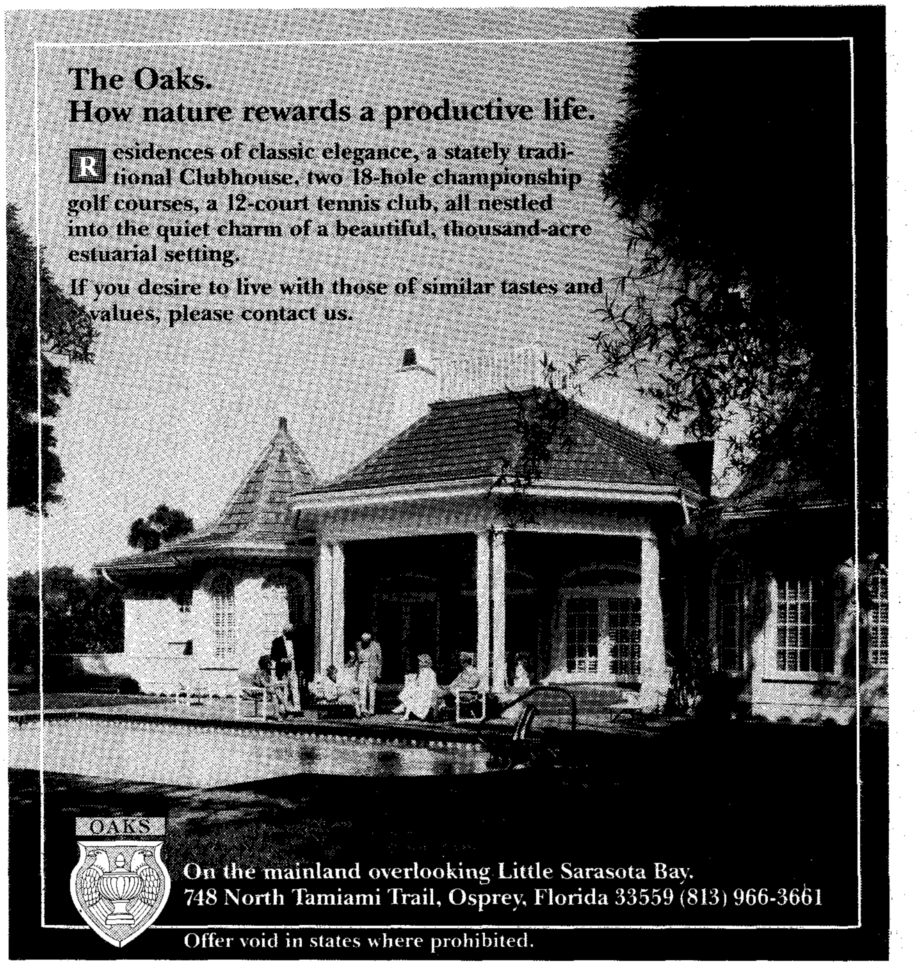

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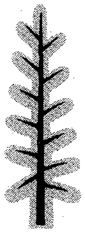

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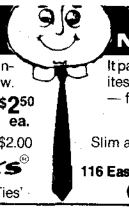

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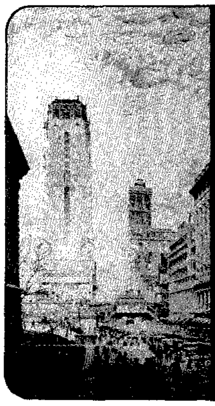

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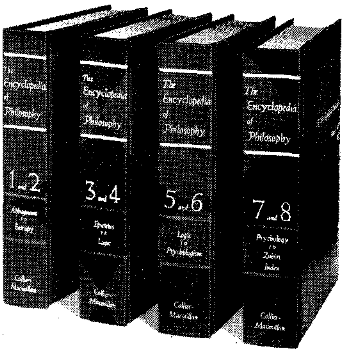

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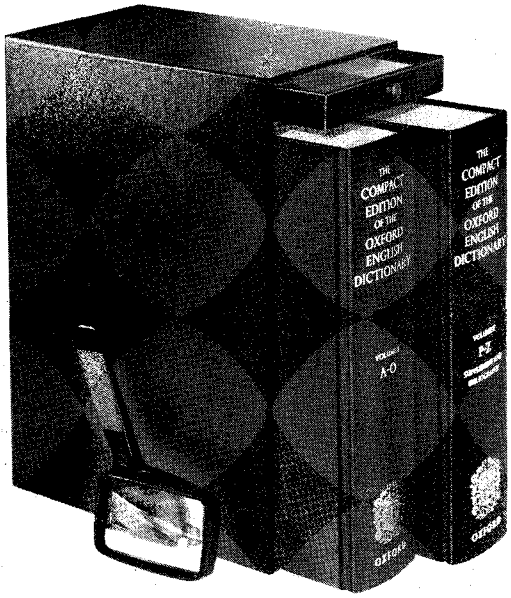

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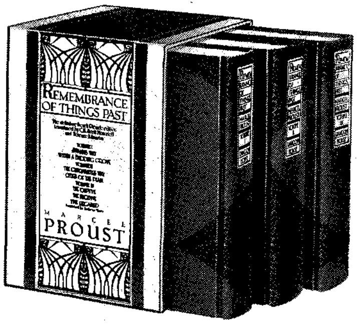

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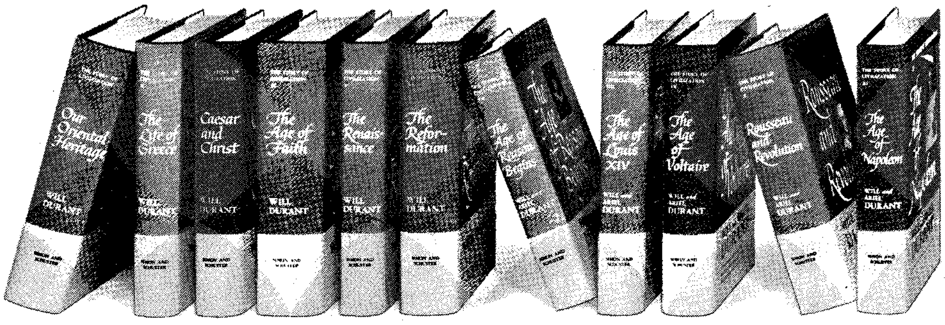

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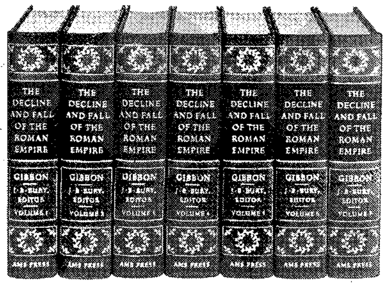

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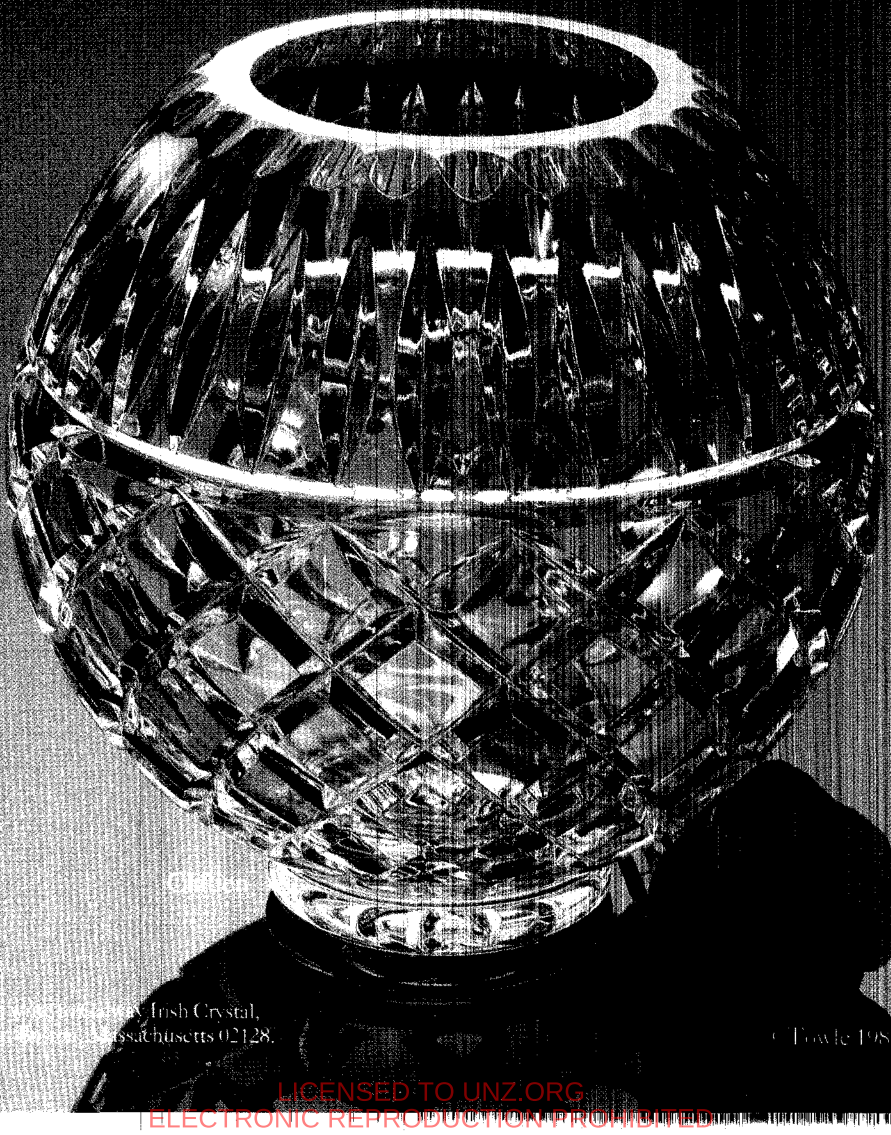

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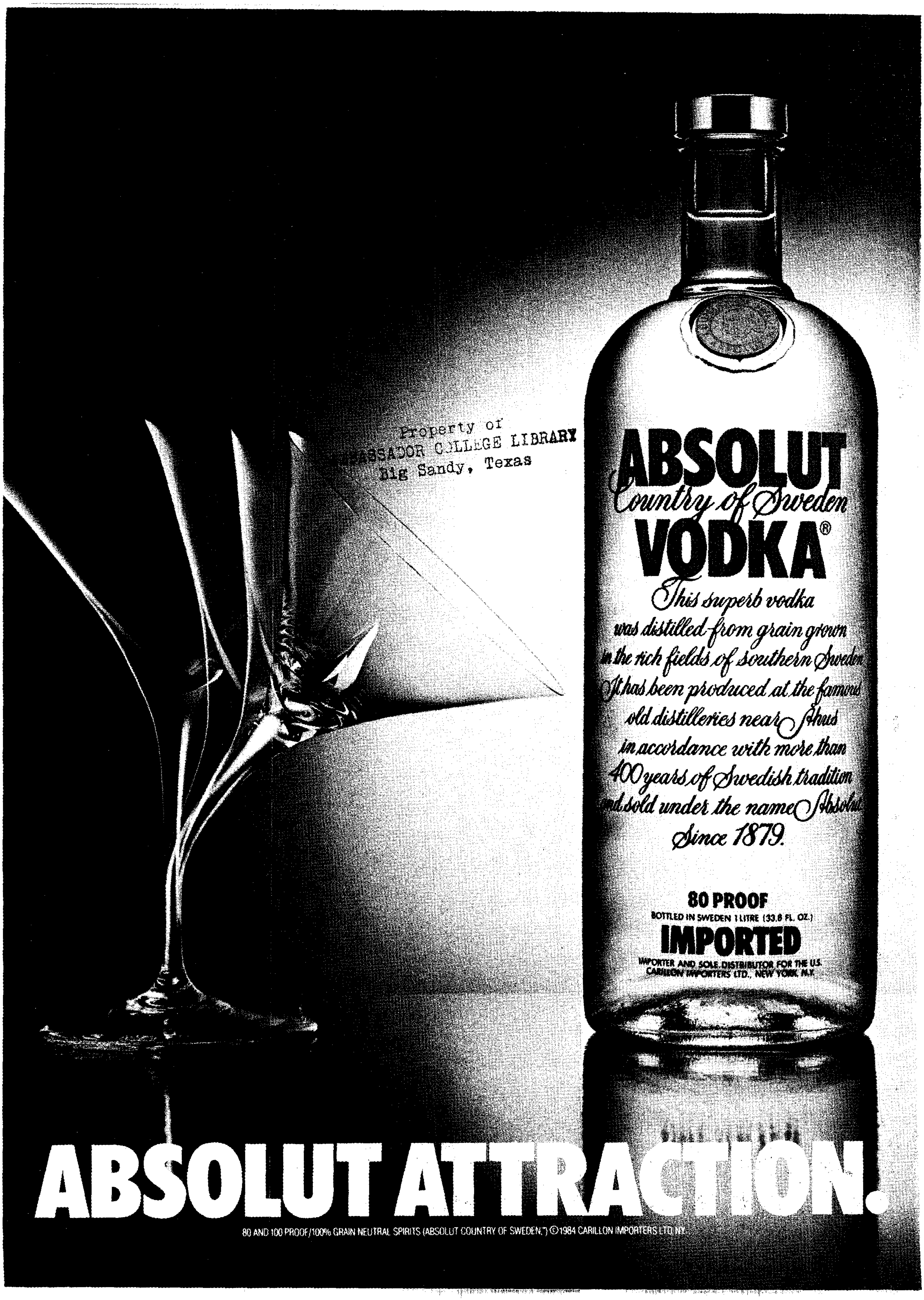
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